

MC CALL'S

MAGAZINE 10 CENTS



February 1920

Beginning: "Peter and the Stage Door,"
a Romance by Josephine Daskam Bacon.

THE McCALL COMPANY
250 W. 37th St., New York.



Cunning woolens, delicate frocks, tiny wraps of silk

THEY CAN BE LAUNDERED TO SUIT THE MOST FASTIDIOUS BABY

OF course, he's particular! "Fussy as an old bachelor," mother says. He takes the greatest delight in his own blue quilted silk bathrobe—and is specially fond of the dotted Swiss rompers that are smocked with pink.

From his booties to his bib, each garment must be sweet and clean for the daintiest baby in the world. His little petti-skirts of finest cashmere with sweet baby scallops, the frocks of batiste tinily tucked and daintily embroidered, cunning negligée jackets of pale crêpe de Chine and French knots—he adores to put them on so spic and fresh from their Lux laundering.

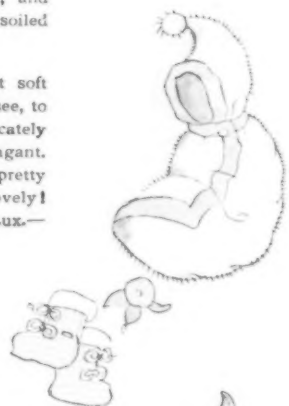
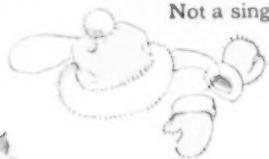
And his wool things, so silly small they look like make-believe—are all very real to him. Not a single scratchy shirt—not one shrunken

band in his whole wardrobe!—they're kept so soft and fine with Lux.

Never allow his pretty things to stay soiled

His clothes have to be done so often and so carefully—they need the most delicate laundering there is. Gather them up every night and toss them into a big bowlful of Lux suds. The lovely transparent flakes melt the instant they touch hot water and whisk into a wonderful bubbly lather. Then just sousing, and gentle pressing of the rich suds through the soiled spots.

No matting and shrinking of those important soft little woolens, because there's no rubbing, you see, to hurt the fine fibres. He can wear the most delicately tinted silks without feeling the least bit extravagant. Oh, it's so easy to let Lux take care of his pretty things—keep every baby garment fresh and lovely! Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



NO SUDS SO WONDERFUL FOR DAINTY BABY THINGS

*To wash his woolens,
his fluffy blankets*

SO important to keep them soft! So easy to do it with Lux! Just use two tablespoonfuls to a bowlful of water. Whisk into a lather in very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Work woolens up and down in suds and squeeze rich suds through garments. **Do not rub.** Rinse in three clear lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in last water. Squeeze water out. **Do not twist.** Dry in a moderate temperature. Press with a warm iron.



*For his fine dresses,
his fashionable silks*

NOT the least bit extravagant today! Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a rich lather in a bowlful of very hot water. For silk things and all colored things add cold water until lukewarm. Wash quickly, squeezing suds through garments. **Do not rub.** Rinse in three waters the same temperature as the one in which you washed them. Squeeze—do not wring. Dry silk and colored things in the shade. Silks when nearly dry, should be pressed with a warm iron—never a hot one.

FEBRUARY

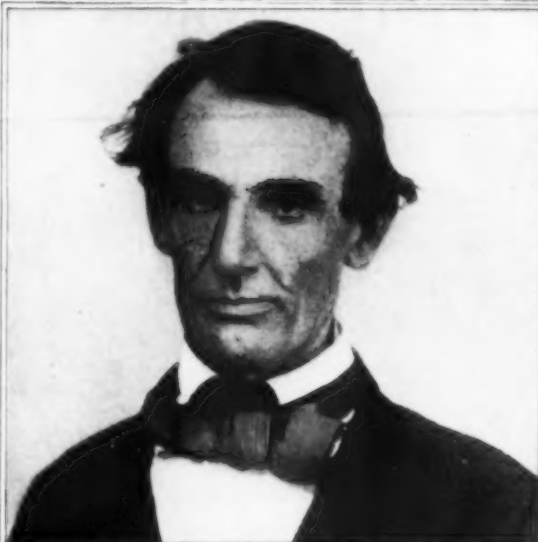
McCALL'S

— BESSIE BEATTY, EDITOR —

MAGAZINE



MARY TODD LINCOLN
WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT



SARAH BUSH LINCOLN
STEPMOTHER OF PRESIDENT

The Women Lincoln Loved

IN our glorification of results, we often forget to appreciate the hidden but compelling forces behind them.

It has been said that back of every man's success stands a woman. Certainly in almost every man's life,

women play a vital part. And how constantly is their influence ignored!

We honor and praise the man who creates beauty in song and stone or discovers a new law that enriches our conception of life or invents a mechanism that levels the barriers of time and space; who carves a career of brilliant achievement in spite of obstacles. We speak of his intelligence, his gift, his generous understanding—but rarely do we go back of the success and inquire into its causes. We never ask who gave the inspiring word, the encouraging hand, the sustaining faith.

"All I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel-mother," Lincoln once said to a friend. But there were three other women who vitally affected his spiritual growth and his intellectual development.

His mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln "who gave us Lincoln and never knew," taught him to read and first answered his eager questions. Although death cut short their comradeship, the ten-year-old boy found another wise and gentle spirit in his stepmother, Sarah Bush Lincoln. When his father wanted to stop the foolishness about books and learning she induced him to permit Abraham to study at home as well as at school. Always she encouraged him to read aloud and explain to her the problems that interested him.

When Lincoln went out into the world, he found Ann Rutledge, the beloved of his early manhood, "wedded to him not through union but through separation." Her death just before their marriage left him dazed, empty of ambition. This sorrow colored all his latter days with an abiding melancholy, but he was too strong, too courageous to permit it to destroy him. Like all great natures, he found a new spiritual strength in the struggle for self-control. His grief mellowed into a richer, deeper sympathy with people, a more tender, patient understanding of them.

And out of Mary Todd came inspiration and courage to achieve his youthful ambitions. For in spite of her family's objections to his humble origin, Mary Todd, brilliant, aristocratic, married Lincoln, the rail-splitter. And her faith in him was vindicated twenty years later when he was elected president of the United States.

All four of these women share in and are a part of Lincoln's greatness. They were the most powerful influences in the molding and shaping of the man and his career. Their valuation of life and their aspirations were the secret and noble forces that guided his heart and mind. Out of them came the vision and the courage to keep faith with what he found to be the right. Out of them was born a great and tender spirit with "malice toward none, charity for all."

A Child's Right

THE conflict between book-lovers and book-haters is older than print and paper. We can almost divide the world into two camps—people who read and people who do not read.

There is the boy who "jest won't larn," and the one who reads in the chimney-corner when he should be chopping wood.

There is the dotard who dreams his book-fancies by the fire, and that other one who sits opposite sneering that "John always has his head in books."

The struggle goes on. Often we hear parents say that children get "notions" out of books. True, but the notions need not be bad ones. We are grateful that story and legend gave "notions" to Lincoln and Carlyle, to Stevenson and Barrie, and to Kipling and Scott.

In the one camp, it is said that books don't get you anywhere. In the other, that books are the substance of life.

We belong to the camp of book-lovers. We believe that it is the right of every child to have a place in that camp. Child literature creates for him a world of illusion. It puts beauty and color into commonplace things.

The Publishers' League has caught the right idea. In its plan to set aside a week for children's books, it hopes to place before the public, nationally, the best juvenile literature—fairy-lore, adventure, romance, travel, simple biography and books of the useful arts.

Mothers should support the League's idea by providing the best books, by encouraging the library habit, and by giving the child a book-shelf for his own collection.

Our Rathers

A HOMELY philosopher—I think it must have been a woman—once said that if all the troubles in the world could be hung on the same clothes-line, we would each make a grab for our own.

And I wonder if she wasn't right?

If she was right, what a lot of trouble we might save ourselves by simply knowing it.

Most of us come to womanhood with a large collection of quite unrealizable dreams. Life to us is a search for the absolute. And there is no absolute. There is only a choice between imperfections.

If we could all order exactly what we want and get it, happiness would be simple to achieve and we would be bored to death with it.

But there are few deliveries according to specifications. The best that life offers to most of us is what someone has pertinently called our "rathers."

There are certain ingredients on the pantry-shelf and, if we choose wisely, we may make a very palatable cake. It may not be the perfect cake but certainly it is better than no cake at all.

There may be a shortage of sugar and a scarcity of eggs, and nuts and raisins may be far apart and the frosting pathetically thin, but if it is mixed with a skilful hand, it is cake for all that.

It does not help things any to refuse to bake at all just because you can't make fruit-cake.

Are you dissatisfied with the ingredients in your pantry?

Try hanging your troubles and your neighbors' on the same clothes-line—but be sure you know all their troubles before you grab.

Price of McCall's Magazine

10 cents a copy at any news-stand or McCall Eastern Agency. Subscription price \$1.00 a year (12 issues). Canadian postage, 50 cents extra; foreign postage, 75 cents extra.

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Send your renewal within ten days, so you will not miss the next number.

All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.

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Advertisements

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

MAKING A LIVING ON A STREET CORNER



It is when the wind howls that Giuseppe chuckles. The elements are drumming up trade for him. On the morrow there will be "plenty umbrell" to fix."



Perhaps Tony doesn't sell "Music" with a capital M, but he sells color and romance—and the market is never over-stocked. His shabby old hat is the junior partner in the firm.



Just a box and a brush and an old shoe-rag—but they bring home the bacon.



Monopolies mean nothing to the telescope-man. He sells the sky for a living.



Your vanity and his bulb and tripod are the camera-man's crackers and cheese.



Nikoli begins his bout with old H. C. L. while the world sleeps. He gathers his stock with the dawn. But rent-days have no terror for him. His curb-stone market, like his cucumber patch, grows wherever he plants it.



Hot dogs and ice-cream sandwiches, lemonade and soda-pop, flourish side by side in the pleasant shade of Mike's umbrella. His life-saving station caters to the inner small-boy whose appetite yields him a healthy crop of grubby nickels and dimes.



The merry-go-round man has no competition. When his perambulating Coney Island rounds the corner, coveted lollipops and Easter offerings fade into insignificance. Every penny on the block is his for the taking.



Pots and pans grow on street corners just as trees do. And the jolly merchant breathes the fresh air and laughs at the world going by while he gets him a living.



A package of tunes and a monkey on a string—that's Pedro's way to spaghetti and cigarettes. Nobody grudges him his place in the sun, or the monkey its peanuts.



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It means the world's largest
and greatest musical industry

Twenty years ago the talking-machine was a triviality. Today the Victrola is an instrument of Art. The exclusive Victor processes have lifted the making and the playing of musical records into the realm of the fine arts and rendered them delightful to the most keenly sensitive ear. Opera singers and musicians of world-wide fame are glad to be enrolled as Victor artists.

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No other organization in the world is so

qualified by experience, by resources, and by artistic equipment to produce *supreme quality* as the Victor Company. Its products convey more great music by great artists to more people throughout the world than all other makes combined.

The pioneer in its field, the Victor Talking Machine Company today remains the pre-eminent leader. The famous trademark "His Master's Voice," with the little dog, is on every Victrola (look inside the lid) and on the label of every Victor Record. It is your guarantee of the highest musical quality. Look for it. Insist upon finding it. If you wish the best, buy nothing which does not contain this trademark.

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Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.

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Now you can buy genuine Ivory Soap, ready shaved into snow-like flakes that warm water melts into "Safe Suds in a Second". Quicker and easier for fine laundry work and the shampoo. To get a free sample package, send your name and address to Department 14-B, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.





"Henry Stern, will you lend me five hundred dollars?"

The Madness of Henrietta Havisham

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATION BY CLARA ELSENE PECK

POR little old Miss Henrietta Havisham, postmistress at Rock Top, had spent all her life collecting trash. It is not an uncommon thing for the relatives of a person who has died to treasure every little thing which belonged to him, every article of wearing apparel, every book, every clipping relating to his life or his departure from life. But to collect everything that referred to Abraham Lincoln, who was not related to you at all, simply because he had appointed you postmistress of a small village, and because you admired him—that, in the eyes of Rock Top in general and Peter Daniel in particular, was madness.

Miss Havisham had piles of old newspapers, bundles of war tracts, first editions of lives of Lincoln, pictures of Lincoln, a few letters of Lincoln, given her, or sold her for small sums fifty years ago; and even a Chinese life of Lincoln, presented to her by a missionary cousin. She spent her small salary in the cause, she stinted herself, she failed to lay by for the old age which was already upon her. There was no foolishness of which she was not capable.

Only once had Miss Henrietta been thoroughly business-like and sensible; that was when she got tight-fisted Peter Daniel to lend her five hundred dollars on her "farm," a few uncultivated, unimproved and rocky fields beyond the little cemetery, which he could not possibly use, and on which he would certainly have to foreclose. Peter said his mind plainly about Miss Havisham.

"She is crazy. She oughtn't to handle the mail. She ought to be put away. She ought—"

"Uncle—" Peter had a niece by the name of Amanda, and when Amanda spoke like that Peter always jumped. Amanda had a disagreeable way of sticking to problems until she solved them. "Why did you mortgage Miss Henrietta's farm?"

"Because I wanted to mortgage it," answered Peter, departing from Amanda's company at once.

Amanda and her brother John admired Miss Havisham and they had rejoiced when their uncle's efforts to get the post-office for himself had failed. He had been promised it by their congressman, Mr. Edwards, and had had the shelves put up in his store, when Miss Havisham had suddenly made a trip to Washington to show the Postmaster-General her first letter of appointment from Abraham Lincoln, and had thereupon been promised the position as long as she was able to hold it. Peter wanted everything.

Peter went to the door of his store and looked down the road. From where he stood one would have said that Rock Top lay in a flat country. But if one sniffed the bracing air, or if one walked a square or two along the old-fashioned brick sidewalk, one would have learned differently. Then one would have taken a deep breath and looked again, and afterward would have stared and stared.

Rock Top was a thousand feet above the valley. Why the early settlers had selected it for their home no one knew, unless they were ancestors of Miss Henrietta and, like her, quite crazy.

Before Rock Top, all the kingdoms of the world seemed to spread. The Susquehanna River wound upon its way, cities smoked by day and twinkled with a thousand lights at

night, large farms dwindled into gardens, and forests shrank to mere patches of woodland. One could watch half a dozen storms at the same time, sunrise was like the creation of a world, sunset almost too wonderful for human eyes.

But these glories were not often watched except by Miss Henrietta and the young people like Amanda, who walked with her to her little "farm," from which all the magnificent landscape could be viewed. Miss Henrietta pointed out Adamstown far to the south, and Denworth miles and miles to the north, and the different gaps in the mountains through which the rivers flowed. Miss Henrietta spoke with eloquence and tears. Sometimes she spoke with anger.

"Over there—" she pointed across the wide valley, "over there is View Point. I went there last summer with the rest of the village to see the view. View! They have bowling-alleys and shooting-galleries and a dancing-pavilion, in sight of this! Nobody looks at the view, nobody cares for it, they turn their backs upon it. It is a desecration; there is noise and carousing. It horrified me."

Again Rock Top would have laughed at Miss Havisham. Rock Top liked View Point.

Having looked down the street for a few moments, Peter Daniel started to walk toward the road which wound steeply up from the valley. There was the faint, distant chug-chug of an automobile, bringing his friend Mr. Edwards with whom he had made great plans. At sight of him Mr. Edwards stopped the car and Peter stepped in.

They sailed on, past the store, down the street, and out to Miss Havisham's little fields, where they sat down on a convenient boulder. They pointed eagerly here and there, they talked about grades and distances and electric-power and steam-power and dividends and large amounts of money. It would have been incomprehensible to Rock Top.

Suddenly, in the midst of their discussion, Peter laid a hand on Mr. Edwards' arm.

"Listen!" he cried, sharply.

Mr. Edwards listened.

"It sounds like an automobile," he said.

"It is an automobile. What can it be doing up here, I'd like to know?" Peter got to his feet. "Perhaps they want something in my store."

To Mr. Edwards automobiles were not such a rarity as to Peter.

"Isn't your niece there?"

But Peter was moving away. He was always afraid that things would happen without his knowledge. He did not even wait for Mr. Edwards to start his car.

"I'll be up at seven o'clock," Mr. Edwards called. "You'll need several small properties, you know, and it's much better to have the people with you. I'll talk to them."

Peter called out a loud "All right," and went on down the street.

Suddenly he started to run. The automobile stood before his door! No, it didn't. It waited before Miss Havisham's door. Surely that was a mistake, Miss Havisham had nothing to sell. But two men were talking to Miss Havisham, they were shaking hands with her, and she was smiling and looking as queer as ever in her old-fashioned clothes.

Peter was wild with excitement; he hurried into the store where Amanda sat sewing.

"Who are those men?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered Amanda, pleasantly. "Some friends of Miss Havisham's, I guess."

"Friends of Miss Havisham's!" mocked Peter. "How should she have friends in an automobile?"

Amanda threaded her needle with exquisite pains. She, too, was excited.

"The tag on their automobile says 'Washington,'" she announced carelessly.

"Washington!" cried Peter. "Perhaps they have come to put her out, perhaps—"

"Oh, I guess not," Amanda cut in. "You know they can't put her out."

"They have gone back into her room," Peter announced. "What does it mean?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Amanda.

The two hours which followed were without exception the most uncomfortable of Peter Daniel's life. For an hour, the two gentlemen remained with Miss Havisham in her little parlor, then they walked with her to her little fields, and there they all sat down on a rock. One of the gentlemen was very tall and stately and dignified, but when Miss Henrietta's little shoulder-cape dropped to the sidewalk, he folded it about her as though she were a queen. It made Peter feel weak.

AFTER their visit to Miss Havisham's fields they spent another fifteen minutes in her little parlor, then Miss Havisham accompanied them to the automobile. She hugged a little package to her breast and each of the gentlemen carried a larger parcel. Peter was almost crazy.

"They are taking away the stamp and the other things, I am sure they are."

"Oh, I guess not, Uncle," said Amanda. "The Government wouldn't send two men in an automobile to fetch a stamp! And they won't put her out. You see—" Amanda herself was speculating wildly; besides, she liked to tease—"you see, when she was in Washington she made the acquaintance of the Postmaster-General and he writes to her sometimes. Perhaps this was the Postmaster-General."

"Perhaps nothing," growled out Peter, as he tacked up on the wall of his store a roughly-printed notice:

Everybody in Rock Top is to meet in this store this evening at seven o'clock. Important business is on hand.
P. DANIEL.

"What on earth, Uncle?" asked Amanda.

But it was now her turn to be denied the gratification of curiosity.

"You'll find out this evening, Miss, and Henrietta Havisham will find out, and Rock Top will find out."

It cannot be said that Peter Daniel's store was the village gathering-place, as many village stores are. Peter was too much afraid of the casual hand thrust into cracker-box or apple-barrel to encourage any loitering. But this afternoon everyone in Rock Top visited the store and hung around.

Peter had gone away and Amanda knew nothing. Amanda could not even run across to see Miss Havisham, she was so busy telling people that she knew nothing.

In the evening, all the men and women and children came. Miss Havisham, of course, was not there. She had very strict ideas about leaving her post before eight o'clock, even though every piece of mail was removed from the office by six.

Besides, she would not have considered herself subject to a summons from Peter Daniel. Miss Havisham had very independent notions.

To Amanda's further amazement, Mr. Edwards appeared in his snorting automobile. At sight of him the assembled Rock Toppians grew perfectly silent. Since he had failed to take the post-office away from Miss Havisham and give it to Peter Daniel, he was not quite omnipotent in their eyes, but they still admired him.

And what on earth could he have to say to them? It was not election time, he did not need their votes. And he had their votes always without any speech-making. Rock Top was agog.

Mr. Edwards shook hands with Peter, then he began to speak as though the Rock Toppians were all dear friends whom he had not seen for years. It gave him, he said, "infinite pleasure" to behold them once more.

"And now"—Mr. Edwards had an enviable ability for coming at once to the point—"this is a great occasion, the greatest I may say, in Rock Top history, the founding of Rock Top Park. You have here"—Mr. Edwards began to gesticulate—"a view which is unsurpassed, unparalleled, perhaps unapproached in the world. The view of Alp or Jungfrau"—Mr. Edwards had been to Europe and he liked people to know it—"the view of Alp or Jungfrau is no finer, the Rhine gives no greater thrill to the breast than this great magnificence."

"Hitherto this view has been enjoyed by only a few fortunate persons, those who are so blessed as to live here, and those who have had the energy to struggle thither. But now"—Mr. Edwards expanded his chest, Amanda's eyes grew rounder and rounder—"but now a new era is at hand. Over at View Point, there is a park, but a small park. There is a view, but a small view. Here is ampler space. Here is the finest view in the world. Here is everything."

"I have considered this matter by day and night, I have interested others in it. The capital is available. But I did not wish, and Mr. Daniel did not wish, to take further steps without your knowledge and your interest. We—"

As Mr. Edwards paused to get his breath, Peter seized his opportunity. He spoke almost deliriously.

"At View Point they make thousands of dollars in a year. Here we will make much more. We will bring the people straight up the mountain in an electric-car, we will have merry-go-rounds and toboggan-slides and a pavilion, and we will sell things, and—"

Then Peter was abruptly interrupted. It was Amanda, rising in the corner, her sewing trailing on the floor.

"Where are you going to put this park?"

Uncle Peter answered shortly:

"Where we can see the view, of course!"

"But all that land belongs to Miss Havisham!"

"That land belongs to me," declared Peter.

"It belongs to Miss Havisham," contradicted Amanda. "She is going to give it to Rock Top, perpetually; she has told me so, often; she has it all planned out. She—"

Amanda paused. Rock Top, led by Peter Daniel, was laughing.

"Where will she get the money?" asked Peter. "Would she sell her old papers and all her trash? Would she—"

"She has her land," Amanda insisted. "You can't take that!"

"The land is mine," declared Peter. "I own it. I—"

"I do not believe it!" she cried tearfully.

"Now, Miss Amanda," began Mr. Edwards soothingly. "Now good people—"

Mr. Edwards stopped, aware that the door had opened, and that someone had come in, someone at whom Rock Top was looking, rather than listening to him. It was Miss Havisham, slender, white-haired, blue-eyed, her little cape half dropping from her shoulders. Rock Top never suspected that Miss Havisham was by far its most interesting citizen.

Miss Havisham did not ask Mr. Edwards' pardon for interrupting him; she looked from one face to another. Amanda moved a little closer to her.

"I am going to ask some questions," announced Miss Havisham in her dictatorial little way. "I have heard what has been said. You have been to View Point. What is the most northerly town that can be seen from there?"

"Denworth," hazarded a single voice.

people come to ride lions in a merry-go-round, where they turn their backs upon the most wonderful view in the world? The place for such parks is the valley, not here. Think of it! A bowling-alley overlooking the world, a merry-go-round under the shadow of your little church"—Miss Havisham's voice changed—"beside our little graveyard, a—"

"I would give better land for a graveyard," offered Peter Daniel hastily.

"Miss Havisham," said Mr. Edwards, "such difficulties as that will be adjusted satisfactorily to you and everybody. We—"

Miss Havisham turned to Mr. Edwards.

"Where are you going to put your park?" she asked.

"Out on Mr. Daniel's farm."

"On Mr. Daniel's farm!" echoed Miss Havisham. "Where, pray tell me, is Mr. Daniel's farm?"

Peter grew suddenly very red in the face. He had not been exactly truthful to Mr. Edwards about that farm.

"I have a mortgage on that farm for five hundred dollars," he said loudly. "And tomorrow morning it is due, and it will not be paid, and I will foreclose. I'd like to know if that isn't owning a farm!"

It seemed to Amanda that Miss Havisham tottered. She went forward and put her arm around her.

"Oh, Miss Havisham," she cried. "Please come away!"

Miss Havisham declined the support of Amanda's arm. She looked around at her neighbors.

"Henry Stern, will you lend me five hundred dollars?"

Henry looked at her a little pityingly. The glories of Rock Top danced before his eyes.

"I don't have it, Miss Havisham."

"John Davis? Leon Davis?" Miss Havisham looked from one to another.

"I have a hundred dollars, Miss Havisham," said Amanda. "I will give you that."

"Is there anyone else who will lend me a hundred dollars?" asked Miss Havisham.

No one answered. The Rock Toppians pitied Miss Havisham, they did not doubt that she thought she was acting for their good, crazy as she was.

"You would rather have an amusement park there than the open fields? Would you move your graveyard for a pavilion?"

Again Rock Top was silent.

"I'm sorry for you," announced Miss Havisham, quietly, "because you can't have the amusement park. The land is mine. It cannot be had for a park."

Again Peter Daniel laughed, harshly, rudely.

"We will have a park," he declared. "Pay your mortgage before you talk."

Miss Havisham lifted her hand. Amanda and Mr. Edwards and Peter Daniel saw that she held a little slip of paper.

"Very well," said Miss Havisham. "Here is six hundred and fifty dollars. You will please give me the change."

But Peter only laughed. "Go on with your speech, Mr. Edwards."

Mr. Edwards took the check from Miss Havisham.

"It's perfectly good," he said angrily. "You should have told me about the mortgage, Daniel. You have deceived me! This check is signed by the Postmaster-General."

"The Postmaster-General!" blurted Peter. "It is forged! What has the Postmaster-General to do with her? She has nothing but a house, full of old trash. The check is not good. She—it—I—"

"Listen to me!" commanded Miss Havisham. "I am sorry for you, Peter, because if it hadn't been for you, I would never have found all this out. When you tried to get my post-office, I went to Washington and I met the Postmaster-General and I told him how I admired Abraham Lincoln, and all about my papers and books and letters. He collects such things. He is crazy like I am. We have been in correspondence, and he was here today. That is how I got the six hundred and fifty dollars. I came over to pay you, and that is how I got to your meeting, but I didn't pay

[Continued on page 30]

The Mis-guiding Hand of Youth

By Zona Gale

ONE of the most delicate arts in the world," said an elderly friend of mine, "is the negative art of not being too polite to elderly people."

"But politeness is only consideration for others," I began.

"Nonsense, my dear," said she. "A great deal of politeness is not consideration for others at all. It is the desire of the polite one to be polite. I know that sounds carping, but watch."

We were in a railway train. The subject had been suggested to my friend, I saw, by the action of the young woman who sat opposite to us and was traveling with her mother. If I had been that mother, I should have wanted to seat my daughter in her chair and ask her to please stay there. For the mother, a fine well-poised woman in the early sixties, made no movement that her pretty daughter did not try to anticipate.

She lifted her hand to her hat, and the daughter sprang at the pins; she unbuttoned her coat, and the daughter was there to take it off—the mother was at some trouble to persuade her that she wished neither coat nor hat removed. She lowered the shade an inch, and the daughter put it all the way down, and it had to be explained that part way was enough. She took off her gloves, and the daughter took them from her, rolled them up and dropped them into her mother's bag. The mother undertook to ask the conductor a question, and the daughter explained what her mother meant.

"You see," said my friend, "the dear little daughter is not thinking so much of her mother's comfort. She is merely afraid that she herself will not be polite!"

When luncheon was announced, this politeness became acute. All the way down the aisle the mother was no less than piloted by her daughter's hand upon her elbow. It chanced that we followed them, and we saw this guiding process continued, not only through vestibules, but into the dining-car itself, and to the very chair which a waiter was holding. That splendid mother was actually steered to her place and guided through every motion that she tried to make by the little creature who, twenty odd years ago, had been a baby in her arms.

"That sort of thing," said my friend over our luncheon-table, "is no less than indelicate. She must make her mother perfectly miserable—and the beautiful, serene woman is herself too truly considerate to tell her young daughter that she is acting like a little puffing tugboat—bless her!"

"I shall never forget," said I, "the shock which I, at thirty-something, experienced when an eighteen-year-old protégée of mine helped me down some stairs. And I remember another who essayed to guide me across an icy walk. Probably all women in their thirties receive that shock—they all laugh about it, but not even they realize that women in the sixties who are strong, alert, normal women, are no less shocked and no less bored, by such unnecessary care. Of course young people like to be useful—"

"Secondarily!" said my friend. "Primarily they wish to be courteous! They do not know it, but somebody ought to tell them."

"I suppose," I said, "that boys are more likely to offend in this way than girls."

"You are wrong," said Miss Havisham. Denworth is ten miles out of sight. What is the most southerly?"

To this no one ventured a reply.

"Did you ride on the horses in the merry-go-round?" asked Miss Havisham, with sarcasm.

"They are not horses, they are lions," answered a number of voices together.

For a moment Miss Havisham was perfectly silent. So was everyone but Amanda, who giggled nervously. Mr. Edwards smiled. He saw Miss Havisham's point, and he said to himself that it would be just as well not to let Miss Havisham talk too long.

"Miss Havisham," he began.

Miss Havisham paid no heed. She stepped out to the middle of the floor, her hands shaking. Rock Top looked at her with amazement.

"Would you have a View Point here?" she demanded. "Here, in this place of quietness and peace, a park where

Peter and the Stage Door

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

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"I'm afraid there is a lot Mrs. Parrish doesn't know," said Dorothy quickly, "but she's bound to find out, you know . . . isn't she, Peter?"

PART ONE

PETER PARRISH was one of the nicest boys I ever knew—and that's saying a great deal. On his mother's side he came from one of the solidest old families that ever sailed over to New England, and his father's father was a New York banker, so, of course, Peter's father was, too.

Peter had never lived precisely in New York, because his mother's wedding-gift from her father had been a big handsome brick mansion on a high hill, a mile or so out of one of those prosperous little cities an hour away from the big whirlpool.

But all his clothes and golf clubs and cigarettes came from New York and he spent a lot of time and money there, first and last, did Peter.

He never thought whether or not he loved the big brick house; it was part of his consciousness, that was all. It was quite old enough to be very old—for America. His grandfather Parker had bought it, not built it, for Mrs. Parrish; and it had the wide sloping lawns, the gravelled drives, the tall elms and the hideous, well-built conservatory that meant "gentleman's country-house" in the early eighties. A couple of gardeners were always working about, and there was never a weed in the big, square vegetable-garden nor a mole-track on the smooth slope of green turf that grew down to the strong wrought-iron fence with spiked tops that crowned the road-wall.

The wide verandas overlooked Long Island Sound, though several miles back from it; and Peter used to lie there and eat pears and watch the little white sails glide over the blue water, with the *chik chik bump* of the horse-lawn-mower in his ears. So that he always connected late August with the taste of pears and a patient, old white-nosed horse dragging a *chiking* machine over sweet-smelling, clipped grass.

The interior of the house would remind you a little, nowadays, of a new Gothic chapel, there was so much shiny, carved oak in it; but it was thought very grand then. This was before the sunken-pool epoch—even before the pergola—so, of course, there was no walnut-and-cane furniture in the hall nor any painted chests of drawers in the bedrooms. Mrs. Parrish would have blushed at the idea—except for the servants' rooms.

The carpets were very thick and there were a great many silk and satin frilled cushions about, and very elaborate lace and net curtains in front of the wide, plate-glass windows. There was a tennis-court, but no swimming-pool; a coachman, but no garage; a butler, but no cocktails.

Do you see the Parrish family?

Peter went to Princeton, a little to his mother's regret: the Parkers had always gone to Yale. There was usually a Parker on the board of trustees and one or two on the faculty. Peter sat, also, every Sunday, in one of the best pews on the Epistle side of the larger and older of the two Episcopal churches of the town; this, again, was not the Parker tradition, as that family was Congregational or Unitarian by inheritance. But the Congregational Church was not quite the church for the Parrishes, in that particular town; and, anyway, Mr. Parrish was a personal friend and classmate of the rector, who made a vestryman of him immediately. So that Peter always connected the sound of an organ with his least comfortable shoes (they were always his new ones) and his father passing the plate, at least once a month.

He was much liked at Princeton, as he was everywhere. He was never a leader—I don't believe he was ever president of anything in his life—but he was always in the leading group. He was no great student, of course, but he never gave his instructors any trouble and, with a little tutoring, he got through very well.

He was known as "Old Pump Parrish" by a natural gradation from "Pete" through "Peter Pumpkin," and when anybody was starting anything new or interesting, you would always hear, after a little:

"How about Old Pump?"

"Oh, put him down, of course. Pump, you're on the Entertainment Committee!"

To which Peter would always reply, "Oh, all right—I don't mind."

Once, in his Junior year, one of the actors in the burlesque they were giving came down with tonsillitis, and Peter, who was shifting the scenery and managing the curtain, was seized by a flurried stage-director and forcibly pushed into a curly black wig and a ridiculous top-hat.

"Look here, Pete, you're just Billy's size—hop into these things and go on, for the love of Mike, won't you? You know that buck-and-wing step, don't you?"

"Oh, all right, I don't mind," said Peter, and after that he was regarded, with the profound originality of boys, as the natural understudy for any part whatever.

Mrs. Parrish didn't quite approve of college dramatics, especially when they made Peter look ridiculous, but she enjoyed having three or four fellows about the place during the vacations, and always kept a great bowl of apples and pears on the sideboard and an enormous chocolate cake inside it.

There were plenty of bath-towels and matches and big, soft chairs and illustrated papers about and a handful of nice girls at the other end of the telephone. Mrs. Parrish liked nothing better than to see four or five couples waltzing about in the hall, and, indeed, would play for them by the hour.

Peter was quite fond of girls and was as popular among them as a gray-eyed, freckle-faced, reddish-haired young gentleman of five feet ten and a half usually manages to be.

MRS. PARRISH had picked out a handsome dark girl named Dorothy for Peter. She had firm, broad shoulders, straight eyebrows and a competent, decided manner; all the mothers liked her. She danced well and made herself delightful little odds and ends of things out of lace and muslin, and had no flighty ideas.

She knew how to run a big house and how to endorse a check and what friendships were likely to be of use to her. She never giggled with the young men nor danced too close to them nor sat out too late on the veranda. And her skirts never came apart from her belts—for girls were still playing tennis in shirtwaists, then.

Peter had always been fond of Dorothy and she had been his guest at the various college "promenades," as Mrs. Parrish called every college festivity, irrespective of its nature. Sometimes on rainy autumn days, Dorothy would walk the three miles between their houses, rosy and laughing in her oilskin coat, and spend the day at Elmview, chatting as comfortably as an older woman with her delighted hostess, sewing on some table-linen for her mother or some fluffy neckwear of her own, trying the piano, looking over old

photographs, reading letters from Peter's much older and much married sister.

Half unconsciously Mrs. Parrish would talk over the big linen-closet with her, discuss cutting a larger slide in the butler's pantry, plan out a possible repapering of the bedrooms. Mr. Parrish wanted to buy a big new motor-car—what did Dorothy think? Could Holmes ever learn to drive the thing? Would he care to?

"He'd love it," Dorothy would say, and Mrs. Parrish would laugh softly.

"You know Holmes better than I do, dear, I believe," she would hazard, and Dorothy would smile a little, but never blush. She was far too sensible.

Late in the afternoon, Mrs. Parrish would send her home in the coupé, and spend the evening writing to Peter.

When Peter had finished with Princeton, his father gave him a summer in Europe, with three of his best chums. Then he went into the bank, which had opened a new bond-selling department.

He fell into a little legacy from his grandfather at this time and with it he purchased a shiny, new little runabout. It hadn't many cylinders and it would look rather clumsy and high in the prow to you, now, but Peter's heart swelled every time he looked at it; and he broke the grape-arbor and the stable-door and bent one of the iron-gates just as easily as you could in your flat-bellied racer, today. He drove his father to the station in it every morning and it was known as the "Yellow Peril."

When he taught Dorothy to run it, Mrs. Parrish actually began to compose elaborate monograms, suitable for new linen: a small one for table-napkins, a middling one for table-cloths, an enormous one for sheets.

Life ran along so evenly, so prosperously, so regularly (as it must when the day is based on the eight-thirty in the morning and the four-thirty in the afternoon) that nobody noticed three important facts.

One: Peter, in two years, hadn't advanced particularly in the banking business. Two: Mr. Parrish looked old and had become very irritable. Three: Dorothy came less and less often to Elmview and made long visits to school-friends in the West and South.

Mrs. Parrish's pepper-and-salt hair, always neatly waved, turned quite gray, and she talked less than she used, often watching Mr. Parrish with a slightly worried air, often watching Peter with a worry which was not slight at all.

There appeared no reason for this. Peter was perfectly steady, perfectly contented, good-natured as possible, and looked older than his twenty-five years, if anything. He talked enough for three, and his big white bull-terriers supplied plenty of conversational material. He drove all over the country with them, Saturdays and Sundays, for, on his entrance into the bank, he had definitely, if gently, refused to go to church any more.

There were no more four or five couples waltzing in the hall—Peter didn't care about parties.

"Well, well, mother, you gay old thing," he would say, "won't you ever settle down? You don't suppose a steady old business-man wants to dance all night, do you?"

He began staying in town once or twice a week, now, and Holmes had to take on the station trip again, which made him touchy.

"What did you do, dear, last night?" his mother would ask, and he would answer vaguely:

"Oh, I went to a show."

"Was it good?"

"Oh, good enough."

"Peter never tells us anything," Mrs. Parrish complained one evening to Dorothy, who had finally found a free night and was dining with them. Peter had decided to stay in town at the last moment and couldn't very well change his plans, he telephoned.

"I don't think he was ever very communicative," Dorothy answered instantly, with a long look.

Mrs. Parrish thought for a second that the girl wanted to say more but had decided not to. She looked older and waved her hair. Her dress was cut lower than Mrs. Parrish quite liked and she rallied Mr. Parrish a little daringly on his yesterday's ride back from town with a new, rather conspicuous lady who had bought one of the old places on the hill.

"I wish Peter would marry and settle down," said Mrs. Parrish sharply.

"I doubt if he does—immediately, anyway," Dorothy answered.

"Why do you say that?" demanded his mother.

Again Dorothy looked long at her. She opened her lips, shut them again, looked away.

"Oh, I don't know—I only think so," she said indifferently. "Do you want some double Canfield, Mr. Parrish?"

To their great surprise, Peter appeared, in a station taxi-cab, at nine o'clock. He looked worn and sulky, refused any dinner, made no excuses. He had decided to come back, that was all.

"Sorry to miss you, Dot," he said, "but I couldn't get off."

"It's a wearing business, selling bonds, we all know," she answered demurely. He laughed shortly, and asked for a small cup of coffee.

"Have a cigarette?" he asked—and under Mrs. Parrish's horrified eyes she took one from his gold case and lit it easily.

"I—I didn't know—does your mother—why, Dorothy?"

"Oh, there's lots you don't know, mother," said Peter wearily.

"I'm afraid there is a lot Mrs. Parrish doesn't know," said Dorothy quickly, "but she's bound to find out, you know . . . isn't she, Peter?"

"Oh, well, I don't mind, if you don't," Peter answered and looked straight at her.

"Why should I mind?" she retorted, staring, and blushing the least bit. "Really, Peter, you are a little too much sometimes!"

"What are you talking about?" said Mrs. Parrish eagerly, for this seemed like old times. "Not quarreling, I hope?"

"Lord, no," said Peter. "I think, if you'll all excuse me, I'll go to bed. I don't feel up to much."

The next day, Mrs. Parrish received a little note from Dorothy.

DEAREST MRS. PARRISH—
I meant to tell you last night, but Peter came in and I got a little shy about it. I am engaged to Hackitt Merriman, whom I met at my friend's in Chicago, you know. He is a very fine, intelligent man, a little older than the boys about here, but not less interesting on that account! He is a lawyer—a partner in one of the best-known firms in the West, and, of course, we shall live out there.
Mother and father are delighted and I want you and Mr. Parrish to be the first to know.
Lovingly,
Dorothy.

Mrs. Parrish handed the note in silence to Peter, after dinner. He read it quickly.

"Good work!" he said. "Tell her I'll give her one of Langtry's pups for a wedding-present."

"Why, Peter!" she gasped. "Is that all you have to say?"

"All?" he repeated. "A pedigreed, blue-ribbon bull is no joke of a present, I tell you, mother."

Mrs. Parrish burst into tears.

"I hoped and prayed that you would marry Dorothy!" she sobbed.

"Me? Me and Dot? Oh, Lord, no—mother—you're crazy!" he said, patting her. "Why, it never entered our minds."

"It entered hers," she persisted, but Peter only laughed. "This looks like it, doesn't it?" he answered and tossed back the note.

The next morning, however, brought a letter that blotted Dorothy out of Mrs. Parrish's mind. It was from her married daughter in Buffalo.

DEAR MOTHER—
What is all this about Peter and an actress? Ben was in New York last month—I suppose Father told you they lunched together—and saw Peter, it seems, with a very conspicuous-looking girl in the Waldorf that evening.

He said nothing to me—you know how men are about things like that—but when he went in again, two weeks ago, he saw some musical comedy with one of the New York branch, and while they were waiting for a cab in the rain, he saw Peter taking the same girl home—from the stage entrance!

He is sure of it, she is so conspicuous. Very good-looking, in a certain way, he says. But he recognized her in the chorus.

This time he did speak to me, but made me promise not to mention it. However, last night we had a dinner-party, and one of the men, after we had left the dining-room, told Ben that he had been to a party in New York a few nights ago where there were several actresses and chorus girls.

"Your young brother-in-law was there," he said, "with a peach—he seemed very far gone and the lady appeared to reciprocate, if I'm any judge."

Ben managed to find out from the description that it was the same one. This seems so strange for Peter—you didn't know, did you? Ben says to make no fuss over it, it will only antagonize, he says. But is there nothing to be done? How about Dorothy?

Ben says there is nothing to do but wait, and it will all blow over.

But Ben was not Peter's mother. She turned the letter over and on the back was scrawled,

Her name is Doris de Wilde, and she acts in *The Pink Pagoda*.
The next train left at eleven fifty-six, and Mrs. Parrish took that train, lunched at the Manhattan Hotel (the only hotel she would have entered alone) and purchased there a ticket for the favored musical comedy of the hour. She had an excellent seat and a more than excellent pair of opera-glasses, as they had been one of her husband's anniversary

presents. The curtain went up at two-thirty, and at two-fifty-five Miss Doris de Wilde walked upon the stage, the third from the left.

As soon as Mrs. Parrish saw her (and she knew her, because she took the part of Miss Luna-moth, and wore sea-green wings and silver antennae) her heart sank.

For Doris de Wilde was a very beautiful girl indeed.

She had large, grayish-green eyes, arched delicate brows and a skin as white as the inside of a horse-chestnut. She had hair the color of beech-leaves in October, and she was tall and slender. But the most terrible and beautiful thing about her was her mouth.

It was a mouth to make mothers tremble. No small, red, pouting button of a mouth which weaves but a transient spell for the sons of Adam; but wide and curling, sharply outlined and with the upper lip back-rolled. It was a mouth with deep corners, a flexible and changing mouth, a curving Cupid's bow, with a laugh and a sigh and a kiss in it all at once.

Mrs. Parrish looked very old and gray when she saw Doris' mouth.



The girl swayed on her hips a little and waved her long, slim arms in an easy natural rhythm. She searched the house carelessly with her big hazel eyes, but found, it would seem, no one worthy of her notice. When what Mrs. Parrish would have called the leading lady appeared, Doris retired to the back of the stage and stood there swaying lightly to the music, her long silver antennae quivering, her lips faintly smiling.

I think that Mrs. Parrish prayed. She never took her eyes from the girl as long as she was on the stage, and I am afraid that even the tenuous plot of the piece escaped her.

In the next scene, Miss de Wilde was a willow-tree, and wore nothing, apparently, but a sort of bolster-case of silvery crepe with little dangle, shimmering, green silk leaves dripping from it, and a wreath in her russet hair. She looked like a Botticelli nymph, but Mrs. Parrish had never been interested in Botticelli.

THEY all sang a little in this scene, and, in the middle of the song, Mrs. Parrish saw a slow pink blush creep over the ivory cheeks she was watching so fixedly. It grew and grew, and now her lovely great eyes were definitely fixed on someone in the first row of the orchestra, near the end. She appeared to be trying not to smile but, at last, her lips relaxed and the long slow smile escaped and pointed to a dimple in her left cheek.

She waved her arms and sang, but the blush crept steadily down her throat, and her lips could not meet to form the words. Mrs. Parrish followed her eyes and turned quite sick for a moment. She had known whose face she would see at the end of that smile, but she had never imagined that it could wear that look. Her son was infatuatedly, crazily, hopelessly in love.

Now, of course, this may not seem very important to you. England's peerage is regularly recruited from the

music-hall stage, as we all know; and actresses are always pouring tea at country-houses, nowadays; and are continually feeding their pet chickens and teaching their golden-haired children how to swim and write the alphabet in the picture section of the Sunday papers.

But, as a matter of fact, American boys of Peter's parentage rarely married these enchanting creatures ten or fifteen years ago. I don't think it is very commonly done, even now. To Mrs. Parrish it was so horrible, so impossible, that there was only one thing more unthinkable than Peter's marrying Doris. That was, that he should *not* marry her.

She had meant to try to see him after the matinee, perhaps come home with him, but the look on his face was too much for her and she returned, miserably, by herself.

Peter was not on the train. In the middle of dinner he telephoned that he was staying the night in town. At this point, Mrs. Parrish broke down completely and left the table. Mr. Parrish stared ahead of him at his fruit-plate and sat, till the butler, who wanted to get back to a detective story he was writing for a prize competition, got him gently but firmly out of the dining-room.

When they were alone in the big drawing-room, Mrs. Parrish broke the news to her husband.

Their only son was madly infatuated with an actress: a woman who exhibited herself nightly, dressed in a transparent bolster-case, to a snickering crowd of strangers.

In telling this story, Mrs. Parrish kept her eyes on the floor, because, though she had been married twenty-nine years and had borne two children, her bringing up had been such as to cause her to treat all subjects such as marriage and birth (except in their connection with trousseau and layette) precisely as she would have treated them had she been nineteen and a virgin. She was a lady, in short—and an American.

Mr. Parrish would have been, presumably, as embarrassed as she, had he been paying any attention to her; but this, she was curiously convinced, he was not doing.

"Of course, it's only for the money, dear," she added, miserably. "That's all they ever want, those women, isn't it?" "Money?" repeated Mr. Parrish, vaguely. "Money? Whose money?"

"Why, Peter's money, dear," she said, looking at him, now.

"Peter's money? Peter's!" His tone was certainly very strange. And how haggard, how harassed he looked . . . She must speak very gently.

"Well, not now, of course, dear . . . they don't seem to raise Peter very quickly, I know . . . but she's thinking of what he will have . . . some day, I suppose."

Mr. Parrish uttered an ugly, growling sort of imitation laugh; his wife had never heard him make that noise but once, when he had received, by mistake, the bill for Peter's first bull-terrier.

"What he will have!" he repeated. "Some day! Oh, my good God!"

He dropped his head into his hands, as people do on the stage, and therefore, in real life, and gave forth queer, coughing sobs, till Mrs. Parrish grew quite white.

"Has—has anything happened that I don't know, Eldredge?" she asked sharply. "Is it worse than I thought? Has Peter done anything dreadful? Then—then he must marry her!"

"Oh!" Mr. Parrish exploded, raising red-rimmed, tortured eyes to hers. "Do women ever think of anything else but marrying? What the devil do I care whether he marries her or not? All boys make fools of themselves, I suppose if not one way, then another. But if it's money she thinks she's marrying, you needn't worry, Elly, for he'll have no more than he can earn—nor me, either!"

For Mr. Parrish, that trusted and conservative banker of fifty-six, had managed to involve himself in a series of speculations so fantastic that even his old friends who tried to unwind him with integrity, from the coils, shook their heads at each other and swore softly, around their big mahogany table, through one entire night.

There was no use in asking how it could have happened; we all know that it does happen. It seems that a certain definite proportion of all the bankers on the earth, at any given time, must follow precisely this course. It was simply that Mr. Parrish was one of those bankers; somebody's husband has to be. If they were all like your husband, or my cousin, what would there be to read in the papers?

Her lovely great eyes were definitely fixed on someone in the first row. She appeared to be trying not to smile but, at last, her lips relaxed and the long, slow smile escaped and pointed to a dimple in her left cheek



Why This Is The February Number

AS a result of the printers' strike, our November number was not issued until December 10th, and the December number until the last of the month.

To avoid the confusion and discomfort of having every number late for several months, we are omitting the January issue and calling this one February. The March number will appear February 10th, the one for April on March 10th, and the others will follow regularly on the 10th of the month.

Every subscriber, of course, will receive the full number of copies. If your subscription was to expire with February, you now will receive the March number as the last on your present subscription. If it was to expire with March, you also will receive the April number, and so on. Remember, you will not miss a single copy on account of this change.

"Speak to him?" said Mr. Parrish. "Certainly I'll speak to him. 'Waiting,' indeed! He'll wait some time before he earns more than forty dollars a week, at this rate, I can tell him!"

Mrs. Parrish sighed. "He says they have a grudge against him," she murmured. "He says there'll never be any chance for him, there."

"He's lying," said Mr. Parrish shortly. "The boy's never made good, that's all. He has no interest in his work—never has had."

Mrs. Parrish wiped her eyes softly. "But that's neither here nor there," her husband continued, "and I know well enough you're not interested in that part of it, Elly, anyway. All you think of is that damned actress. . . . I'll see her, my dear, and then there'll be no more trouble, you can rest assured. Forty dollars a week doesn't go very far with that crew."

"I know. . . . I know," she murmured. "But when I think of Dorothy. . . . Oh, poor Peter, what could he have been thinking of? The way he looked at her. Oh, Eldredge, I'm afraid it will break his heart!"

Mr. Parrish snorted. "Makes you sick," he said disgustedly. "I never did understand that boy. You always spoiled him. Bull-terriers this and bull-terriers that! Now you see, I hope."

"It will break his heart," she repeated sadly. "Heart?" said her husband. "Don't you worry about his heart, Elly. If he had any heart, he wouldn't be breaking yours, now. It's not his heart, my dear, at that age—it's—well, there's nothing to be gained by discussing it with you. I'll go and see the girl."

You can see him—poor Mr. Parrish—his heart sick at the failure he has just made of his life, more than a touch of neuritis in his left shoulder, and now this ugly trouble coming down on top of everything.

There are many of these fathers starting out, at the very moment you read these words, to make just this kind of a call. They are the fathers who sit politely in church on Sunday and listen to the clergyman reading:

Blessed is the man that has his quiver full of them! They are polite, I say, but a little incredulous.

He found Dorys in precisely the sort of boarding-house you might expect, with just the foolish little white poodle

you would know she would have yapping about her skirts, and the big black velvet hat she would naturally select to frame her beech-leaf hair.

One thinks, of course, of the elder Armand visiting Camille, but it didn't turn out in the least like that. None of the complicated, dramatic

things you may be expecting happened, either. For instance, Mr. Parrish didn't, suddenly, fall in love with Dorys himself; far from it.

His falling-in-love days were over. I don't know that he was in love with Mrs. Parrish, but he certainly wasn't in love with anybody else, which answers as well, at his age, for all practical purposes. Nor, on the other hand, was he affected to tears by Dorys' pathos and beauty and made to feel that his errand was a cruel one. No, he felt that his object was sensible and intelligent to a degree.

Moreover, Dorys herself didn't cry; as a matter of fact she saw nothing to cry about. She didn't enjoy making Mr. Parrish uncomfortable—far from it. She was sorry. But the fact that she was a bankrupt didn't, curiously enough, alter her decision to marry his son. I can't explain why it shouldn't have, but it didn't.

When he told her that he had nothing but the rent of his country estate in the world, and that on his death (and Mrs. Parrish's) it wouldn't cut up very large between two children, her only regret seemed to be for him personally.

"That's awfully hard for you, isn't it?" she said sympathetically.

Mr. Parrish was puzzled. "I don't know whether you fully understand my son's position," he began stiffly, "but he is entirely dependent upon what he earns, Miss de Wilde."

"He's getting forty, now," she said, "and he expects a raise when he gets married."

"He may expect it," replied Peter's father grimly, "but I doubt if he gets it. Banks, Miss de Wilde, are not run on sentimentality; they are business institutions. And as a business-man, I warn you against my son's prospects. If you are counting on these, you are making a mistake."

"And suppose I am not counting on them?" she asked, inexplicably.

"You must excuse me if I cannot suppose that," he answered stiffly.

"Why?" she demanded, with two big green-gray eyes, opened widely on him.

Mr. Parrish swallowed. You see, he knew all about actresses, like most of us. There was no use trying to fool him.

"I'll bid you good day," he said briefly, "I'm a busy man, Miss de Wilde. Think it over. Under no circumstances can Mrs. Parrish and I consent to such a marriage—if that means anything to you. We cannot believe it would be to the best interests of either one of you."

Now, as we all know that young people are not in the habit of marrying to please their parents, you will undoubtedly expect to see Peter carrying off his young lady promptly, dispensing with such a little matter as parental consent. And this, undoubtedly, he would have been glad to do.

But, unfortunately, for his purpose, Dorys had her own reasons for not agreeing with him. Her mother, who had died when the girl was fifteen, had made a runaway-match in the teeth of great opposition from her lover's family.

The fact that her married life had been very unfortunate was entirely accounted for, in her mind, by this defiance of parental wishes, and she had exacted from Dorys a solemn promise never to repeat her own folly. This promise, given at a pathetic death-bed, the girl would have died herself rather than break; and she had made this very clear to Peter, who treated his mother, in turn, rather cruelly because of it.

Not that Mrs. Parrish grudged him his sulks and his foolish, high-flown arguments. As soon as she realized that she and Dorys had Peter caught between them, so to speak, she felt that it was only a question of time, and was very gentle with him.

It was not very pleasant for poor Mr. Parrish; of evenings Peter sat, white and drawn, writing letters and staring at her, and his father, wrinkled and depressed, sat staring at the fireplace with his hands in his lap. She herself made lists and other lists and yet more lists, and wrote little notes and cleared out things to give away. If men would only busy themselves at such times, she would reflect, they would spare themselves much.

But she had totally forgotten that the masculine mind is often busiest when the hands are empty. You cannot trust them when they sit still, like that.

And while she was congratulating herself and planning his favorite French toast for dessert, Peter was getting ahead of her, after all.

One evening when Mr. Parrish was having a final consultation with his lawyer, Peter got up from his chair, shook his shoulders, and came and stood over her.

"May I have a few words with you, mother?" he said. "Certainly, dear," she answered, in a well-simulated calm, "just a moment till I see if all the cases for the silver are here. Thank goodness, we can keep it all, Peter, I want you to have it some day."

"I wouldn't bother about it, if I were you," he said somberly. "Look here, mother, this has got to stop."

Mrs. Parrish's lips pinched together obstinately. "Peter, dear, what can I do about it?" she began plaintively. "Can I go against all my principles? You know how your father and I and your sister all feel. If Miss de Wilde has enough sense of de—"

"Mother!" "I mean, if she has the feelings she has about her promise to her poor, dead mother—and they do her a good deal of credit, Peter, I've always admitted that — why, I can't tell a lie about it, can I, just to please you? Especially when we all know you'll regret what you are doing now, some day. I'm sorry, Peter darling, but I cannot give my consent to what I know will spoil your life. You'll thank me for it, some day, Peter."

"Ah," said Peter, "perhaps. In the meantime, mother, since you take this stand, and since the woman I love is suffering very much, to say nothing of what I am going through, I think it's only fair to tell you that I have decided on another course—and that I'm afraid you won't like it very much."

"Another course?" Mrs. Parrish stared. "Yes. Dorys only promised her mother not to marry without your consent; she didn't promise . . . anything else, you know."

"Anything else? But what else is there?" cried poor bewildered Mrs. Parrish. "I don't understand you, Peter."

"She never promised not to live with me—without marrying," said Peter coldly, his eyes firmly on his mother's.

Mrs. Parrish grew crimson, then white.

"Peter! You can't mean that! I—I can't listen to you. . . . she never would—never!"

"That remains to be seen," said Peter doggedly. "I shall certainly try my best to persuade her. I've stood all I can. And now I've warned you, mother, and you can judge whether you wish to be responsible or not."

Mrs. Parrish choked into tears.

"God—God would never allow it!" she stammered, and put her hands over her heart.

"He seems to have allowed it before this," said Peter stolidly. "I'm sorry, mother, but it's your own fault."

She only sobbed bitterly.

"Good night," said Peter, "I'm going into town."

[Concluded in the March McCall's]

But there are other things that *don't* always get in the papers, such as the staunch support of old friends, and the loyal silence of trusted associates, and the unquestioning devotion of patient wives—and all these were just as much the result of Mr. Parrish's past life as the present terrible crash was the result of his own incomprehensible folly.

By adding together what would have been Mrs. Parrish's and what would have been Peter's and what would have been his daughter's and her children's, he was able to resign from the bank, a perfectly honest, though very much aged, vice-president.

"A near squeak, El, but we managed," said his old classmate, of the board of directors.

This left him without a penny, but the house was clear and untouched, and on the rent of it (all full of his wedding-furniture), he and Mrs. Parrish could live very comfortably—in Buffalo.

Mrs. Parrish was as calm and plucky and practical as everybody's wife always is in this situation, and everyone was as admiring as we always are. Why we act as if we expected women in such a crisis to say: "Oh, well, my husband has lost all our money, through his own fault, so, of course, I shall leave him immediately," I don't know. But everybody said: "Isn't Mrs. Parrish wonderful! She doesn't seem to mind living with only two maids, at all!"

When the last trunk was packed, she sat down by her husband with a list of the blankets in one hand and a pair of Peter's old riding-boots in the other, and said softly:

"And how about Peter, dear? Will you speak to him? He's been waiting."

"Who will answer the telephone and door-bell evenings, if our housemaids go home like girls from a shop, when the whistle blows?" asks Araminta. Are you, too,

Housekeeping with a Medieval Mind

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
WILL CRAWFORD

By Anne O'Hagan



"I wish my day were only eight hours"

MY friend, Araminta, who can, without embarrassment, address any chance street-corner gathering on the duty and desirability of buying savings stamps; who not only can tame a large monster of a motor-car to a sweetly purring, gently gliding domestic pet, but can also perform amazing surgical operations upon its intestinal system; who is, in short, the product of very recent education—my friend Araminta has just revealed herself the possessor of a medieval mind. She has practically declared that only over her dead body shall the eight-hour day come into the household world.

Let it be said in the beginning that the medieval mind does not necessarily connote a contemptible thinker. Ruskin found the modern railroad an intolerable desecration of rural England, and Ruskin's was far from a negligible intellect. Twenty-five years ago, many middle-aged gentlemen used to declaim with cholera upon the outrageousness of allowing locomotives to be driven up and down the public highways by irresponsible boys—referring, of course, to automobiles. And most of those middle-aged gentlemen were estimable and valuable citizens. Their mental attitude merely delayed them in learning to manage a car, and thereby robbed them of a considerable period of exhilaration and enjoyment. Don Quixote, adventuring forth upon knight-errant missions in a world already grown prosaic, was a delicious idealist, although ridiculous. But none of them, not Ruskin, not Don Quixote, not the middle-aged gentlemen, ever accomplished anything more than a balky horse accomplishes—irritation and delay.

So with Araminta. The fact that she opposes the industrializing of household work, the placing of household workers upon the same basis of impersonal freedom as the other workers of the world, does not mean that she is a female *Legree*, delighting to wield the lash over frightened slaves. It only means that there is a point at which her vision fails to focus, and that, seeing crooked, she is likely to pull crooked, to her own discomfort and to the retarding of an inevitable modern movement. The effort to maintain any medieval institution in a modern world is foredoomed to failure, but while it is in the process of failing it causes no end of trouble and of wasted effort.

"It's perfect nonsense," argues Araminta with decision. "Why should my maids want to sleep at home? In the first place, they haven't got any home. In the second place, if they lodge outside my house, they won't have half so healthy and attractive surroundings as they do in it. Why, I wish you could see the white paint and the cretonne that I have lavished upon their bedrooms. The apartment isn't large enough to give them a separate sitting-room, but the kitchen is really a darling—a thousand times prettier than anything they could afford if they had to pay for it. I bought the most comfortable box-springs and hair-mattresses for their beds! You don't suppose they would find those in a lodging-house? As for eight hours a day—I wish my day were only eight hours! It was two when we got in from the theater last night!"

One murmurs that Araminta is almost too good—that it is really a pity she has to bear all the extra expense and responsibility entailed by running a servants' boarding-house. One suggests that she is fortunate to have freed her mind from a similar sense of duty in regard to her seamstress, manicurist, and window-cleaner. But she goes on:

"Oh well, of course I want them in the house, myself. Who is going to answer the telephone and door-bell evenings, if our housemaids go home like girls from a shop, when the whistle blows? I admit that I want them in the house, but I do claim that it is as much to their advantage as to mine for them to live there. Besides, suppose they should be sick and fail to come in the morning in time to get breakfast?"

Araminta is asked if her servants, living under her own roof, are never ill and if it has never yet befallen her to get breakfast.

"Yes," she replies virtuously, "they have been ill, and I have not only had to get breakfast on occasion but I have had to take care of them. I've called the doctor. I've nursed 'em. That illustrates exactly what I am trying to tell you. The relation of a mistress to her maids is a personal, a friendly one. It entails a lot of things never mentioned in the bond. That is why I think this idea of an office schedule for houseworkers is bound to be a failure."

She is gently reminded of the days when apprentices were bound to their masters' houses as well as to their workshops, of the time when store assistants slept in the store—sometimes under the counters—in order that there might be no question about their arriving in time to take down the shutters in the morning. It is recalled to her that, in those good old days, employers found their relationship with these employees also a personal matter not to be regulated by any cold, bloodless code. But the apprentices and the shop assistants couldn't be induced to see it that way.

How about Araminta's maids? Do they realize how sweet the tie that binds them to her? Do they remain in her service for long, long periods, leaving it only to be married?

"No, the ingrates!" Araminta's voice and manner register considerable exasperation. "The week after she arose from the flu, my cook held me up for a raise in wages. Said the woman upstairs would give her five dollars a month more than I was giving her. Why, her doctor's bills alone—But you can't expect a sense of honor from people of that class."

But how, one begs Araminta to tell, is it possible to have warm, friendly relations with persons of whom one says that they have no sense of honor? And how comfortable it would be to have a standardized scale of wages for cooks, as for plumbers and carpenters, so that the guileful machinations of that omnipresent woman upstairs might be rendered vain and impotent! How is it possible, in view of all such things, to delude oneself into the belief that housework differs essentially from any other form of work, or that it will, in the long run, remain unstandardized and servile?

It is all very pretty about the personal relationships, the personal friendships, between the employer of household labor and her employees. But not one out of ten of the Aramintas who heatedly urge these sentimental reasons for keeping domestic work upon its old basis can honestly affirm that her employees share her sentimental view. Araminta may be ever so extravagant with white enamel and bright cretonne in those cheery little rooms whose charms she celebrates, but she is obliged to admit that it is an ever-changing procession of girls which walks in and out of them. She may exclaim with horror, partly real and partly simulated, at the sort of meals the poor dears would buy if they were driven, as the new plan contemplates, to buying their food outside her home. The nutritive value of her whole-wheat bread, the bovine reality of her butter, the juiciness of her roasts, are all undeniable. But they have not sufficed to keep satisfied in her house Nora and Dinah, Hannah and Margaret, Sophie and Cornelia, and all the rest of the long list who have there fed upon the fat of the land.

Cooks do not live by bread alone, either.

Once upon a time there were castes in the world. People were born to a certain station in life and very docilely they said that it was the station to which heaven had called

them. They worked in it, they lived and died in it, and it may be that they got as much enjoyment out of their working and living and dying as their successors are getting under a more democratic system. However that may be, the times changed, are changing still. The English gardener's daughter, pink-cheeked and deft-fingered, no longer regards it as the farthest possible flight of destiny to be trained by the housekeeper at the Hall, or to be inducted into the mysteries appertaining to the station of maid to my lady. In all probability she has it in mind to be a doctor, a broker, a policewoman, or she wants to take a course in airplane mechanics.

And one reason why she doesn't want to train for housework instead, is because, smear it over with pretty phrases as much as the Aramintas may, housework has been a servile job for the maids and a petty tyrannical job for the mistresses. It has been a feudal survival in a modern world. The dignity of housework has been acclaimed from a thousand hilltops, and properly—it is a perfectly dignified work to make home life orderly and beautiful. Its scientific possibilities have been celebrated—again properly. The chemistry of foods is no less interesting than the chemistry of drugs, and lightnings chained to sweep a floor, to boil a pot, are as marvelous as lightnings chained to send a message. But girls brought up in a democratic world have not wanted to make housework their profession as they have wanted to make chemistry or telephoning or feather-making. Because the Aramintas of the household world have been so persistently feudal in their insistence upon the personal quality of the contract!

Five hundred years ago, when she was a lovely lady in a moated castle, with all her maidens weaving tapestries about her, and all her peasants in the little huddle of huts at her gates depending upon her for medicaments when they were ill, she did have sharply defined personal duties toward them as well as they toward her. Personal responsibilities were mutual, and therefore tolerable. But that time is past. Araminta today has no other personal responsibilities toward her maids than those of behaving to them within the provisions of the criminal code.

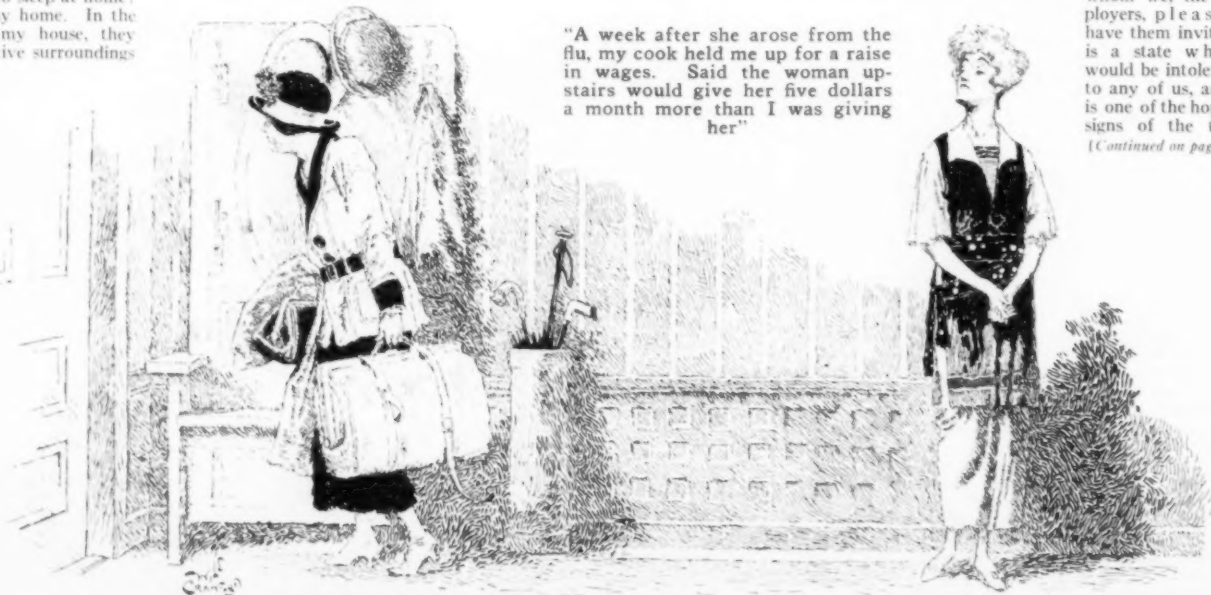
THERE is probably not a housekeeper alive who would deny that she has found thoroughly unsatisfactory and disheartening the system, or the lack of system, under which she has struggled along. And yet, such is human cowardice in the face of impending change, such the dull fear of untried paths, that few women are willing to do their share in hastening in the new order—the one which contemplates the standardization of conditions for houseworkers as they have been standardized for factory and store workers, which looks to a relation between the employer and employee in domestic labor as clearly defined, as businesslike and as self-respecting as that between the employer of a clerical force and his staff.

Twenty-five years ago, when horses were still rearing, plunging and backing, at sight of automobiles, a certain New Yorker, famous for his *bon mots*, remarked: "I wonder if there will ever arise a generation of horses equal to standing motor-cars? But of course there must. The progress of civilization cannot wait indefinitely upon the stupidity of the horse."

The progress of civilization cannot wait indefinitely upon—let us not call it stupidity—the antique prejudices of the race of ladies. There cannot remain a whole class to whom personal life is practically denied because the Aramintas must have someone to attend the door-bell in the evening or to answer the telephone. No matter how valiantly we strive, we housekeepers, to down the still, small voice by prattling about comfortable bedrooms, good food and sheltered, refined home surroundings, we all know that there is no personal life for the dependent under a stranger's roof. Not one of us would deny that existence without social freedom would be unendurable to us. We try to get around the situation by pretending that the maids in our houses have social freedom. They have not. Their hours of leisure are not their own, however abundant that leisure may be. They may not invite whom they please to their place of

abode but only whom we, the employers, please to have them invite. It is a state which would be intolerable to any of us, and it is one of the hopeful signs of the times

[Continued on page 51]



"A week after she arose from the flu, my cook held me up for a raise in wages. Said the woman upstairs would give her five dollars a month more than I was giving her"



Decoration by
Shirley Kite

The Fairy Story Lady

By Wilbur Hall

SA-AY! Are you the Naughty Prince?" Badger frowned, staring into space. He wished that the child, who had piped up out of the cold emptiness of the park, would go away—he desired nothing more than solitude. Heedless of the chill wind that blew in across the yellowed grass-plots from the sullen-looking lake shore he stood contemplating the single fact of his existence—he was not a violinist.

He could look back, now, over the three months that had elapsed since he had left his distant home state to begin building his great career; it seemed hardly possible that he who had once believed in himself so thoroughly, could now believe in himself not at all. They had said, at home, that he was a genius. He had taken it for granted, not conceitedly, but gratefully. What a fool!

"If you'd please look down half-ways, mister!" that annoying voice squeaked. "Cause you're very big, 'n' I'm so very little!"

Badger started—looked down. "Were you talking to me?" he asked.

It was true that she was little—almost the littlest child Badger had ever seen. She was blue with cold, except for her little red nose. Her tiny hands were clamped under her armpits; her feet, peeping through her miserable shoes, kept shifting and shuffling on the frosty gravel. Her nose had a tiny drop of moisture right on its tip which made her look colder, somehow. Badger forgot his own unrelieved tragedy and whipped out a handkerchief.

"Where did you drop from?" he exclaimed. "Come here and be—blotted . . . there. Now, what were you asking?"

The miniature drew back a step, rubbing her nose mechanically. "I thought you might be him," she said, aggrievedly. "But you ain't!"

"Ain't I? Ain't which?"

"The Naughty Prince that got changed into a pleasant lad and is huntin' for the beggar-maid to marry you."

"But you thought I was—"

"Uh—huh! But you ain't, 'cause your han-ka-chef would be um-b'oidered with gold."

"Oh!" Badger had the grace to stuff his disillusioning cambric away hastily. "There you're wrong, little Icicle! I gave my 'um-b'oidered' handkerchief to the halberdier who guarded the gate, so that he'd let me pass. And here I am."

"Hones' to Gawd?"

"You mustn't say that, Baby. Yes, honest enough for ordinary purposes. Where do you live?"

"On Rose Street."

"You'd better run home. Mother will be looking for you."

"No she won't. She's at the pants-place all day."

"Oh. And who takes care of you?"

"Me."

"Um—m." Badger shivered. "Aren't you cold?"

"Nope. Not much."

"Have you had lunch?"

"I don't have any. That gives me a good appetite."

"I dare say!" Badger swore under his breath. "Come with me!"

She looked at him dubiously. Then, "Are we going to the palace?" she asked, doubt beginning to fade before hope.

"Straight away, Thimbleful. Come along, before the chief butler-in-waiting gets tired of being in waiting and goes out in his limousine."

"Is they really a chief butler? Hones' to—hones'? And does he carry a gold staff an' throw ope' the portals? And doesn't he know that you have got changed by the old witch—"

"Time!" Badger cried, taking her hand. "When we get to the palace you can ask all the questions you please. Am I walking too fast?"

"You do take ter-menjous steps, Prince Kalmus!"

"Kalmus, eh?" he repeated, moderating his pace. "Where do you hear all this about the prince?"

"At the school. You know—the fairy-story lady."

"Oh, quite so. I suppose so."

Badger wasn't thinking about it, however. He was raging at a system that put mother in "the pants-place" and this inconsiderable waif on the streets. And quite suddenly his sense of dramatic values simply would not let him take the child to any place less than Beget's. She believed in fairies—thought him one—was all agog over the palace! Could one take such a guest to the Owl Chop-house?

One—even though he had but four dollars in the world, and was a failure instead of a great violinist—one certainly had to live up to his part. It was Beget's, on the instant (a place you know, of course, if you are anybody), though Badger had been virtually kicked out of it for insisting, desperately, on being given a chance to play there. Oh, he knew Beget's, fast enough!

To the floor-captain Badger may have looked the part, but the functionary caught a glimpse of the child. With cold suavity, he turned them over to a subordinate. The subordinate, being human, passed them on to an underling of his, and the underling basely deserted them, so that they wandered around in a perfect wilderness of tables, like babes in the woods, and wound up, on their own, at a window-table.

"You see, Little Nell," Badger explained, commanding a hassock with which to bring her chin above the level of the table, "you see the royal servants weren't expecting me and don't even know me—and besides they're waiting for a crowd of foreign nobles and knights and things, and we must take what we can get. How's that?"

She was inarticulate with wonder. Her eyes, opened to an unbelievable extent, were the only organs that, for the moment, functioned. Badger, watching her, stirred by sympathy and rage, began to consider again the unfairness of life, and was fast getting back to his state of hopeless discouragement when food arrived. Thereafter there was no time for thoughts of his failure.

The child fell upon the viands ravenously—and her tongue was loosened. Between gulps she fired questions. Guided by them and her brief and often impatient explanations, Badger fitted himself into her picture with a fabric of lies that amazed him but gave her pleasure comparable only to that afforded her by the gilded columns, the ornate walls, the soft music and the strange food of Monsieur Beget's. He confessed.

That he was, in very truth, the Naughty Prince who had been banished by a cruel tyrant of a father because he loved a beggar-maid.

That he had had a rough time of it since leaving the royal palace.

That it was true he had been turned into a "pleasant lad" (she would not substitute Badger's suggestion of "peasant") and was searching now for his beggar-maid sweetheart.

That he had felt it exceedingly inconsiderate of the old witch to side with the father instead of turning the old tyrant into a hat-rack in the castle-hall (Badger's inspiration—accepted doubtfully) so that he, the prince, could marry whom he pleased.

That what he really lived for now was to find his beggar-maid, because—because—

"But how," he asked, suddenly aware of the quandary, "how am I to know her when I do find her, Buttercup?"

"Huh! That's a cinch!" The mite swaggered—perhaps from the arrogance of knowledge, perhaps from sheer weight of food. "The old witch turned her into a bird and put her into a cage. She's a little brown bird with a red breast, and when you do find her the old witch'll be your slave, and all you got to do is to clap your hands and get any wish you want. Give me some more of that!"

"Of what? Turkey? Merciful laws of dietetics! Waiter!"

"Yes, sir." The waiter, wiser than his superiors, knowing that he tips generously who feeds the hungry, obsequiously bent over Badger's chair.

"If you are a family-man," began Badger, "—and you look the part—"

"Five, sir," the man beamed. "Oldest, eight."

"Indeed! Then, as a family-man, what happens if a child has soup, turkey and fixings, two glasses of milk, a chocolate éclair, more turkey, and a custard, and is then given a third helping of turkey? Tell me the truth, man—this isn't my child!"

"I judged not, sir. As for that, sir—nothing, sir. They eat amazing!"

"I should say they do. Give the young lady some more turkey, please."

With the dinner over and the door of the palace closed behind them, the midget turned to Badger.

"And now we'll have to hurry. If we're late, the fairy-story lady won't like it. It in-tur-rups so!"

"We?"

"Yes, Prince Kalmus. 'N' when I bring you in she'll be sup-prised to pieces!"

"Probably," he responded, dryly. "But I'm not going with you, you know."

"Not—going?"

For a weazened, hardened and scandalously profane baby (Badger had heard from her lips several perfectly blood-curdling blasphemies in their brief acquaintance) this amazing child was singularly sensitive. Her eyes filled with tears—her pitiful little shoulders began to heave. Passers-by slowed down . . . measured Badger.

"Gracious, child!" he exclaimed, "don't cry! Come on, quickly. Of course I'll go—anywhere. I was only fooling."

The storm cleared as quickly as it had gathered. "Oh," she said, "you just scared the devil out of me, Prince—"

"You monkey, you!" Badger interrupted, "don't swear! Where is this story-book hall?"

IT was on the second floor of a school—a school all gray and shabby, surrounded by a dull and forbidding gray board fence, scarred with the initials of a generation, and presenting to the visitor a worn and grimy set of steps and a hand-smudged doorway. It was cheerless to look on, but brave attempts had been made in the rooms to brighten its hideousness with window-boxes and colorful curtains.

Badger, feeling that he should be somewhere looking for a job, asked himself why he was being led like a silly lamb to the slaughter. He had no desire to be presented as the original of Prince Kalmus to a crowd of gaping children and their bespectacled school-teacher with a fancy for idiotic stories! But each feeble effort he had made to escape had been met with gathering clouds and unmistakable symptoms of a torrent of tears. Meekly he permitted himself to be guided through the gloomy halls, up stairs worn deep by thousands of scuffling little footsteps—

"I'm sure the story-book lady won't approve of me!" he groaned to the child at the very door.

"It's the fairy-story lady," she corrected. "An' she loves princes to come. You got to open the door—it sticks."

He turned the knob and pushed, and his violence brought him into the room almost on his hands and knees!

"I beg pardon!" he cried, reaching for his hat and turning crimson.

He had fallen almost into the lap of the cheeriest, prettiest, most smiling and most comfortable girl he had ever seen. For a background she had circle on circle of grinning children whose spontaneous and unanimous giggle seemed to rise in a deafening shout of derision—but they were only a background.

The girl was seated in a low rocking-chair, well tilted back, with her hands clasped behind her brown mop of hair, and when he came catapulting at her she only turned her head to smile on him out of deep, quiet, serene eyes. She had on a warm sweet dress of some comfortable brown stuff, and around her neck, and flowing over her soft dull-colored waist, was a gay and saucy red ribbon.

There flashed across Badger's mind the description the midget had given of the bird into which the old witch had metamorphosed Prince Kalmus's beggar-maid sweetheart—"a brown bird, with a red breast." Had the sophisticated

[Continued on page 32]

The Dark Mirror

By Louis Joseph Vance

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARK FAY

PART FOUR

I. THE GATHERING STORM

For Synopsis, see page 67

ORDINARILY Dr. Philip Fosdick enjoyed the hours dedicated to his general practise. To-day, however, he found himself irked by his patients. Not for an instant had he forgotten the confession of love for Mario that was implicit in Priscilla's confession of jealousy of Leonora. But Mario was in love with, if not already married to, Leonora. One could do no more for Priscilla than help her to forget. And if she were ever to forget, her dreams must cease.

Taking a pad of blanks, he jotted down a formula for a sedative which he hoped might give the girl nights of dreamless sleep without harmful reaction. The assistant, summoned to take the prescription to be filled, announced that a Mr. Andrews was calling by appointment.

Seated in the easy chair beside Fosdick's desk, mumbling a cigar and nursing a rusty derby on his knees, Mr. Andrews seemed a commonplace citizen of unremarkable mediocrity, the sort of man who, as we say, would pass in a crowd—unseen.

To Fosdick's pleasant query: "Well, Andrews, what luck?" he replied mildly: "Guess I got your party located all right—Hotel Walpole."

"You're sure?"

"Well, she fills the bill. Registered about twelve last night. A dark-complected guy that come with her fixed up for her room and everything—paid in advance, because she didn't bring no baggage—and beat it as soon's he'd said good night."

"Under what name did she register?"

"Nora O'More."

"Is she at the Walpole now?"

"Nope—flew the coop about ten this mornin'. The dark-complected guy called for her with a tourin' car, a Jap chauffeur and a skirt what looked like a lady's maid. The doorman noticed particular because he never seen a Jap chauffeur before."

"Does he remember where they told the chauffeur to take them?"

"They didn't. That seemed to be all fixed. The dark bird hands your party into the car, and the Jap has his goin' before the porter can nip his tip."

"Did you call up the Marriage License Bureau?"

"Uh-huh, but nobody like these parties has applied there today. If they show up later, one of the clerks is a friend of mine, he'll gimme a buzz."

"Is that all you have to report?"

"Yeah—only—y'u know that Carnehan?"

"Did you find him, too?"

"Yeah," said Mr. Andrews placidly—"in the morgue."

WHEN he called, late in the afternoon, Fosdick found Priscilla alone. She had a brave smile for him, although the effort she was making to keep a stiff upper lip seemed only too apparent to his solicitous regard.

"Philip, I do believe you're never on time!"

"Seldom if ever," he asserted solemnly. "One must sport a professional mannerism or two, you know, to hold the confidence of one's clientele."

"I was lonely, waiting," she said.

"But not unhappy?"

"No-o," she admitted dubiously, "not happy, either." To the inquiry of his eyes she responded with another sad little smile. "You see, Philip, they—they're married."

"How do you know?"

She shook her head. "I can't tell you, but I do. It was about noon. I was in my room, alone, and suddenly—there's no explaining—I knew it had happened. I hadn't the remotest idea how or where they were married, I only knew they were."

He could detect no trace of hysteria in her manner. She seemed, indeed, more composed than in several days. There were melancholy shadows beneath her eyes, but the eyes themselves were calm, clear and straightforward.

"Tell me as nearly as you can—"

"I slept well enough, after you left last night, without dreams that I remember; but I woke up with a sense of strain, as if subconsciously waiting for something to happen. It got worse as the morning wore on; and then, as I say, about noon, without the least warning, the tension was gone. There was nothing left, just emptiness—you know—desolation. So I knew it was over and done with, they were married, the thing was finished." The least suspicion of a tremor crept into her voice. "Somehow I've got a notion I shall never see Leonora again, even in my dreams. Do you think it's possible I'll never dream again—that way?"

"I hope so, Cilla—with all my heart!"

She sat very still for a time. "I suppose I hope so, too," he said faintly.

"I've got news," Fosdick offered. Priscilla looked up sharply. "There's every reason to believe Leonora spent last night at the Walpole, and Mario called for her there this morning with a motor-car. He had a Japanese chauffeur and another woman with him, presumably a maid."

"But how do you know all this?"

"I had a private detective make the rounds of the best hotels first thing this morning."

"You employed a detective, Philip? After your promise—!"

"Hold on, Cilla! I promised I wouldn't go near Police Headquarters. In the beginning I sleuthed for you all on my own—spent the better part of three days snooping around the lower East Side till I established indisputably that Leonora was as real a creature as you are."



She cast hunted glances round about; at the sky at the far blue hills, a mocking barrier between her and the world she knew. And of a sudden she could no more endure her isolation.

"I know, Philip," she leaned forward to touch his hand in gratitude. "If you only knew what it means to have my heart lightened of that fear—"

"Then I don't think you ought to complain if I turn over routine investigation to a man of absolute discretion, who thinks I'm interested in this Leonora for purely personal reasons."

"Forgive me, Philip. I didn't understand. You see—I presume I'm too much Leonora or she's too much me—but I can't somehow help sharing her feelings. She was so wretchedly afraid the police might send Red to the electric chair—"

Philip interrupted. "Carnehan is dead." The girl uttered a little cry, something between pity and thanksgiving, and sank back, staring. "His body was found in the ruins of the tenement this morning. Bielinsky, who was arrested, identified the remains. So that fear passes, Cilla."

She rested her head wearily upon the back of the chair and shut her eyes. "So that fear passes," she repeated in a whisper. A little shiver ran over her. "I can't think it's wrong of me to be glad—"

"It isn't. It's only human. But don't think about that; think how good it is that you—that Leonora need no longer fear death at every turning."

"Do you suppose she knows?"

"It's in all the evening papers. She must find out sooner or later."

"Your man didn't find out where they went from the Walpole?"

"No. The presumption is, they went either to Jersey or Connecticut to get married, as people often do when they want to avoid publicity."

"Then nothing stands between her and her happiness?" Almost imperceptibly the muscles tightened round mouth and eyes. Then smiling an uncertain smile, "There can't be any mistake, I suppose. You're sure it was Leonora who stopped at the Walpole?"

"Not sure, but satisfied. She answered the description, and though she registered under what sounds like an assumed name, Nora O'More—"

"Yes," Priscilla interposed, "she'd be likely to choose that name."

"Why?"

BECAUSE . . . I don't quite know!" She laughed a little at herself, and sobered. "Of course! O'More was the name of the old woman Leonora lived with as a child—Mother O'More the neighbors called her. I'd forgotten till you jogged my memory."

"Mother O'More," Fosdick repeated, "possibly a clue. It can't be so long ago—one would think somebody in that part of town must remember an elderly woman who practised fortune-telling with cards, called Mother O'More. If we can find out what became of her—"

"I suppose all that and more that we want to know is buried in my subconscious mind! I don't believe there was ever much that Leonora knew or felt that I didn't, Philip. Don't you think it might be advisable to try to stimulate my latent memories, by hypnosis perhaps?"

Fosdick stubbornly opposed that. "Far better let your subconscious mind slumber—far better you should forget rather than remember too much!"

"Yes," she assented, and nodded with wistful eyes. "I want to forget if I can."

"It would be a good thing if you never dreamed again of Leonora."

"But one can't control one's dreams!"

"I'm not so sure. It might be done. I can help a little—but really it all rests with you. You can do it if you will, but you must want to, heart and soul."

Her face, dark with wonder and flushed with hope, was sweet beyond all telling.

"But I do, Philip—I want so much to forget, to think there's nothing strange about me any more. I want never to think again of . . ." She caught herself up in confusion. More subdued, she continued: "I promise faithfully to do whatever you think best."

"Well, as I say, it's all up to you. You've got to make yourself mistress of your own mind, make it think what you want it to think and forget everything else. Paint till you feel ready to drop, then play till you can't think, and as you go to sleep fix your thoughts steadfastly on something like your work. On no account permit yourself to drowse off wondering about Leonora. It may come a bit hard at first, but it can be managed all right if you'll stick at it and never say die. And once you've mastered the trick of thought control, it will give you no end of self-confidence to feel your mind is your servant, not your master."

"My work will help," she agreed.

"I'm so glad you want me to keep on. Then you think there's no more danger—in the studio—associations—?"

"Not now," he said, smiling.

"The portrait is no longer there."

"My portrait gone!" Distress vibrated in her voice.

"What has become of it?"

"Harkness has it." Fosdick laughed uneasily, apprehensive of the effect of his confession. "You see, you left the studio-key on your dressing-table last night; so I borrowed it. This afternoon I took Harkness to see the portrait, and he was so enthusiastic he insisted on carting it off with him then and there. Since that was precisely what I wanted, I let him have his way."

"But Philip! I'm not sure it's fit to be shown yet!"

"Harkness is."

"And it must be framed—"

"Trust Harkness to see to that. . . . It's no use."

"Cilla. I had to get that thing out of your way, and if I waited for your permission it might have meant weeks of delay. But now that's settled, you may use the studio as freely as you like. Which reminds me: here's the key."

She took it from him brusquely, at once annoyed and gratified. "Philip, you are incorrigible!"

"I have to be, to get my own way."

IT is easier to endure, even to forget, an anguish of the flesh than it is to deny the hunger of the heart. Strangely the kiss of Mario on the lips of Leonora had awakened the woman that had so long slept in Priscilla Maine. And now she was bidden to forget not only him but self as well.

The girl suffered atrociously at first. But Philip Fosdick alone suspected. Even to him she said little, and went sweetly through her days with eyes of lying calm. But he was sick with sympathy for her and so in some measure quick with intuition. He too had known.

He helped her more than she knew, for though he refused to experiment with the more obvious methods of hypnotism, he worked assiduously upon her by suggestion, not so much at the expense of her spiritual independence as to its reestablishment and invigoration. It was never: "You must, for it is my will," but always: "You can if you will." And, gradually, self-confidence was built up in her anew.

Meanwhile, faithful to her word, she started a portrait of Ada Moyer and worked at it every morning, and in amazingly few sittings managed to make the painted canvas body forth the impish charm of that lady and her irresistible, gay impudence.

In the afternoon she labored no less successfully upon a composition employing two professional models, a mother and daughter.

In between there were luncheons, teas, dinners, the theater, dances. So that none remarked any change in her, more than an access of loveliness and charm, so that she was more than ever sought after, importuned, courted, wooed.

With herself she was honest and unpretending. If Mario was never for her, she was for no one else. But she could not readily forget.

That would take time. Already she had gained much—she had ceased to dream of Leonora.

Or rather, she awakened every morning from a night whose dream content was blank. She was far from satisfied, however, that she had ceased to dream. It seemed to her she had ceased merely to remember. For in spite of the cessation of her dreaming, never had she felt nearer to Leonora, more intimately a sharer in her psychic life. And at times she would experience teasing glimpses into Leonora's present circumstances, glimpses of a life half known, half foreign, like a stir of shadow-shapes in the depths of the dark mirror of her unconscious mind.

Thus there formed a visionary conception of that Eden in which, she felt sure, Leonora must be living with her husband; a wilderness of tree-clad slopes and far-flung crests, of mountain meadows and rolling valleys, of murmuring brooks, rushing torrents, crashing cascades, and placid little lakes nestling in the bosom of the hills. . . . all vague and indistinct as if revealed through veils of dusky mists.

That land of visions frightened her inexplicably. In its spreading panoramas she divined instinctively something like a menace, something sinister and dread.

THAT week saw infatuated Spring, abandoning every show of diffidence, hastening with footsteps daily more fleet to fling herself into the arms of Summer.

Those who had country places of their own hurriedly canceled business and social engagements and straightway dropped out of the life of town.

Mrs. Trowbridge arranged to take over the Southampton cottage of a friend who was going abroad. But Priscilla, preoccupied with her unhappiness and the work that seemed its only antidote, twice begged for postponements, which were grudgingly conceded. Finally, badgered beyond endurance by her aunt's insistence that she name a definite day when she would be willing to go, she declared flatly she wouldn't budge a foot out of town before she had at least completed the portrait of Ada Moyer.

Fosdick, observing Priscilla in a threefold capacity, conceded the conquest of his admiration as a sportsman. The girl was putting up the gamest fight conceivable, against crushing odds.

The physician in him saw with satisfaction the seemingly successful working out of his prescribed régime. Even the sedative which, by his order, Priscilla took every night on going to bed, was doing its work without any apparent ill effect; to the contrary, indeed, since dreams no longer distressed her. Still, it would be over-sanguine to consider the case already closed with a cure.

The lover remained in suspense, hoping against hope with an uneasy heart.

There came at length a day of relaxing heat, when everything went wrong. Ada Moyer showed up in the morning only to announce that, much as she adored her portrait, she hadn't the slightest intention of going on with the sittings or, for that matter, of stopping on in town another day in such weather. In the afternoon the little girl posing with her mother was restless and fretful. Priscilla at length threw down her palette in despair and dismissed the models for the day.

It was between three and four when, walking homeward up the Avenue, she noticed, in front of the Harkness Galleries, a little knot of people. Priscilla hesitated, then added herself to the group, working her way in where she obtained an unobstructed view of the show-window.

It was true, what she had surmised: Harkness had put the portrait of Leonora on exhibition. And already it was attracting conspicuous attention.

Near by a man spoke in the language of the studios, praising the portrait to a companion. And Priscilla heard and was exalted. A small chuckle was struggling in her throat. She was wondering what the man would think could he know how dangerously near he was to being publicly kissed by a strange woman.

But the chuckle expired in a strangled gasp. The dancing eyes steadied to a fixed stare. The color in her cheeks ebbed more swiftly than it had come. She began to wonder if her heart would ever beat again, if she would ever find strength to move from that spot.

Her glance had been arrested by the sardonic and insolent regard of a man whose face she had never seen, yet knew—"Harry the Nut."

And he knew her. Nor was this the worst. Beyond his shoulder a second face showed, colorless and drawn with passionate malice—the face of the woman Inez.

II. RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

ONLY with the four walls of her own room shutting out the world was Priscilla able to reconstruct that adventure which had driven her, a hunted thing, to seek refuge in flight from the hostility of those who had walked bodily out of the phantasmagoria of her dreams, like ghosts by some black magic materialized in flesh and blood.

In all respects but one, her impressions of the encounter were confused and inconsecutive.

She must have turned suddenly, spurred by unreasoning fright. She had hazy memories of madly elbowing her way to the curb, of the amazed faces of those she jostled, of the stupid red countenance of the cabby who reined in to her shrill call, of coming back to herself in the cab.

But acid fear had etched indelibly upon her memory the look and attitude of Harry and Inez.

She could see now, as clearly as she had then, the blazing resentment in the black eyes of Inez, the supercilious and derisive malevolence in Harry's.

As definitely she retained the details of their appearance, something vastly different from the time of Leonora's knowledge of them.

The Nut, for one, had won his nickname through his weakness for flashy if expensive clothing. But today he was, perhaps, too well dressed, in a black morning-coat with striped gray trousers, with linen waistcoat and spats, radiant top and varnished shoes.

In the case of Inez the transformation had seemed even more startling. The drizzle-tail Inez, whom Priscilla had seen with the eyes of Leonora, was prone to shoddy finery and strident color schemes; today she was trimly turned out in the smartest of tailleurs, with a hat the last cry in popular impudence, gloved and shod in a way that none could criticize.

Clearly the Nut had prospered since that night at Ristori's. As clearly the inconstant Inez, following the arrest of Leo the Blood, had been swift to forsake a sinking ship for passage on a more seaworthy craft.

But what was it to her whether Inez and Harry fared well or ill? Why, in the name of reason, need she have been so ready a prey to consternation on unexpectedly coming face to face with the pair?

True, she had been recognized as Leonora by those two creatures whom Leonora had most to dread—the envious and spiteful baggage who had always hated her; the man she had feared, loathed, and denounced to his face as a stool-pigeon, and who might be counted on to stop at nothing to compass his revenge upon Leonora.

Priscilla was not Leonora; so what had she to fear? Of another world entirely, occupying an established position, she was secure against any offense which mistaken malice might offer her. She had nothing, positively nothing to fear.

And yet—she was afraid. She pondered the riddle long before it was revealed to her that her fear was not for herself but for Leonora.

So long as those two remained at large, Priscilla knew, so long would the happiness, if not the life, of Leonora be in jeopardy.

She tried in vain to think of some way to confound them, frustrate them, reduce them to impotence. But she knew so little, her life had been too well sheltered.

A CHIMING clock reminded her that it was half after four, while at five she was to take tea with some friends who were leaving town the next day. She stirred herself and made ready to go. It would never do to let herself be cowed and overcome by minor alarms. There was in her mind foreboding of greater trials to come.

Perceiving that a maid was answering a ring at the front door, she paused on the lower landing, above the entrance-hall, fumbling with a stubborn glove-button, waiting.

The maid approached the foot of the stairs with a silver tray on which lay a card.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss."

Still unsuspecting, Priscilla went on down.

A man standing near the front door came quickly toward her.

"Miss Maine!" he exclaimed in a rather high voice, clipping his words after a fashion which he believed to be English—and carrying it off fairly well—"I say, what rippin' luck! Fancy findin' you in!"

Completely nonplussed, she stared blankly into his eyes.

"You don't remember me? Why, of course you do! Harry Chilvers—met you at the Lathom's a few weeks ago." He slapped his leg lightly with his stick and giggled with an accent of triumph. "Now you remember—don't you? Saw you on the Avenue this afternoon, and thought I'd call on the off-chance of findin' you in."

She was able to say coolly: "How do you do?"—and with a nod dismissing the maid, turned toward the door of the drawing-room. "Won't you come in?"

"Charmed!"

Priscilla halted in the middle of the room, whence she commanded a view of the entrance-hall; the maid had disappeared.

"What can I do for you?" she asked quietly, looking down at the card to refresh her memory—"Mr. Chilvers?"

With an ironic smirk the man jerked his head toward the doorway.

"Safe to talk here?"

"I cannot imagine," Priscilla uttered slowly, "why it should not be." She met his stare steadily, calmly, then lifted a wrist to consult her watch. "I have an engagement for five o'clock. If you have anything to say to me, I can give you two minutes."

With unblushing effrontery Mr. Chilvers caught hold of her wrist and bent his head over the watch, an exceedingly handsome trinket in platinum and diamonds.

"Pretty thing," he approved, letting her wrist fall. "Where you catch him, Nora?"

She showed him a face like marble, cold, hard, expressionless. But inwardly indignation burned so hotly that fear of any sort was utterly consumed.

"My name is not Nora."

"So I understand." Mr. Chilvers carefully deposited his hat upon the table, clipped his stick under his arm, and with a flourish whipped out a gold cigarette-case. He repeated slowly: "So—I—under—stand. Mind me smokin'?"

"I'd rather you didn't. I haven't time."

"Oh, but I have—I've got no end of time." He tucked a cigarette between his lips, glancing appreciatively round the room. "Jolly little nest you've feathered for yourself, Nora. Pardon—Miss Priscilla Maine—I don't mind what you call yourself, so long as you humor my whim for Chilvers."

"I don't understand you. Won't you be kind enough to go?"

"Presently, me dear—all in good time." The Nut unceremoniously sat down. "I've got to hand it to you, Nora—Priscilla, I mean. You sure do tear off the *grande dame* stuff to the queen's taste. Not to mention this house, and that limousine at the door. . . . I take it, that's yours too?"

"Evidently," said Priscilla, "you are mistaken about me, Mr. Chilvers. I don't know you, and have no wish to." She moved a step toward the door. "Good afternoon."

Mr. Chilvers did not budge, but wagged a reproachful head.

"I say, Nora, don't be so up-stage. You know the game's up, so you might as well come gracefully down to earth and be sensible."

"I tell you," Priscilla began, "I am not the person you—"

But steadily, cheerfully, with persistence, Mr. Chilvers talked her down.

"There's no sense your bein' afraid of my blowin' on you, or Inez, either. You know that, Nora. That wouldn't be pally, would it? It wouldn't be business, either. With all the coin this lay-out stands for, surely you can spare a little for old friends makin' a fresh start in life. . . . I've taken little Inez on as an apprentice, you know. She's a sweet child when you get to know her, and so bright, you've no idea—far too bright to be wasted on the life she was leadin'. Meanwhile the pickin's ain't as easy as you might think. So we're terrible glad to find you so well fixed and anxious to lend us a helpin' hand."

"Please!" Priscilla insisted. "I don't understand you in the least. I must ask you to excuse me—"

"Ah, cut it!" An ugly light glimmered in the rat-like eyes. "Don't tempt me to pull any rough stuff. But I've got you where I want you and you're goin' to come through like a dear girl or I'll . . ."

He paused, his cruel smile playing round thin, hard lips: "How would you like me to tip off Red Carnehan where to look for you?"

"You can't!" the girl protested wildly. "He's dead—"

"Really?" Mr. Chilvers puffed contentedly. "Sure about that?"

"What do you mean?" she demanded, instinctively lowering her voice.

"Nothin'. I'm merely askin', are you sure Red's dead?"

"It was in the papers—"

"Oh, I know Leo identified a body as Red's. But nobody's proved to me Leo didn't tell an awful fib for the sake of a friend."

"You mean—you think—Red's alive?"

"Well, if I were you, my dear, I wouldn't take any chances. You'd be frightfully cut up if Red turned up one of these fine days, alive and kickin' and lookin' for his girl."

Her uncontrollable gesture of dismay Mr. Chilvers noted with a grin.

"Well, I guess this crabs the mistaken identity stall for good. You won't try to sling that bunk again with your dear old side-kick, Harry, will you?"

She was silent, aghast, appreciating how hopelessly she stood committed. Impossible now to deny to this man that she was Leonora.

Of a sudden she felt herself uplifted by a vast sense of relief—doubts, fears, indecision swept away. She desired no longer to undecieve the man. Let him continue to believe her Leonora—and make what profit he could of that belief. She could at least protect Leonora's happiness by taking upon herself the punishment the other must suffer at the hands of her forsaken associates.

THE slamming of the outer vestibule door disturbed them. The file face that covered the glass of the front door showed a vague silhouette of Mrs. Trowbridge fumbling for her keys.

"Please!" An imperative gesture brought Mr. Chilvers to his feet. "You must go now—or you'll spoil everything."

"Papa comin'?" he inquired with a knowing look.

"My aunt. I daren't present you to her."

"Well—but how about our next little chat?"

"Anywhere you say, any time—"

"I say the Plaza—four o'clock tomorrow afternoon. We'll have tea."

"Very well. Please go!"

Mr. Chilvers took up his hat and stick, and moved gracefully out into the hall.

"Remember: the Plaza at four. And don't stand me up—not unless you're lookin' for real trouble."

"I'll be there." The front door swung open, admitting Mrs. Trowbridge. Priscilla gave the criminal her hand.



The air of this place was sluggish, dark and warm and without movement. It was heavy with the cloying sweet breath of mold. Neither was there any movement in the pool, though its black plaque was broken by a white face, upturned . . .



"Don't tempt me to pull any rough stuff. But I've got you where I want you and you're going to come through. . . ."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Chilvers—and thank you for calling. So sorry I must rush off to keep my appointment."

"Don't mention it. Charmed to have the pleasure."

The door closed behind him. Aunt Esther bore down on Priscilla. "My dear child! Who was that strange creature?"

"That? Oh, nobody of any consequence—just an acquaintance—an artist—"

"I thought as much!"

Priscilla laughed. "Don't worry, dear," she offered vaguely; and added with more decision: "By the way, I've been thinking it's selfish of me to keep you in town in this heat. Besides, Ada Moyer won't pose again till some time next autumn. We may as well go down to Southampton as soon as you can manage . . ."

IN the morning she dreamed once more of Leonora . . . And what instinct had foreshadowed, in the dream proved true. The scene was in a theater of the hills, overlooking a deep wide valley. The day was young. Long shadows like translucent smoke rested upon the drenched grass of a clearing hedged about by the fluted columns of a forest dark and close and still, the dwelling-place of ancient mysteries.

Sunlight struck squarely a bungalow set in the clearing, a rambling structure that hugged the earth, the primitive crudity of its undressed logs belied by every refinement civilization could contribute—awnings to shield windows whose shadowy depths were framed in draperies of gay chintz; a spacious veranda with a floor as neatly joined as a ship's deck, and furnished with wicker rest-chairs and tables; beds of old-fashioned flowers, a flaming border round the veranda; a graveled walk that led through a breadth of well-groomed lawn to the mountain road; beyond the bungalow and somewhat to one side a log garage with a concrete floor, its wide doors disclosing an expensive motor-car.

On the veranda, near the steps, Leonora stood waiting. The girl was brilliant with a beauty new in Priscilla's knowledge of her, every shade of care and discontent disestablished from her countenance, its clear pallor enriched by a new-found glow of well-being. A woman so utterly regenerate that the history of her beginnings seemed completely annulled and as if it had never been. So much, in those few days, love had done for Leonora.

The clear radiance of her eyes was clouded only when she turned for a moment to gaze out over the valley. Then her face sobered for an instant, she had a look almost of fear.

Mario came out of the bungalow, evidently bound upon a journey. As evidently Leonora was not to go with him. Silently they embraced.

Piloted by a Japanese boy in a white jacket, the motor-car rolled out of the garage and stopped to one side of the veranda. Mario and Leonora moved across the lawn to the car.

She clung to him as if she could never bring herself to let him go. At length, however, he had to remind her: "Dear, if I am to catch my train at Kingston . . ."

She trembled a little, held him closer for an instant, then quickly released him and, averting her eyes, said with a quivering mouth, "How do I know I'll ever get you back?"

"But it's only for the day. I'll be home for dinner."

"I know, but . . ."

He consulted his watch. "There's a later train we can catch if you will hurry and change—"

"No!" She lifted her eyes with a smile. "I won't be silly! It's only because it's the first time . . . I've got to learn to do without you now and then, I might as well begin now." She laughed a little rueful laugh. "Now kiss me just once more—and go!"

They kissed.

She ran down to the road to watch the car till a turning took it out of sight, and stood there listening till the hum of its motor was blotted out by the abiding stillness.

For the day was very still. From the kitchen chimney a shaft of fine blue vapor ascended almost without a tremor. In the weight of the sun's rays there was the threat of a day of heat, which Nature seemed to have resigned itself to suffer without audible complaint.

Now she could hear only the far cawing of crows, a sound infinitely desolate. Even that ceased. Her ears were daunted by the silence of the forest.

Such silence frightened her. She cast hunted glances roundabout; at the sky that arched over her like a soundless

bell; at the far blue hills, a mocking barrier between her and the world she knew; at the deep well of the lonely valley; at the surrounding forest that seemed something animate, awaiting the signal for some sinister occasion, watching her meanwhile with the myriad cold and savage eyes hidden in its dusky fastnesses, threatening to close in, overpower, crush, grind her to pulp . . .

And of a sudden she could no more endure her isolation there in the sunlit open. She turned and fled wildly to the friendly closeness of the house.

LIKE a claspnet illusion of the cinema the shadows of her dream dissolved into the substance of her waking life. But that terror which had clutched at the heart of Leonora lived on in the heart of Priscilla.

It lay like a cloud of darkness upon her soul that no will of hers might lift, oppressive with premonition of predestined evil.

This feeling bore more and more heavily upon her mind as the day aged. She went to and fro like an automaton, aware of one thing only: that danger of some sort threatened Leonora, that she was powerless to avert it—could not even name it.

What otherwise had seemed of first importance, the encounter of the day before and her appointment to meet Chilvers at the Plaza today for tea, was forgotten altogether. At four o'clock, indeed, she was pacing up and down the waiting-room of Dr. Philip Fosdick; and, at twenty minutes to five, when he strolled in, he found there a semi-distracted woman, hag-ridden by formless fears, and so nerve-racked that she was unable to control voice or gesture.

In his consultation-room she collapsed utterly, going with childlike trust into his arms, hiding her face in his shoulder, shaken by that tempest of emotion against which her slight guard had beaten down upon his arrival.

He let her rest so, holding her lightly, gently patting her hands, murmuring words of reassurance, till the first and fiercest transports spent themselves, then set himself to rebuild her self-control.

It was slow work. Not till she was seated did he venture to question her.

And she found it soothing to be able to talk without reserve. At the same time the sense of terror was ever with her, a spectral presence lurking just behind her shoulder.

She told her story eagerly, freely, but in fragments; she was powerless to follow any one train of thought because, invariably when she seemed on the verge of losing herself in the interest of narration, fear would numb her confidence, her voice break in the middle of a sentence.

More than once, only the tenderness and solicitude of the lover allied with the knowledge, the patience, the compassion of the physician served to restore her self-command.

"But what am I to do?" she demanded in a calmer phase. "I tell you, Philip, I can't stand it. I can't go on like this, knowing she's in deadly peril—not knowing what to do, how to find her, to help her. It isn't imagination, Philip. I know it's so, she's in danger, threatened, afraid. Something in me knows . . . If I only could get at that knowledge somehow, drag it out of me—because it's there—I feel it's there—one hand touched her bosom—'struggling to find expression, wanting nothing better than a chance to explain itself . . . Philip, won't you help me?'"

"I'm doing my best, Priscilla—"

"I mean, hypnotism—"

"No—"

"You must, Philip, you must! You can't let me go on in this torment when it's so simple for you to relieve my mind. Philip, you won't refuse me? You know what this thing is doing to me, I'll go mad if I don't find relief—"

He gave a gesture of surrender, and got up from his chair. "As you will," he said. "Perhaps, after all, you know best."

He arranged pillows at the head of a couch. "Lie down here—rest—relax. Remember that you've got nothing to fear from the hypnotic trance, something as natural as sleep—even more natural, if what I believe of it is true."

"I am not in the least afraid."

She suffered Fosdick to make her comfortable upon the couch. He was insistent upon an attitude of complete relaxation. Drawing a chair close to the head of the couch, he sat down, and with his own hands smoothed out the strained, contracted muscles round her eyes and mouth and brows.

She lay quietly looking up into his face, interested, intent, diverted.

"When do you begin—?"

"Presently. First you must rest."

"How do you do it, Philip—with passes of the hands—?"

He smiled: "I fancy that won't be necessary, so long as I have your confidence."

"Oh, you have!"

"I know. But don't talk—don't think any more than you can help. Keep your eyes fixed to mine, but don't keep it up if it tires you. As soon as it's an effort, shut your eyes. Now remember: avoid thinking—the pressure on her forehead became more gently urgent—"simply rest."

His touch, his tone, his presence, were all soothing. Already she was pleasantly aware of slackening nervous tension. She was deliciously at ease. It needed no effort to refrain from thinking. Consciousness was slowly retreating into a boundless space. She had no desire to restrain it.

She did not know that her eyes had closed of their own accord, and spent a moment in idle speculation concerning the singular disappearance of Philip's face.

He had not moved, she knew. His hand still rested on her forehead. But his voice sounded far away:

"Sleep . . ."

She wondered that he should bid her sleep or wish her to. It was odd that he should not understand she was now finding a rest more exquisite than one could possibly find in sleep . . .

"Sleep . . ."

Iteration of that monosyllable excited no more interest. She had become completely engrossed with her own breathing, its ebb and flow, upon which her being swung like a leaf in a tide-way . . .

"Sleep . . ."

She had no desire to sleep, felt no need of it. Never had she known such absolute command of all her faculties. The sensation of being acutely alive was extraordinary.

Yet curiously assorted with this was an exterior numbness, as if her body were altogether enfolded in an unknown element, like air but more ethereal, powerful but impalpable, whose unremitting pressure drove inward all physical sensibility. With this there was like concentration of the attention, which, turning in upon itself, became in a way magnified and marvelously luminous.

In this Nirvana the soul dwelt in exalted abstraction, in a phase of sublime self-sufficiency, freedom, and peace . . .

But not for long; the period of that detachment was not unlimited; it had an end. There was, at length, a necessity imposed upon the soul, a summons, a calling to it from out the vast which it could by no means ignore.

And the I that was the essence of the girl went forth, seeking.

The call was from Leonora; it was the soul of Leonora, voiceless and inarticulate, calling to its own, calling without rest through the void from a far and unknown bourne.

And the spirit to which its soundless call was tuned, answered . . .

There were no bounds to the sphere of that search, no barriers to hinder its free range, the earth and the sea and the air and the spaces between the stars were within its scope and the infinite marches beyond. Her soul fared far and far, seeking the source of that summons that, once sounded, was now never still, the call that led and eluded, that fled and pursued.

Time beyond reckoning was consumed before the search found an end . . .

There was in a forest a pool; a dark, still pool in a forest dark and still. Huge boughs of ancient trees, weighed down with their burden of interwoven foliage, overhung the water, darkening its face to blackness with their shadows, shedding a twilight in between, a half-light of limpid green.

The air of this place was sluggish, dank and warm and without movement. It was heavy with the cloying sweet breath of mold. Neither was there any movement in the pool, though its black plaque was broken by a white, cold, wet face, upturned, the face of a drowned woman whose clothed body was vaguely revealed by the stained element in which it was suspended.

To the smitten spirit of Priscilla it was as if she gazed at her own face, still and calm in sleep, counterfeited in the depths of a wide dark mirror.

But the face, she knew, was the face of Leonora.

[Continued in the March McCall's]



Where Do You Belong

By Mary Badger Wilson.

MANY centuries ago there lived a king who called before him all the wise men of his realm and said to them:

"Give me a philosophy of life. Find for me some one truth which is unchanging—a truth which I can apply under all circumstances—in success or failure, in sickness or health, joy or grief, life or death."

Years passed while the philosophers of his kingdom sought in vain for a constant truth. But, finally, a wandering minstrel, so the story has it, came before the king and said:

"At last, Sire, I have found for you an eternal truth. There is no phase of life of which you may not say 'This, too, will pass.'"

There is much comfort in the old king's "find." At once soothing and stimulating is the realization that we may escape from our present into our future. Always, that is possible. But when it becomes a matter of escape from our past—that is not so simple. It is only the exceptional man or woman who can manage to cheat heredity, overcome early environment or make his middle age pay the deficit of his youth. And surely one of the most galling fetters of the past is an inadequate training for life, an education that has not educated.

With keen appreciation of the trials and disadvantages of such a condition, and with the definite wish to help the young man or woman just entering college or high school, McCall's conducted an experience-meeting of prisoners of past miseducation. And if the prompt and amazingly general response to the New Deal contest is an index of the situation, there are legions of Americans who find themselves mentally handicapped for life by a faulty education.

It is depressingly apparent from the results of the contest that it is not the older generation which feels especially cheated in its education—it is the generation which is now or soon will be carrying the heavy end of our national life. The majority of the letters came from men and women whose diplomas are not yet ten years old, men and women in their thirties who should already be making a vital contribution to community life and should have laid the foundations for their own success.

What are the reasons given by these men and boys, women and girls, in all sections of the country, following the most diverse vocations, for asking a new educational deal? The reasons are almost as numerous as the people who give them, but they group themselves naturally under general heads.

First there are those who elected courses and studied subjects which have helped them neither to live nor to make a living. Sixteen per cent. of the letters fall under this head and cover a wide range of cases.

One man regrets the four years he devoted to Latin and Greek because translation happened to be easy for him. "Of what value," he asks, "is that experience to me in my chosen profession of advertising? . . . I can see now that I had a marked leaning toward literature and writing even in those days. . . . Think of the valuable time I wasted puttering around with Caesar and Socrates!"

A farmer has this to say of the waste of his education: "We lived on a big farm. I thoroughly enjoyed agricultural work, and knew I was the one whose future was to be on that very farm. Yet when the September sun set on my first day at college, I was classified as a student in Literature and Arts!"

He describes the first five years of his life after leaving college, his struggles to learn farm management, to keep accounts, raise stock, repair machinery.

Educational Profit-eers

"I just plodded along, learning by mistakes and failures and by a close study of farm papers what I should have known before I undertook my life job. My children are profiting by my mistakes, and the boy who wants to farm, bless him, is at an Agricultural College, the future civil engineer is not studying Hebrew poetry. One daughter is at a library school and one is studying domestic science."

Here is a typical expression of regret from a woman who feels that her education made no provision for the possibility of marriage, that she had no training to fit her for the responsibilities of the "home-making profession."

"I have in a trunk in the attic four diplomas, and the education they represent was shelved along with the sheep-skin! I had six years of Latin, four of French, four of mathematics, much science; and not satisfied with that, I took the library training course at the University of Illinois. Then I married. The first present my husband gave me was a cook-book—a much needed gift."

"One of the first dresses I made was a ludicrous misfit around the neck. I called in one of the neighbors. She told me I was trying to sew the cuffs on where the two-piece collar belonged. I had never been taught to sew."

"When my first baby was born I was as ignorant of its care as if I had been raised in a nunnery."

A frequently recurrent regret among the men is for the lack of scientific and technical training. The majority of them seem to feel that a classical education is difficult to convert into "coin of the realm," that it has little practical value in life-after-school. This desire for a more thorough scientific training is not, however, of purely masculine gender. Many letters from women reflect the same regret—one woman, in particular, who is now working for a physician engaged in valuable research in his special field,

finds her opportunities for service greatly restricted by her educational background of the classics.

A woman whose name and stories are familiar to McCall readers has this advice to give to the student:

"Decide at once what you want to make of your life. Then, do not spend one instant on any study, club, person or pursuit that will not help you win your own particular goal. If I myself had followed this advice, my success as a writer would have come sooner, and with fewer hardships."

If you could be given a chance to live your school days over again, what would you change?

That is the question we asked McCall readers in the New Deal contest. The almost universal response was: "I would change everything. My education did not educate me."

The contestants differed as to the reasons for their dissatisfaction, but they agreed on one point: the misdeal might have been avoided.

We asked Mary Badger Wilson to analyze and classify the many hundred letters we received, that you—freshmen, seniors, alumni—might measure your own education by her findings.

Miss Wilson speaks with the authority of the educator. Her article, "What About Teacher's Pay Envelope?" in our September number, aroused educational circles from coast to coast.—*The Editor*

The second group, which embraces fifteen per cent. of the contestants, includes those who had no definite plans for a career and who received no advice of any sort as to what they were peculiarly fitted to study. They drifted through their student days, and many of them have paid the price by continuing to drift until stranded in the shallows of failure. A small number, by using an exhausting amount of effort, have pushed their barks back into the main stream of success. One very thoughtful letter from a man who is a college graduate and the possessor of a Phi Beta Kappa key, says:

"I made the almost universal mistake of dabbbling aimlessly and emerging without tangible, definite, usable mental equipment for pursuing the ambition which came to me in my senior year."

A woman who has now found her vocation, but who drifted for nearly six years, thinks that, "It is the momentum of an early start which gives people their chance for advancement."

Mental Dyspeptics

Seventeen per cent. of the contestants fall into the third group, which is closely related to the first two and includes what may be termed the "mental dyspeptics"—those who suffer from an unbalanced intellectual diet. Some of them yielded too readily to the desire for "sweets," studying only those subjects for which they had a natural aptitude—pleasant, easily swallowed mental food. This sort of intellectual diet has quite the same effect as the corresponding physical consumption of sweets. It produces a tendency to fatness and flabbiness of mind. Sooner or later these people will have to "bant," to use strenuous, unpleasant methods of making their minds "fit." One sufferer from such mental self-indulgence puts her case rather vividly when she says:

"I often pick up a faulty apple, one side well developed, the other small and green, and fancy it myself as I was when I graduated."

Another form of mental indigestion is acquired by dabbling in a great variety of subjects without getting enough of any one of them—such diet as we associate with cheap hotels where the guest is bewildered by quantities of little dishes set around his plate. Intellectual meals of this kind are as unsatisfactory as physical ones. They leave the consumer undernourished and anemic.

These three groups—the men and women whose education has not helped them to live or to make a living, those who chose no definite career and received no intelligent advice as to their peculiar fitness for any choice, and the mental dyspeptics—comprise forty-eight per cent., almost half, of those who ask for a New Deal. This state of affairs is only the more deplorable because the misdeal in almost every case might have been avoided by proper vocational guidance.

The term "vocational guidance" is new, but the movement has spread so rapidly that it is now arousing nationwide interest. It is still in the experimental stage, but practically every student of educational problems is alive to the urgent need for a proper and genuine vocational guidance.

The consensus of opinion seems to be that no effort should be made to direct the education of a child until he reaches high school, as the grade schools should supply the fundamentals common to every form of education. When he reaches high school, however, he is entitled to intelligent advice and help in the discovery of his particular talents and their proper development. If he "finds himself" in his work he won't drift and he won't dabble and he won't waste his time.

John, who is born with an inability to understand mathematics, but who has a passion for making things grow in his little two-by-four back yard, should be dissuaded from preparing for office life and urged to fit himself for farming. Mary, who has no instinct for placing a comma correctly and simply cannot learn to spell, will never make a capable

stenographer. Both John and Mary should feel that there is someone at hand who not only is interested but knows how to help them make a success of their lives.

THE problem of diagnosing the individual needs of the thousands of pupils in a city school assumes such whole-sale proportions that a vocational expert is indispensable. One successful vocational expert claims that he can usually decide after five minutes' conversation with a man whether he is a "personal product worker" or the executive type.

The importance of this distinction is evident. The "personal product worker" by his very nature buries himself in his work, demands one hundred per cent. efficiency of himself, and is unable to make use of another's work which is only seventy-five per cent. efficient. Such a man, if he goes into office work, will always remain a clerk at a very small salary. If he goes into the professions where a man must spend himself in his work, he is apt to achieve results of real importance. The executive type, on the other hand, if he takes up office work will rise to an official position and will have the faculty of getting things done; but in the professions the chances are against his rising above the second-rate. This is but one of the many important classifications which can be practically applied only by someone trained to make the psychological tests.

Several of the New Deal contestants who have accurately analyzed their own difficulties, make constructive suggestions for providing vocational education in small towns without any vocational experts. All of these plans rest on the necessity for arousing the business men and women of each community to an interest in the training of the future business men and women.

The best way to boost your town is to raise your own citizens. If you live in a small town, it is not impossible to discover just what boys and girls in the schools are interested in your line of work or have talents which ought to make it attractive to them. Isn't it practical, then, to make friends of those boys and girls, show them the opportunities at home, and see that they get the training?

Nine per cent. of the contestants find themselves unable to place the blame for their educational failures on lack of guidance. They admit that laziness was the stumbling-block.

For the five per cent. that confess to self-opinion and intolerance, it is harder to find encouragement. Knowledge can manage to shove its way past the gate of laziness, but intolerance is a locked door. Unfortunately, education, as fashioned at present, has an undoubted tendency to add a few extra padlocks! This, too, when it is of especial importance that the open mind and the open heart should be mastered in the earlier years. For, like foreign languages, they are easy to learn in one's youth, and very painfully acquired in later life.

It is significant of the healthy modern attitude toward physical education that only one per cent. of the letters speak of time "wasted on athletics," and only four per cent. feel that their physical development was neglected.

While only four per cent. of the letters specifically complain of a lack of interest and sympathy on the part of the faculty, the five per cent. that blame timidity and self-consciousness for their failure to obtain the full benefit of their educational opportunities are silent witnesses for the prosecution in the same case. If faculties could learn to translate the word education literally—a "leading out" and not a "cramming in"—they would realize that their duty and their opportunity is to "lead out" the young minds under their guidance from all the dark places that they have made for themselves by timidity or intolerance, and from the prisons that have been made for them by poor opportunities or unfortunate environment or inheritance.

Six per cent. of the contestants lacked educational opportunities. But the draft statistics of illiteracy had already awakened us from the happy dream that all Americans had the same educational chance!

The Unimportant "A"

A small three per cent. that feel they frittered time away socially and in school politics, stand against eleven per cent. that realize they were too studious. This is as it should be, for it is difficult to find a worse form of miseducation than that acquired by the "grind." Life is not a series of examinations; it is a complicated mechanism of human relationships; and the graduate who emerges from school or college with report-cards filled with hard-earned "A's" has only mastered one end of the alphabet. With no knowledge of human nature and human problems, he is not apt to get much out of life or to give much.

The letters from this group of the overstudious were written for the most part by women—which is not unexpected, for the female of this species is more deadly than the male. Perhaps it is because a majority of the men who lose themselves in study specialize in science or technical training of some sort where there is a need of that care for minutiae which is deadening in the arts; perhaps it is because women are naturally more slavish to details than men.

The necessity for preventing the student who is over-reserved or overconscientious from becoming a recluse, from burying himself in study and missing the necessary social contacts, brings one inevitably to face the unsettled question of fraternities. A large number of the New Deal letters discuss fraternities, and every shade of opinion is expressed, from that of the man who would not join a fra-

[Continued on page 18]

Books on shelves are merely blocks of paper. But they may become your friends and servants. Here is the first of a series of articles showing how the library in your town can help you

Books Will Find You Out

By Mary Frank

Superintendent of Extension Division, New York Public Library



A LIBRARY that ambles along the countryside, stopping wherever there is the friendly sign of habitation, while the whole family, mother, father, big brothers, little sisters run out from the nearby homestead and surround it, wait breathlessly while the doors or side-flaps are thrown open, behold such an array of books as would make King Solomon envious, exclaim with excited pleasure as they make the important selection, and, at the same time, confide their cares and joys to the heaven-sent visitor who brings these books—can you imagine it?

Yet this is not just a fanciful bit of fiction, such as Christopher Morley gives us when he writes about *Parnassus on Wheels* and makes us acquainted with the charming Roger Mifflin, lover of books, and their professional missionary. You remember how his wagon was lined with well-filled bookshelves, and provided comfortable living-quarters, with its bunk, table, oil-stove, chest, wicker-chair, curtained windows, and its pot of geraniums! He took himself very seriously, as he drove about the country selling his precious books, and educating his patrons.

"It's surprising how excited they get about books if you sell 'em the right kind," said Roger. "Over beyond Port Vigor there's a farmer who's waiting for me to go back—I've been there three or four times—and he'll buy five dollars' worth, if I know him. First time I went there I sold him *Treasure Island*, and he's talking about it yet. I sold him *Robinson Crusoe* and *Little Women* for his daughter, and *Huck Finn* and Grubb's book about the potato. Last time I was there he wanted some Shakespeare, but I wouldn't give it to him. I didn't think he was up to it yet. When you sell a man a book you don't sell him just twelve ounces of paper and ink and glue—you sell him a whole new life. Love and friendship and humor—and ships at sea by night—there's all heaven and earth in a book, a real book, I mean. Jiminy! That's what makes it worth while—I'm doing something that nobody has ever thought of before, from Nazareth, Maine, to Walla Walla, Washington. It's a new field, but, by the bones of Whitman, it's worth while. That's what this country needs—more books."

Dear old Roger Mifflin! His adventurous spirit would be touched to the quick if he knew how public-library books are being carried around in California on horseback, down through the redwood canyons and up over steep perilous trails to the schoolhouse perched casually on the mountainside; or by mule-pack, aerial-trams and through tunnels to the mines. There the saying is, "Wherever a man can go, a book can, too."

And as for his idea of a book-wagon—it is not a new one at all. Book-wagons are traveling about various parts of this country lending books free to the very people to whom he would sell them. As far back as twenty years ago, the first one began its wanderings, starting from Hagerstown, Maryland, to serve the surrounding country. People at first thought there was something queer about the proceeding—"a nigger in the wood-pile," so to speak—"Each one in the family can take two books? And nothing to pay? Gee Whiz!" Of course there were some who grumbled because the county was spending money for such foolishness, but in time they were silenced or converted.

Who thought of such a practical and romantic scheme for getting books to the country people? It happened in this way: The custom had been, and still is in many states throughout the country, to send out cases of books, known as traveling-libraries, to rural communities. The books were kept at the village stores, toll-gates, or post-offices, and the farmers came to these near-by places for them.

In a couple of months when the books had been read, one of the farmers who was coming in to town would bring the case back to the distributing station and get a fresh lot. But, after a while, the librarian found that she was not able to depend on the farmers bringing back the cases of books regularly as their wagons were too often loaded down with produce. So she arranged to send a team out to deliver one case of books and bring another back. One day a farmer's wife told the driver that she never saw any books.

"Why don't you go to the post-office, ma'am? That's where the books are. You can get all you want. They'd help pass the long winter evenings, too."

"Wal, I'd go after readin'," she replied, "but it's too far 'go. I'd have more time if they wasn't so many chickens



Above, a book-automobile at the service of a Minnesota township; at the left, a view of the interior, showing shelves and desk



A library on wheels that makes the rounds of a rural district in Maryland

t'feed; only if they wasn't I s'pose they'd be too many cows t'milk; anyhow they's always sure t'be too many pies t'bake—so I never get outside the place."

Then the obvious dawned. People needed to have books brought to their homes. Why not a regular book-wagon fitted up with bookshelves filled with attractive books? It was done, and the new wagon started on its career. It was painted a decorous black, so that it would not be mistaken for a pedler's cart. It did look very dignified, but—

"Ver needn't stop here," called a voice from a farmhouse one day. "We ain't got any use fer a dead-wagon here!" The librarian, Miss Mary Titcomb, is a woman with a sense of humor, and of broad sympathy. She lost no time in having the panels and wheels of the wagon painted red. Soon it was a welcome visitor the county over, throughout its sixteen routes. The extent of the farmers' reading had been the Hagerstown newspaper and mail-order catalogs, but after the book habit was started one man remarked that he was glad to see the book-wagon coming along. "Seems like there ain't much in the Hagerstown paper lately."

One day a freight train wrecked the wagon, and after that an automobile took its place. Of course no automobile can ever be so picturesque as a gay wagon with bulging sides and a knowing horse, but machines have advantages.

There are the little trucks which make a round of visits to the playgrounds in both St. Louis and Washington, D. C.

From the outside there appears to be no reason why the children should run after these stolid-looking delivery-wagons with the same eagerness as when the cream-colored wagon of the muffin-man

appears. Ah, but when the truck stops! The driver jumps down, throws open the doors, pulls out a small platform and rolls out a double-shelf full of just the kind of books every child loves—fairytales, stories of adventure, books about airplanes, invention, discovery, exploration. There is a touch of magic about it that appeals to us all, young or old.

The practical advantage of rural automobile service has been demonstrated. Hibbing, Minnesota, known as the richest village in the world, has an automobile which makes daily rounds of the township, and is truly a library on wheels. Its bookshelves contain one thousand books; it has a desk for the librarian, and can accommodate six persons at a time.

It met its first real test when a woman appeared, so stout that it took the combined efforts of the librarian and the driver to lift her into the car. When she got inside, the first thing that attracted her was a fashion magazine, which she pompously carried away.

This automobile comes to many who would never think of seeking library books. There is the section-gang, whose boss permits the men to stop work long enough to select one or two volumes each. Many of the men are foreign-born, and would not of their own accord seek a public library. Here is a fulfillment of America's promise of opportunity which comes to them unexpectedly. They may even find books in their own language.

In one mining-camp, where there are two groups of foreigners, Finns and Swedes, each group selects its reader and gathers round him while he reads. Once when there was a washout, the automobile was unable to reach one of the camps. An Italian met the automobile where it had stopped on the road, with his arms full of books. He explained, in broken English, that he had walked three miles. The men in his gang had made him come because they had to have more books.

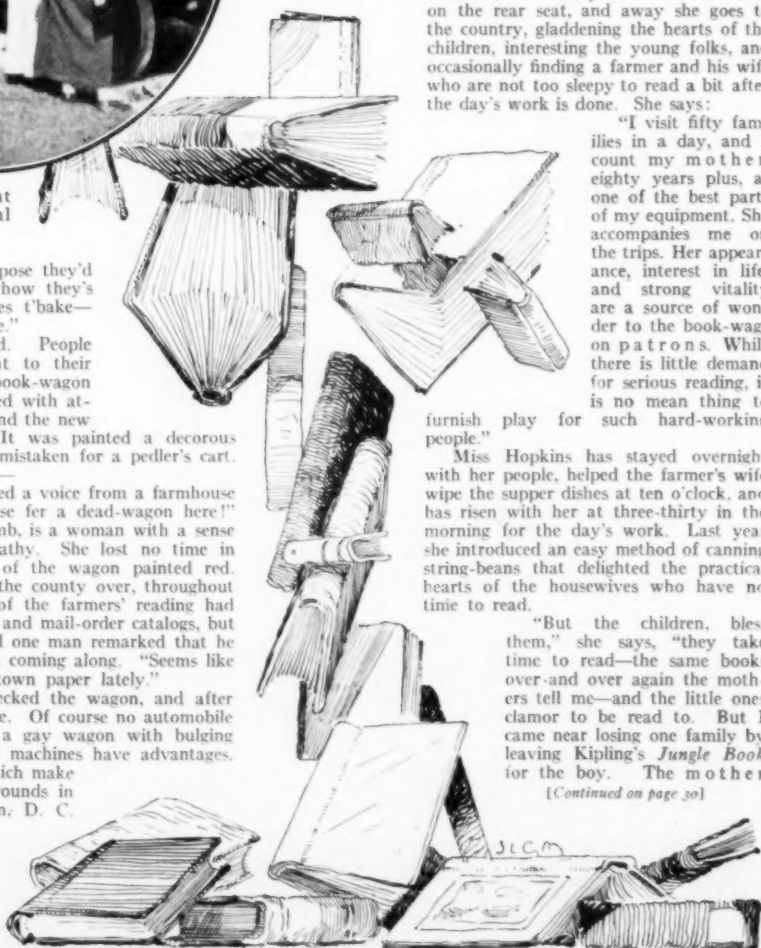
In Sussex County, Delaware, there is a librarian who has driven a horse and buggy, and now a car, for the past eight years. Miss Hopkins has "a love for books, and a social mind." She places a case of books on the rear seat, and away she goes to the country, gladdening the hearts of the children, interesting the young folks, and occasionally finding a farmer and his wife who are not too sleepy to read a bit after the day's work is done. She says:

"I visit fifty families in a day, and I count my mother, eighty years plus, as one of the best parts of my equipment. She accompanies me on the trips. Her appearance, interest in life, and strong vitality are a source of wonder to the book-wagon patrons. While there is little demand for serious reading, it is no mean thing to furnish play for such hard-working people."

Miss Hopkins has stayed overnight with her people, helped the farmer's wife wipe the supper dishes at ten o'clock, and has risen with her at three-thirty in the morning for the day's work. Last year she introduced an easy method of canning string-beans that delighted the practical hearts of the housewives who have no time to read.

"But the children, bless them," she says, "they take time to read—the same books over and over again the mothers tell me—and the little ones clamor to be read to. But I came near losing one family by leaving Kipling's *Jungle Book* for the boy. The mother

[Continued on page 30]





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THERE is an old theory that every child must run the gamut from measles to scarlet fever. The superstition that it is wise to expose a child to the more common forms of contagious diseases in order that he may have them and get them over with still persists. Nothing can be more mistaken than this idea. Even the mildest form of contagious disease holds the possibility of more serious consequences. No child should be made to take the hazard.

About eighty per cent. of all cases of contagious diseases occur in children under five years of age and about ninety per cent. in children under fifteen years. It is easy to see, therefore, why these contagious affections are called "children's diseases."

Every mother should understand the principles of prevention. There are always two factors to be considered in the occurrence of any infectious disease; the presence of the germ and the resistance of the individual. Up to the present time we have not succeeded very well in limiting the growth and distribution of these germs, but we have done much to improve general health conditions and to give our children virility and strength to withstand the onslaught.

The greatest danger in most contagious diseases does not come during the ordinary course of the illness, but, rather, as a result of complications which frequently occur. Good health generally means that the attack will be light, and in some of the infectious diseases, such as tuberculosis, good health seems to be the one thing that will prevent the development of the illness.

Our knowledge of how contagious diseases are transmitted has been distinctly advanced in the past few years. It was believed that most of these germs were carried through the air, and that it was possible to contract contagious disease by mere association with a person already affected. We know now that there are few, if any, diseases which are airborne and that the only way in which they can be contracted is by intimate personal association with the sick person. These diseases can be carried from one individual to another if the discharges from the nose, throat or bowels of the patient are carried on the hands or clothing of anyone who afterwards comes into close contact with somebody else. They may also be transmitted by the vapor or spray which, coming from the patient's mouth while coughing or sneezing, carries from three to four feet. For this reason, children, particularly, should be kept away from anyone who coughs or sneezes, although he may not seem to be ill at the time.

Contagious diseases may be borne, also, by means of people known to be carriers. These are individuals who, while not themselves ill, harbor the germs of disease and carry them from one person to another. It is not probable, however, that such carriers are of much danger to well people unless they come into intimate personal relationship with them. Diphtheria, it is believed, is carried in this fashion. For that reason, all persons who have been in contact with a case of diphtheria should submit to a certain quarantine; the nose and throat should be pronounced in clean condition, with no germs present, before they are allowed to mingle with others.

IF we are to prevent contagious diseases on any large scale, it is necessary to have community action. Proper health laws must be enforced so that the sanitary and hygienic conditions are maintained at the highest standard. Patients, ill with contagious disease, should be quarantined until all danger from contact with them has disappeared. The possibility of transmitting infectious diseases by means of water, milk or foodstuffs should lead mothers particularly to demand that the health-boards of their towns insist upon a clean and pure water supply, the universal

Every Mother—Every Baby

Lock the Door Against Disease

By

S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.

Director, Bureau Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

pasteurization of all milk that is not known to be absolutely pure, and the sanitary and hygienic handling of foodstuffs. Green vegetables, due to their previous handling by infected persons, are believed to be transmitters of contagious diseases. Because dust from the street may harbor some disease germs, vegetables, fruits or any articles which are not to be washed before eating, should never be exposed in any place where they may become contaminated.

Even if the sanitation and hygiene of the community are properly looked out for, there are still many precautions which must be taken by persons caring for, or in any way coming in contact with

He's an out-of-doors baby and there's no mistaking it



again opened and the children begin to lead an outdoor life. If all children could be kept in the fresh air during the winter as much as they are in summer, it is probable that infection would have little chance and the incidence of these diseases would be no greater than it is during the summer months. It is not enough to insist upon having fresh air in the home; parents should also see that there is fresh air in the schoolroom. A study made in New York City shows that respiratory diseases, or colds, were over ninety per cent. more common in children studying in classrooms ventilated by artificial means than they were in children taught in classrooms ventilated through open windows.

Too much clothing is to be guarded against. Generally, in winter, the indoor clothing should not be any heavier than it is in summer. For out-of-doors a heavy overcoat, a hood or warm cap and mittens may be used. When children play outdoors, careful attention must be paid to the possibility of their getting their feet wet; put dry shoes and stockings on them as soon as they come into the house. A cool sponge bath each morning strengthens resistance against infectious diseases because it tends to keep the circulation in good order and the skin in such condition that the waste materials of the body are disposed of easily and naturally.

Nearly all infection enters the body through the mouth, therefore it must be kept clean. Decayed teeth are ideal breeding places for germs, as the cavities provide warmth and moisture, and the decayed food nourishes the germs. Children's teeth, the first as well as the second set, should be put and kept in perfect condition. In addition, the mouth should be rinsed carefully and the teeth well-brushed at least twice a day. An excellent antiseptic for this purpose, as efficacious as the more costly solutions, is made of one teaspoonful of salt to a pint of water.

CHILDREN who are mouth-breathers, subject to constant colds and sore throats, and who have ear troubles besides, should be taken to a physician for a careful examination of mouth and throat. If large or diseased tonsils or an adenoid growth back of the nose is found it should be removed. The operation is a simple one, and this in itself may serve to prevent the contracting of a contagious disease, or make the case more easily controlled, if one does occur.

To summarize: Keep the children in good health. A healthy child may take a contagious disease but he is not nearly so apt to be seriously affected as is the delicate child. Do not let your children play with one who is ailing. Every mother is responsible, not only to her own family, but to every other family in the community, for taking every precaution against a spread of illness. Since mothers are the natural guardians of children, the responsibility for the control of infectious diseases lies upon them. Not until mothers accept this fact as the truth, shall we have the beginning of the end of epidemics of disease.

Teach the children to keep their bodies clean and to observe the health maxims given in the box on this page. These preventive measures are especially necessary if a disease is present in your vicinity.

Watch the children's diet; see that they have plenty of proper food and an abundance of fresh air.

In the next article, I shall discuss contagious diseases in detail, showing the cause of each, what the mother can do to prevent them, and the care she can give.

Teach These Health Maxims To Your Children

Brush the teeth after each meal and on arising in the morning.

Wash the hands before each meal. Keep the finger-nails absolutely clean.

Never put a top, pencil or other article which has been used by another child into the mouth. Disease germs are easily carried in this way.

Have a fresh pocket-handkerchief every day. Do not lend it to anyone and do not borrow one from another child. Place this handkerchief over the mouth when coughing or sneezing.

If you have a cough or cold keep away from other children.

Have an individual drinking-cup and towel, both at school and at home. These should not be used by anyone else.

Never let anyone kiss you on the mouth.

Are there other questions about keeping baby healthy, happy and normal? Dr. Baker will be glad to answer. Address Dr. S. Josephine Baker, Baby Welfare Department, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City

patients ill with contagious disease. There are, moreover, laws of hygiene that must be observed in regard to the children themselves.

All instructions for the care of babies given in previous articles may be included in the rules for preventing contagious diseases. Any measures maintaining good health and strength will tend to build up a strong, robust constitution, the best protection against the invasion of any infection. In any disease, it is not sufficient to wait until the onset and then attempt to care for the patient. Measures of prevention, which must be taken in infancy and carried out all through childhood, include fresh air in abundance. Children should be in the open as much as possible during the day, and should either sleep out-of-doors or in rooms where the windows are up.

Contagious diseases begin to appear in

A N N O U N C E M E N T

Brunswick
INDIVIDUALLY GRAVEN INTO THEM
RECORDS

AND finally Brunswick Records—artistic companions of Brunswick Phonographs. These records are made under the direction of great interpreters:—men who have the power and faculty of developing musical selections as they would be played by the composers.

Just as there are directors for the opera, the stage, the orchestra, we now have directors for records.

This means that each Brunswick Record is not only the work of some accomplished artist, but is accompanied by the shadings of a renowned director.

This is why Brunswick Records rise above the qualities most records have in common. Brunswicks are more than title and artist. They bear the impress of some guiding hand. One who knows how to bring out the inherent qualities, the hidden beauty, the magnetic personality, the more spiritual intuitions of the composers.

Ask to hear these records. Made by the House of Brunswick—a name renowned in the world of music. Compare Brunswick Records with others. Be their sole judge! Look for something entirely different. Something sweeter, richer, truer! You'll find it in full measure in this new Brunswick disc!



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General Offices: 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

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She Keeps Her Hold on Youth

INTO the noonday of life she has carried the glory of her youth. The leaping pulse of perfect health, the beauty of yesteryear, still are hers.

Pyorrhea, which afflicts so many over forty, has passed her by. In its blighting touch, Pyorrhea is akin to age. Its infecting germs deplete vitality. They cause the gums to recede, the lips to lose their contour, the teeth to loosen and decay.

Take care that this enemy of health and beauty does not become established in your mouth. Watch for it. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection.

If you have tender or bleeding gums (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress if used in

time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 65c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

The House the Girls Built



MOTHERS and daughters — even their tender relationship brings problems. By Mary Gordon Page

That there are problems from the mother's point of view everyone recognizes, but lately there have come to me letters from girls telling of situations and conditions that perplex and trouble them, and for which they feel there must be a solution. One said:

Dear Mary Gordon Page: I would be very glad if you could help me with some advice. I am a stenographer; have a good position, and lots of friends and good times, but one thing troubles me very much. My mother is not a bit up-to-date in the way she dresses and acts, and it embarrasses me. She spends all her time in the house, and at night she sits in the dining room and sews, instead of helping me entertain my friends. I think it would be so much nicer if she would take an interest in making things pleasant for them. When they come it is just as though I didn't have any mother. I don't mean she isn't interested, for she is, and asks me all about them after they are gone. But she seems to feel that she is too old, or out-of-date to spend the evening with us. I don't know what to do about it. Some girls seem to want their mothers to let them alone, but I feel just the other way.

The group is not with me to-night at the hill-top house. A while ago I trudged the snowy trail to it for a bit of solitude in the firelight, and now, for companionship, I shall have this, and the letters of other girls who have brought the same problem—that of a social need which the mother seems not to share, and a longing for the mother in their pleasures. It is not an unusual condition. Another letter said:

Mother stays at home all the time except when she goes to church, and sometimes I am simply in despair because she doesn't take an interest in anything except housework and sewing. I think it is silly to care so much about such things, don't you? I talk to her about it sometimes, but she just says to run along and have a good time. But I see other girls' mothers dress up, and go out with their daughters; I wish mine would. When I have a daughter of my own, I am going to go everywhere she does, and dress just as well as I do now.

And still another:

I make a good salary, and with only mother to provide for we could be very comfortable and happy if only she would let go and stop worrying about money. I cannot get her to dress nicely, or have any help with the laundry and housework. I have tried to persuade her, but she always says we can't afford it, and she will not spend my money carelessly when I work so hard. How can I make her understand this attitude hurts my feelings, and that she should take better care of herself?

Love is, without question, the most precious thing in the world. But if comprehension always went with it—the ability to slip into the other's place and get the point of view—life would be far simpler. Many, if not most of the problems of human relationships are rooted in this lack of understanding. "Your father forgot he had ever been young, and you didn't remember you were ever going to be old, most likely," is the way a delightful Irish friend of mine diagnosed a serious disagreement between a son and his father; diagnosed, and awakened the realization that went far toward setting the thing right. Really there is very little in these problems of the letters that cannot be explained by the years that lie between mother and daughter. The mother forgets, and the daughter doesn't know. But that, of course, does not make the problem any easier unless somehow an understanding is reached.

At first reading, there seems a note of selfishness in these letters that really does not exist. The girls want their mothers to dress better; it is natural and right for us to wish those we love to appear at their best, so that others may see them as we do. And there is no doubt that the right clothes have a tonic influence. They freshen

one; awaken interest, and one is less likely to sit at home if there is a becoming dress to wear abroad. If the worn and old-fashioned clothes are a matter, not of money but of indifference, then the girls would do much for their mothers by trying to arouse a new interest in dress.

Only I fancy these mothers do not sit at home. It is much more likely a case of there being so much work to do that the evening finds them with no energy left for other things. This is probably true of the mother who takes her sewing to the dining-room instead of helping her daughter entertain friends in the living-room. "Making things pleasant" sometimes requires more effort than one has to give after a long day in the kitchen, at the sewing-machine, in caring for the children; or, as is usual, in doing all these things. Unless she feels that she is really needed, it is natural that the mother should sit apart with her sewing. Only it is a pity that it may not be a book. For what she needs is rest, and recreation. It seems to me that each one of these girls would go far toward solving her problem if she could persuade the mother to go away for a while. A change of scene; new surroundings, a vacation from being a mother, would accomplish wonders in bringing back a zest in outside things.

My friend Kate told me of what two weeks in another city, visiting a sister, did for her mother who was tired out, and disinterested in anything but her house. The money for the trip was not easily saved

up, and the mother insisted that there must be no new clothes. But Kate managed a few new blouses, and stood by while they were bought to make sure they were becoming. She slipped a new book into her mother's bag, re-

mindful her that it was the first vacation she had had in years, and that she must make the most of it. She came back looking ten years younger, was actually doing her hair a new way. And incidentally, while her mother was away and Kate was looking after things at home, she came to an understanding of some of the reasons why her mother was tired out, and had lost interest in the outside world.

If these other girls will try the same course, it may be that their problems will be on the way to solution. I like their desires and the feeling of need for their mothers in the play times of their lives. It is a beautiful idea—that of sharing life with one's mother: having her take a hand in one's pleasures, and friendships. It is a thing that makes every girl's life richer, and, for the matter of that, the life of every mother as well. And when that relationship does exist there never could be reason for the feeling which was expressed by one girl in a letter she sent me the other day. "I suppose I ought to talk this over with mother, but, somehow, I can't. Her life has been so different. I know there has never been anything like this in it, and I am sure she would not understand."

She probably would. There really is not much difference in the problems that come into lives; it is largely a matter of the place on the road one happens to be.

When we start, the little rough places are magnified. We stumble over them and bruise our feet unnecessarily, because we are young and the road is strange. But later we learn how to step over or around the pitfalls. And in watching out for them, our eyes become a bit keener, and our inner visions a bit more kindly. So if mothers can remember, and daughters will try to realize, there will be no need for misunderstandings.

The Resinol Products

RESINOL SHAVING STICK

Gives a creamy, non-drying lather which makes the daily shave a positive pleasure. It is easy and quick to use because the gentle Resinol properties it contains prevent smarting after effects, and make soothing lotions unnecessary. It is generally the favorite with men who have tried it once.

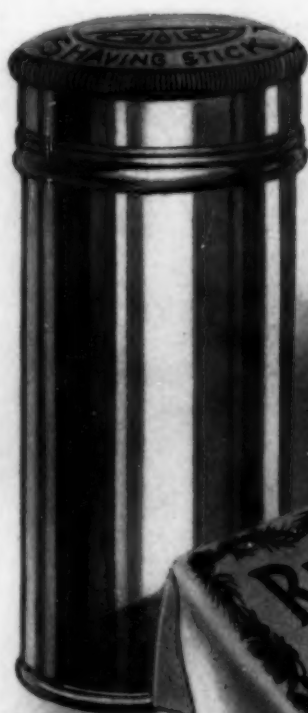
RESINOL SOAP

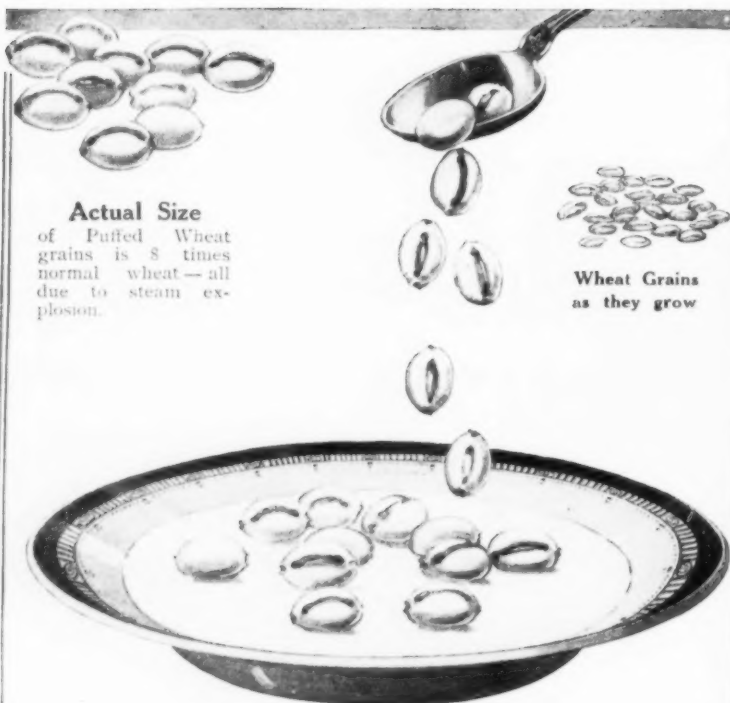
Many women have discovered in Resinol Soap, a valuable aid in overcoming complexion defects. Its refreshing, cleansing qualities, free from skin parching alkalies make it a boon to those who are troubled with clogged or enlarged pores, blotches, roughness, redness or excessive oiliness. Also the woman whose complexion is all she could wish it to be will find that the regular use of Resinol Soap tends to keep her skin glowing and healthy. For the bath it is invigorating and it produces a sense of wholesome cleanliness which cannot be excelled.

RESINOL OINTMENT

Should be in every home. It is excellent for cuts, burns, scalds, chafings, cold sores, insect bites, etc., and the first application of Resinol usually brings prompt relief to those suffering from an annoying rash or similar skin disorder. It is gentle, soothing, and cannot injure the tenderest skin. Buy a jar today.

The Resinol products can be bought from practically all druggists, and wherever high class toilet goods are sold.





Witching Foods

But Also Scientific

These bubble grains—flimsy, flaky, toasted—seem simply tidbits to enjoy.

They seem to breakfast what dessert is to a dinner—a delightful garnish.

But that's a wrong impression.

Puffed grains were invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson—a scientific man. And there's deep reason for them.

To Make Whole Wheat Digest

Take wheat, for instance—a premier grain. Nature stores minerals in the outer coat, and other needed elements. Without them children suffer.

Yet that outer coat, under usual methods, goes largely undigested.



Corn Puffs

Prof. Anderson's method applies to wheat an hour of fearful heat. Then the grains are shot from guns. Thus 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. And every food cell is so blasted that it easily digests.

Thus every atom feeds. This whole-wheat food means whole-wheat nutriment.



Puffed Rice

So with Puffed Rice—so with Corn Puffs. The food cells are all broken. The result is airy, nut-like globules—fascinating foods. But also foods which yield their precious elements.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice



Corn Puffs

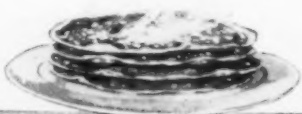
Also

Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Like Nut-Made Pancakes

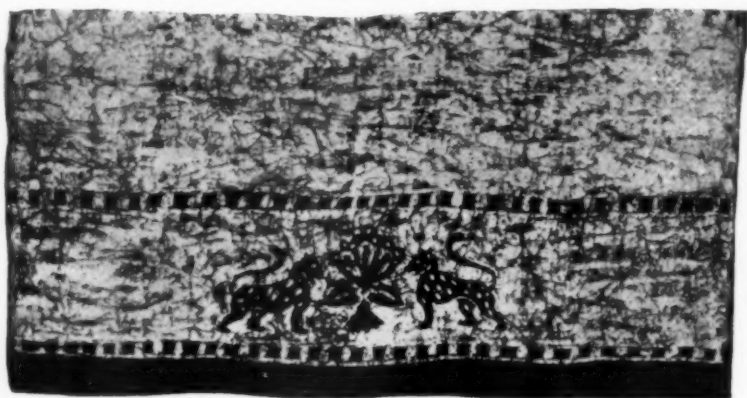
Our food experts, after countless tests, have made an ideal pancake mixture. And they mix in it ground Puffed Rice. The result is flaky pancakes and a

very nut-like taste. The finest pancakes ever served are made with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Try it. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water.



How To Do Batik Work

By Elisabeth May Blondel

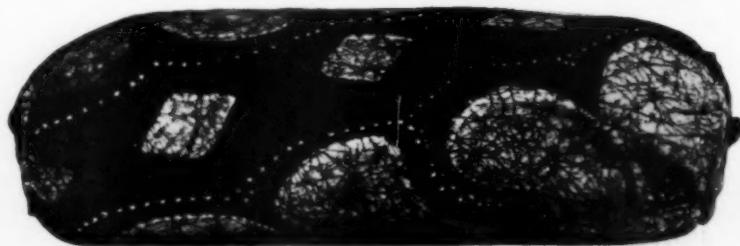


A few years ago batik work, which originated with the Javanese, was scarcely known by name. Now, however, a keen appreciation of the beauties of this art and a demand for it are growing rapidly. How the colors were obtained in such lovely shades, with the fascinating crackles spreading through all, was a mystery at first. Now it is common knowledge that the material undergoes a series of dips in colored dyes, certain parts each time being covered with a layer of melted wax to form a protection from the new color. See Editor's note below.



Editor's Note.—While batik work is often an extremely difficult process, a simplified way of obtaining charming effects has been proved entirely practical. The five beautiful pieces illustrated require only from two to four dips. Directions for the work and designs for a blouse and scarf are printed on leaflet No. FW. 126. To obtain this, send 10 cents in stamps, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Address The McCall Company, 250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

Designs by courtesy of Mrs. Bertha B. Shattuck.
Bear design by Jo L. G. McMahon.



Building Business Success On B. A. Foundations

By Julia Searing Leaycraft

IT must have been nearly ten years ago that a well-known business man said: "There is no better help in the world than the girl who has been through college—when she gets over it!" I should like to see that man now and tell him that the present-day college girl has got over it! In fact she never has had it—if the "it" he meant was a certain kind of pick-and-choosiness about her work, partly real, and partly implied by a toploftiness that, in the world of business, bred impatience. Miss 1920 is the product of a different college ideal, a product of Miss 1920's own active and fertile and practical mind—and of those of her elder sisters.

At the present time Miss 1920 is busy learning from all the things she does at college—whether it be studies, committee work, dramatics, athletics—or disappointments. Miss 1920 is building for the future. She has grown to a stature that allows her to peep over the college walls and see places in the world beyond where she is needed and where she would like to go. Like her elder sisters, she is learning from her college: promptness, courage, and an indomitability in overcoming obstacles. But she is not confining herself to the knowledge of toy-like models of world machinery that college supplies. She is aiming at being an efficient cog in the greater wheels that operate society.

The young woman taking her B.A. degree ten years ago, upon looking about her to find a place in the ranks of self-supporting women, discovered her fellow alumnae chiefly in the so-called "ladylike" occupations of teaching, library work, secretarial, editorial and social service. Today's graduate has the encouragement of seeing her sisters in nearly every kind of business.

No longer does a girl go into a college as into cloistered seclusion. In a hundred ways, she keeps in touch with what is occupying the mind of the world. Courses in sociology find practical application in the college town. She often writes for the newspapers, and takes interest, if not a part, in local politics; she is sent to big cities to study factories, sweat-shops and working conditions in department stores, as well as the problems of housing and child-welfare. No longer held by the iron-clad rules of the college that kept her mother in bondage, the modern college girl is a-wing in the world like a bee, gathering the honey of knowledge for herself.

The best faculties are now making provision for vocational counsel to be given the students in their charge. Taking the initiative themselves, the girls call conferences, usually of a week's duration, sometime during the year, at which speakers from various professions address them on opportunities in their line of work.

Mary Tolman, head of the professional division of the United States Employment Service in New York, has been fitting college women and jobs together for the last three years. She believes that it matters little what courses a girl takes at college.

IT is alertness, aggressiveness modified by modesty, and self-confidence coupled with creative ability that make a girl get ahead in anything," says Miss Tolman.

It is true that a young woman cannot succeed in business without both push and painstaking carefulness—creative energy combined with a head for detail—the same qualities that make for success in her brother. But her interest in her future is, more and more, leading the college girl to intelligence in her choice of courses. Her tastes lead her to aim at a certain business career, and her tastes will equally tend toward the courses that assist her in it.

A young girl, just out of college, was given a letter of introduction to a well-known editor. She was a busy woman, but she received the aspirant for literary employment with great kindness.

"I believe you want to get an editorial position—now what can you do?"

"Oh, anything," was the eager reply. "I loved English in college—I was on the college paper, and I love to write! A number of my things have been printed in our monthly—just give me a chance!"

"What makes you think you want to be an editor?"

"I want to do something literary," came the prompt answer. "I want to be in the atmosphere—I feel it is where I belong!"

"Do you know anything about my magazine—do you read it?"

"Oh—er—well, I really do not."

"Then you haven't been following my policies?"

"I—well—I'm afraid I never realized you had a policy!"

The big woman rang for the office-boy. "Give this young lady copies of our past six issues." Then she turned again to the girl.

"Study them," she said. "Try to find out what I have been doing, what audience I have been aiming at, wherein I have failed to reach them, and come back to me with suggestions, if you have any. Try to think of definite ways in which you could promote the interests of the magazine. I really don't need people who can do anything—what I am looking for is people who have ideas that can make my magazine better."

Her study of those six magazines was a revelation to this girl whose reading of the periodicals up to this time had been confined to one or two exclusively literary ones.

It showed her the working of a clever editorial mind that was interesting an audience of a million women. Because she was an imaginative girl she went back in a short time with a long list of suggestions, and today that girl is one of the most successful of the magazine editors.

There are many college courses that lead more or less directly to lucrative

work on graduating. Languages are always an asset. Almost any business position can be more intelligently filled with a knowledge of economics and sociology. Courses in money and banking are especially valuable to the young woman who expects to enter the financial world. If a girl has specialized in English, she does not need to become a teacher to utilize her knowledge; there are important correspondence positions in large firms where her equipment will prove of great value.

IT is a good thing for a girl studying chemistry to know that the head of a big industrial plant complained that he could not find a young woman chemist with a sufficient knowledge of mathematics combined with her chemistry to fill a good position he had vacant.

The mathematician can find work that is most interesting in the actuarial departments of insurance companies and in the statistical work that is now of increasing importance. Courses in psychology lead to openings in juvenile courts, public schools, psychopathic hospitals and various industrial plants. The trained nurse, who has her college education behind her, can hope for some specially fine opportunity as head of a large institution, or of some big community work along the lines of social service, district visiting or industrial nursing. Home economics opens to the recent graduate the door to institutional management. To the young woman with brains and energy plus a good course in an agricultural school, the question of "What can I do?" will never arise.

The demands of the professions that are standardized, such as law, medicine, architecture, engineering, and others, are too well known to need mention here; they all offer fields of service and substantial rewards to the young woman who can afford the time and money for the required training.

The girl of today need feel no limit to the boundaries within which she permits her business fancy to rove. Read the papers, consult the college vocational departments, study the magazines, find out what other people are doing, learn what not to do, and see where you can best fit into the scheme of the business world. Know the market in which you are to offer your services; be ready with the kind of gray matter for which there is a demand. You cannot get away from the world-old law of supply and demand, whether it be brains you are to sell or buttons!

Come with ideas, come with energy and push, and above all an eager interest in what you are striving towards, and there is not the slightest doubt that your education will help you to an ample berth.

WHAT does the business world offer the college woman? Does her degree make her a better business woman?

According to Mrs. Leaycraft, the 1920 college girl does not content herself with a mere peek through the ivy-covered walls of old conventions; she goes forth to compare the toy-like mechanism of the college world with the wheels of big industry whirling outside.

She is a product of new ideals; hers is the world to conquer.

How famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful



NORMA TALMADGE
"You may see my testimony to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL."



ALICE BRADY
"I consider Watkins' Mulsified Coconut Oil an ideal shampoo and can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in a wonderful condition."



MAHEL NORMAND
"I never knew that a shampoo could be so delightful until I used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."



PAULINE FREDERICK
"I find the stimulating after effects of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO very delightful."



MAY ALLISON
"Of all the shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."

PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people, and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage.

You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children
THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio



Be SURE it's

WATKINS

If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't "MULSIFIED"



You buy this



You add water

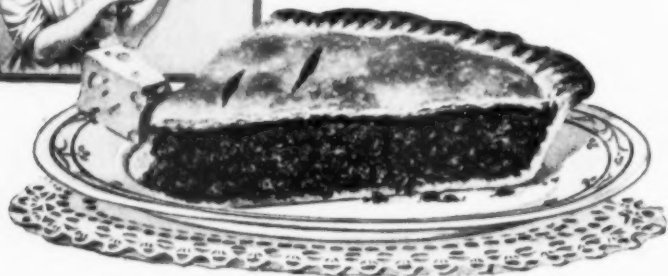


You get this

Mince Meat that is all *mince meat*



A smart society woman earned quite a little money for a local charity with None Such Mince Meat. She added the water and put our mince meat up in glass jars. Her friends wanted to know where she got a cook who could make such good mince meat.



NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

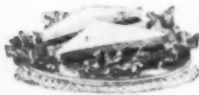
"Like Mother Used to Make"

Add 1½ pints of water to our 9-ounce package and you have a pound and a half of home-made mince meat. That's enough for one of those delicious, fruity, juicy mince pies that have earned None Such its wide reputation, or for any of these recipes women are following to have something new, wholesome and appetizing on the table.

What is home without a piping-hot mince pie every now and then? And how your men folks do appreciate a tempting new dessert or relish once in a while!



None Such Jelly



None Such Sandwiches



None Such Relish

None Such Jelly for Dessert—1 package of Jiffy-Jell (either lemon, orange, or loganberry), nuts and None Such Mince Meat. Before serving, cover top with whipped cream, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts and place a cherry in center.

None Such Pudding—(Recipe using left-over biscuits)—4 or 6 biscuits; 1 cupful dark corn sirup; ¼ cupful brown sugar; ¼ cupful butter substitute; 2 egg-yolks; 1½ cupfuls of None-Such Mince Meat; 2 egg-whites. Soak biscuits in warm water until soft and add the other ingredients in the order given. Beat egg-yolks thoroughly before adding. Mix ingredients completely, put in a well-oiled baking-dish and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Make a meringue of the egg-whites, heap it on the pudding and allow to brown in the oven.

None Such Sandwiches—Cut slices very thin. Make a filling of None Such Mince Meat, to which may be added onions, celery, pimientos. Use crisp lettuce leaf.

None Such Relish—Mix None Such Mince Meat with green or red peppers and onions.

Tomato Stuffed with None Such—Scoop out tomato. Mix None Such Mince Meat, celery, green peppers and onions. Fill the scooped-out tomato and serve, after chilling, on plate garnished with parsley.

Try other recipes printed on the None Such package

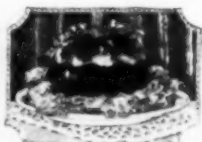
Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, N. Y.



None Such Pudding



None Such Salad



Tomato Stuffed with None Such

Not Just a Trade When Art and Industry Are One



Rugs, which we use merely as floor-coverings, are, in their native land, true expressions of the art impulse.

At ten, the average Armenian girl starts her trousseau with a rug. It is most important of her possessions.

An Oriental rug is glossy because the natural fat is allowed to remain in the wool. The wool is boiled in vats which contain root and herb dyes. This slow process, taking place over wood fires, explains one reason for the rugs' costliness. Wood is the most expensive commodity sold in the East.



The looms on which the rugs are woven are usually of the simplest design. Trunks of trees bound together in a primitive fashion make the framework. This is set up in the open or in a rough shed adjoining the home of the weaver.

The women of the family, when not busy with housewifely duties, help to knot the wool into patterns—patterns which

have been used for generations. Sometimes it is a flower motif, some modification of a palm-leaf or a geometrical figure, but more often, the pattern is a matter of personal interpretation. Perhaps the weavers' song, which they sing as they work, and the strange, mystic dreams of the Oriental find their way into the weaving, and make the rugs so elusive in their coloring.



These women are just starting a rug. After setting up the loom, the threads of wool are attached to the warp by a running knot; then the weft for the back is inserted. With a wooden comb, the knots are pressed into place, and the pile leveled with a pair of scissors.

In pattern and coloring, a hand-woven rug can never be duplicated, the very nature of the materials used preventing. Most villages have their own particular design.

Rug-weaving is slow, and can be accomplished only by a people who love their work and are content with a simple, uneventful life.



Countless attempts to imitate the rugs of the Orient have been made by the manufacturers of the West. But the charm and irregularity of the originals cannot be duplicated. Working constantly, with native dexterity, two women can average only an area of about eight by twenty-seven inches in one day.

Perhaps it is their indifference to wealth—perhaps the knowledge of their skill, but many of the weavers are unwilling to sell their rugs unless actually in need of money. They have woven themselves into them. Is it any wonder that they part with them reluctantly?

AT NIGHT— a thorough bath for your face



*If you want a skin that is
clear, brilliant with color—
let it breathe at night*

TINY invisible dust particles—always, always falling on your unprotected face!

In crowds—in shops—in theatres—all day long while you are going unconsciously about your occupations—the delicate skin of your face is exposed to millions of unseen enemies.

That is why a thorough bath for your face at night is so important.

During your eight hours of sleep the skin of your face should be allowed to rest—to breathe. The delicate pores should be freed from the dust and dirt that have accumulated during the day.

For remember—authorities on the skin now agree that most of the commoner skin troubles come, not from the blood—but from bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores from outside, through dust and small particles in the air.

If from neglect, or the wrong method of cleansing, your skin has lost the flawless clearness it should have—if it is marred by blackheads—by disfiguring little blemishes—begin tonight to change this condition. You can make your skin just what it should be. For every day it is changing—old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By giving the *new skin*, as it forms, the special treatment its need demands, you can make it as soft, as clear and smooth as you would like to have it.

The famous treatment for blackheads

Perhaps, in your case, failure to use the right method of cleansing for your type of skin has resulted in disfiguring little blackheads. This condition can be overcome—and your skin can be smooth and clear in future.

To keep your skin free from this trouble, try using every night this famous treatment:

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then, with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores

thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Dry carefully. To remove the blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Use this treatment regularly, and you will begin in a few days to notice the greater clearness and attractiveness it gives to your skin.

To free your skin from blemishes

Those annoying little blemishes that so often mar an otherwise lovely complexion—you can free your skin from this defect, too, by giving your face *every night* the thorough cleansing its particular condition demands.

Just before retiring, wash your face thoroughly with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and dry carefully. Now, dip the tips of your fingers in the warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse very carefully with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this special treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water,

ending with a dash of cold water. You will find that in this way you can guard against any reappearance of the blemishes.

Each one of the famous Woodbury treatments has been formulated to meet the needs of different types of skin. Look in the little booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—find the treatment that your particular type of skin demands—then use it regularly each night before retiring. You will be surprised to see how quickly your skin will gain in attractiveness—how smooth, clear and colorful you can keep it by this care.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today—begin using it tonight. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

We shall be glad to send you a trial size cake

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love To Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1502 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1502 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



Pompeian

DAY CREAM

"Sweetest Story Ever Told"

MEN would love to whisper into her ear the sweetest story ever told, for her glorious and flashing beauty captivates them all. You see, she knows the secret of Instant Beauty—the use of the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the BLOOM. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant.

Note: Don't use too much BLOOM. Get a natural result.

These preparations may be used separately or together (as above) as the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette." Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), removes face shine. Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on—flesh, white, brunette. Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't crumble—light, dark, medium. At all druggists, 50c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 25c talcum with an exquisite new odor).

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

Get Art Panel and Samples

This large art panel, entitled "Sweetest Story Ever Told," is in beautiful colors. Size, 26 x 8 inches. Samples sent of the "Instant Beauty" treatment, including Pompeian Day Cream, Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom. Also Night Cream and Pompeian Fragrance. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. All for a dime (in coin). Please clip coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY

2009 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Also made in Canada



THE POMPEIAN CO.,
2009 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, O.
Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for a 1920 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel and Instant Beauty samples. Also samples of Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum).
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Flesh Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested.

A Merry Make-Believe Picnic

By Claire Wallis



W E all know the girl who says she cannot entertain because the house or apartment in which she lives is too small. But this need not keep you from giving a party. Here is one for St. Valentine's day, planned especially for homes limited in space.

Write the invitations in white ink on red paper or cardboard cut in the shape of picnic baskets, or, make the basket double, paste the edges together and cut one of the lids like a flap. For the latter, the invitations should be written on small pieces of paper, folded and stuck in the basket. Seal the lid with a little gummed heart, or you may paste a red ribbon on the invitation, with a heart on one end, to pull it from the basket. Here is a verse that may be altered to suit:

Will you come to my picnic
On Monday next at eight?
St. Valentine will chaperon;
Perhaps you'll meet your Fate!

The secret of making more space in small quarters is to move as much of the furniture out of the way as possible, and to use as many rooms as can be spared by the family. Place all the furniture which cannot be put into another room flat against the wall, and scatter as many stools, ottomans and cushions around as possible, so if there are not sufficient chairs, the guests can sit informally on the floor. One bedroom should be reserved for the girls' dressing-room; the boys may use closets-trees in the hall.

For entertainment, the things which go to make a picnic can be imitated indoors. Start the party off in the following manner: In a small basket, pass around the usual things served at a picnic, such as two bottles of olives, two deviled eggs, two ham sandwiches or two oranges. These may be illustrations cut from food advertisements and cooking recipes. The pairs will match up for partners. It is better to pass the basket twice, or have the imitation food divided into two baskets so there will be no confusion.

When all have found partners, send them for a stroll down Lovers' Lane, which is the hall. Tell them to tally up the names of all the famous lovers, past and gone.

For this game, interlocked hearts should be cut from birch-bark, paper, or red cardboard and tacked in various places through the hall. On each pair of hearts are either the initials, rebuses, illustrations, or pied letters of the names of well-known lovers both ancient and modern. Thus the strollers through Lovers' Lane will find a J leaning over a balcony to an R for Shakespeare's famous pair; a lily and a shield with the initials E and L for the Lily Maid of Astolat and Tennyson's knight. The names David and Dora may prove puzzling for a few minutes, until the last names which Dickens gave Copperfield and his child-wife come to mind. Lohengrin and Elsa's initials with a swan between them ought to be significant enough. Darby and Joan, Paul and Virginia, Marguerite and Faust can all be treated in somewhat the same way. At the end of the stroll, the tallies and pencils should be collected after the names of the strollers have been signed to each, and prizes awarded the pair who have discovered the greatest number of lovers. A penknife for the boy and a small corsage bouquet

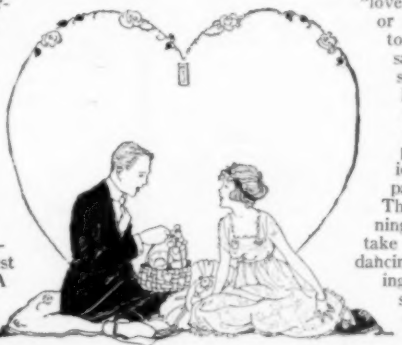
of roses or violets for the girl will be appropriate prizes.

A more strenuous game, but also adaptable for small quarters, is a new blind man's buff. Instead of a handkerchief, the blind man is masked by a pair of rose-colored spectacles, cut from stiff pink paper and tied on with ribbons. Before he can give up the spectacles, he must tag and be able to identify the one caught by asking the question: "What do you love best in the world?" and the answer and voice should give a clue. When the party appears to grow tired of this, the hostess may suggest a new game called, "Filling the Picnic Basket."

Small red cardboard baskets, about three inches square, with tape or ribbon handles are passed to the guests who are seated in a circle on the floor. Then from a larger box the hostess passes a number of small red hearts with a letter of the alphabet on each. Ten hearts are given to each guest, and the hostess announces that from the hearts, each guest must spell the name of something to be packed in the basket. There will be much exchanging and bargaining for letters; someone who has an "a", an "i" and an "e" may offer three letters for two "p's" to complete one word. The first to use up his ten letters and fill his basket with the full word, wins a prize.

Next may come a stunt called "Untying Lovers' Knots." Someone who is clever at knots may tie up a ball of red cord into half as many strings of knots as there are guests, making each cord exactly the same length and the same as to knots. Lay these over the top of a sheet that has been hung across the room, so that one end of the cords hangs on each side of the sheet. Assemble the girls on one side of the sheet and the boys on the other. Each girl and boy takes an end. The sheet is dropped, and the partners face each other with the string between them to be untied. The boy works from one end, the girl from the other. The first pair to meet with their knots untied get the prize, a bolt of lingerie ribbon for the girl and pocket tapemeasure for the man.

I T will be time for supper after this, so try a new way of pairing off the partners again. Build a tree out of the newel post and label it the "trysting tree." In the painted muslin, which will make its bark, cut slits for tiny love-letters, red for the boys and white for the girls. On the cards in the small envelopes, write directions something like this: "Meet me at the top of the stairs," or, "I'll be waiting at the left end of the davenport." Let the boys take their messages first. There will be two of each, so that when the girls keep their trysts, a partner will be waiting for each one. Supper should be passed in small baskets. Trim the handles with candy bouquets made by wrapping hard, round candies in waxed paper, and to each fasten a shower of candy motto hearts on pink paper ribbons. Inside the baskets, have two paper plates, two spoons, two napkins, two "love apples"—apples or hot-house tomatoes stuffed with salad—heart-shaped sandwiches, candy kisses, and nuts wrapped in pink paper. Cones packed with pink ice-cream may be passed separately. The end of the evening will gracefully take care of itself in dancing and the singing of old love-songs. Goodspirits are bound to prevail.



- 1 Select the right beans by analysis.
- 2 Boil in soft water so the skins do not toughen.
- 3 Bake in steam ovens so the beans remain whole.
- 4 Bake in sealed containers so flavor can't escape.
- 5 Bake the sauce with them.
- 6 Bake them so they easily digest.

New Rules For Baking Beans

By the Van Camp Domestic Science Expert

Scientific cooks have now developed new ways of baking beans. But these new rules require costly facilities. So modern baked beans can't be baked at home.

The great thing is to have baked beans easy to digest. Then to have them mellow, nut-like, uncrisped and unbroken. Then to have all flavor kept intact.

This is how the culinary experts do this at Van Camp's.

The Van Camp Way

The beans they use are grown on studied soils. Each lot is analyzed before they start to cook.

The water used is freed from minerals. Hard water makes skins tough.

The baking is done in steam ovens. In no other way can high heat be applied for hours so beans are fitted to digest.

The beans are sealed before baking. The choicest flavor will escape without that.

The sauce they use is a many-year development. It is perfect in its tang and zest. And they bake it with the beans.

In these ways Van Camp's Beans are made easy to digest. They are nut-like, mealy, whole. The flavor is intact.

They cost you less than home-baked beans. They are ever-ready to serve hot or cold. And no such beans were ever baked outside the Van Camp kitchens. Go find them out.



Scientific Cooks—

Men with college training—direct the baking of Van Camp's Beans. And they spent four years in learning the best methods.



No broken beans. No crisped beans. No hard beans. No tough skins.

VAN CAMP'S

Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Soups
—18 kinds

Based on famous French recipes, but perfected by countless scientific tests.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

The finest Italian recipe made vastly better by these scientific cooks.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

A new flavor due to blended nuts, roasted exactly right. No skins, no germs.



She Has Used It Now for Twenty Years

IF you knew just how rich and pure Carnation Milk is, you would use it daily in your home—for cooking, baking, drinking, infant feeding and every milk use.

It is remarkably convenient, and very economical.

It is cows' milk, just that; nothing added, not even sugar; nothing taken away but a part of the water. Sterilized right in its hermetically sealed container, it is absolutely pure.

And you can get this pure, rich milk from your grocer—The Carnation Milkman.

Our cook book contains one hundred economical recipes. Send for it.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
253 CONSUMERS BUILDING, CHICAGO

Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

Carnation Milk Products Company
Seattle Chicago Aylmer, Ontario



The label is white and red



Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government booklets written for housekeepers and mothers especially. The Bureau will be pleased to get for you, as long as the edition lasts, copies of some of the booklets described below. The other booklets may be obtained as directed. When writing to our Bureau always enclose a two-cent stamp with your request for booklets or information, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

Motherhood

ALTHOUGH a large number could be saved each year, nearly a quarter of a million babies die in the United States. Death comes to one hundred thousand of these infants in the first month of life, due, in the majority of cases, to the conditions affecting their mothers before they were born. Prospective mothers, who appreciate the importance of proper care and attention, can obtain a copy of this booklet by sending their requests to our Washington Bureau.

Breast Feeding

OF every hundred bottle-fed babies, twenty-five die during the first year of life; of every hundred breast-fed babies only six die during their first year. For this reason, the United States Public Health Service is trying to encourage mothers to nurse their babies. The nursing baby not only gets the best food, but he is less liable to such diseases as summer complaint, convulsions and tuberculosis. Mothers should get a copy of this booklet through our Washington Bureau.

Bottle Feeding

THIS booklet, which is issued by the United States Public Health Service, contains many helpful hints. It advises the use of, and tells how to sterilize milk, how to make and use a simple home-made milk refrigerator, care of the milk bottles, and how and what to feed the baby. A copy of this leaflet may be obtained through our Washington Bureau.

Home Bread Making

THIS booklet, prepared in the Office of Home Economics, tells of the principal requirements and qualities which go to make good bread, how to judge it, and contains recipes for making several kinds of bread, biscuits, and rolls. Its pages, devoted to utensils, cleanliness, measuring, mixing and molding, temperature and care of the dough, shaping the loaves, baking and care of the bread after baking, will prove exceptionally valuable. A copy of this booklet may be obtained from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 807.

Hints to Poultry Raisers

THIS booklet gives in a brief, concise way directions which will assist materially in raising poultry. It deals with selection of the breed, natural and artificial incubation and brooding, poultry houses and fixtures, feeding, marketing, common diseases and their treatment, and a list of poultry maxims. A copy of this booklet may be obtained from the Division of Publication, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 528.

Saving Fuel in Heating

SAVING FUEL IN HEATING, is the title of a leaflet issued jointly by the Treasury and Agriculture Departments. It deals with the treatment of heaters, building and care of the fire, and contains suggestions for getting the most out of fuel. A copy of this leaflet may be obtained from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for Thrift Leaflet No. 12 when making your request.

Farm Household Accounts

FARM household accounts are valuable, both as supplements to the records of the farm business in general and as a means of effecting savings in operating the home. The methods given in this booklet are of the simplest character; they are intended to suggest how household accounts may be kept, rather than to outline any hard and fast system. A copy of this booklet may be obtained from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 964.



COCOANUT Makes Good Pies Better

Dromedary Cocoanut adds a delicious, novel flavor to *prune and other dried fruit pies*. It is also fine in fresh fruit, Washington and custard pies.

It solves the question of variety and increases the food value.



Dromedary Cocoanut is always fresh and moist and its "Ever-Sealed" package keeps it so until the last shred is used.

Surprise the family, delight them, by adding a little Dromedary Cocoanut to your next pie.

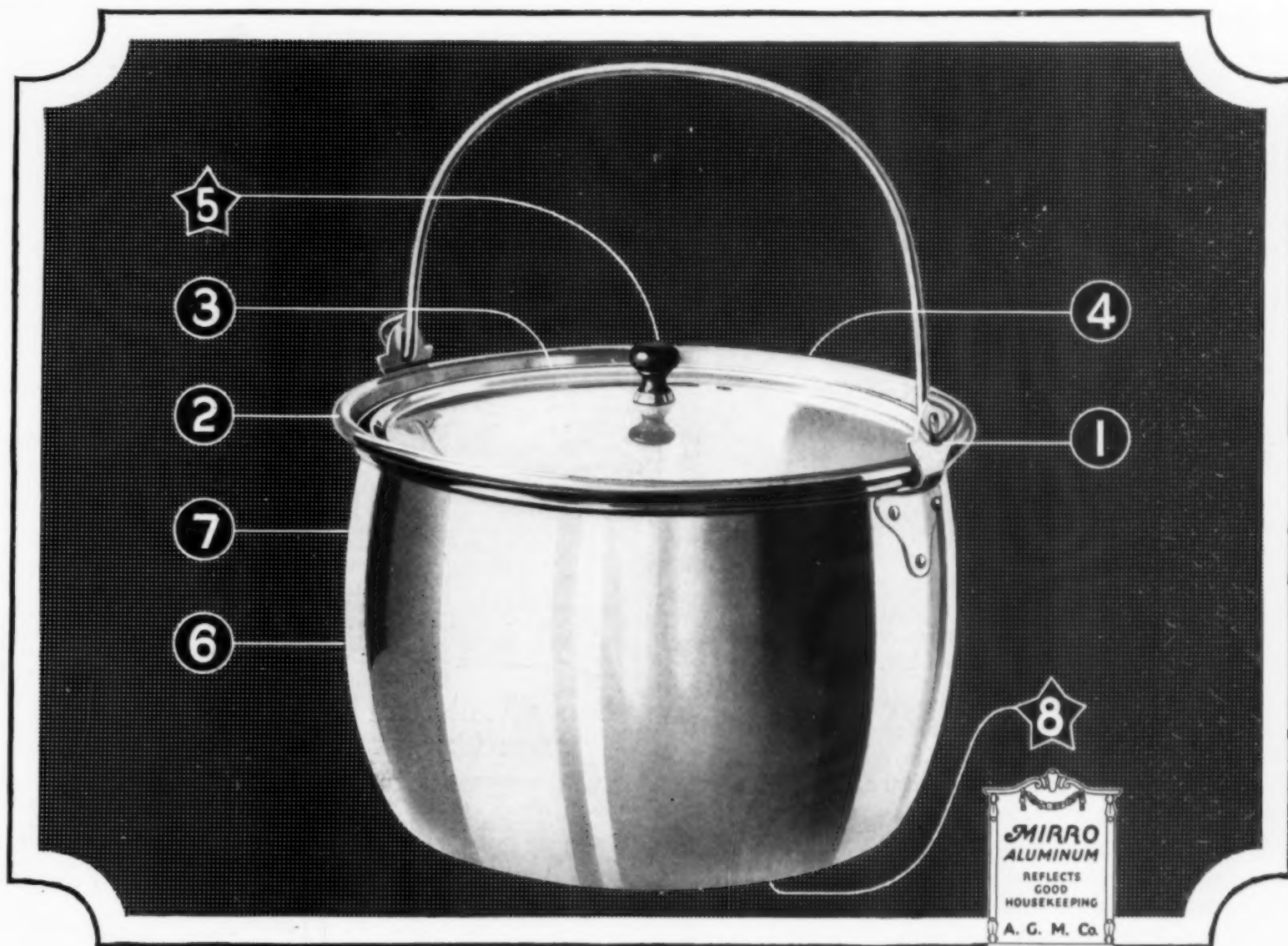


Every Package Contains Guarantee

We will gladly send you the new book of "Dromedary Novelty Recipes" Free—it tells how to make many delicious pies, puddings, candies, and plain dishes.

The
HILLS BROTHERS
Company
375 Washington Street
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Mirro Stays Years in Service

There is solid, substantial virtue in Mirro Aluminum. For Mirro wears—into the second generation, if given a little care—and long life but mellows its lustrous beauty.

And—from the standpoint of utility, economy and convenience—Mirro is wholly modern. It is light, hence easy to lift. It is a wonderful conductor of heat, therefore a fuel-saver. And its many features of convenience make it the most efficient cooking ware in the world.

Note them well in this Mirro Convex Kettle:

(1) Handle-rest ears hold bail in three positions and prevent it from coming in contact with sides of Kettle. (2) Tightly rolled, sanitary bead, free from dirt-catching crevice.

(3) Inset cover prevents boiling over. (4) Bead of cover upturned, thus protected against steam and liquid. ☆(5) Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob, an exclusive Mirro feature.

(6) Convex sides prevent contents from pouring off when liquid is being drained. (7) The famous Mirro finish.

☆(8) Famous Mirro trade-mark stamped into the bottom of every piece, and your guarantee of quality throughout.

Remember, also, that Mirro is the perfected product of more than a quarter of a century's experience in aluminum making; and that with all its beauty, utility, and convenience, it costs no more than the ordinary kind.

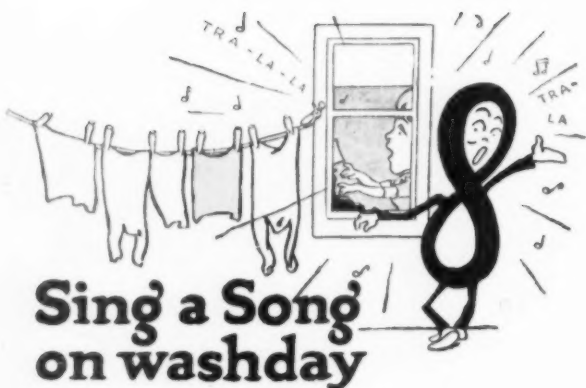
Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company

General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.

Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM

Reflects
Good Housekeeping



YOU'LL feel like it, too—if you have a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer! For the 1900 is the *perfect* washing machine. Here's why—

In the first place, there's the magic figure 8 which is an exclusive feature of the 1900. This means that the water is forced through the clothes in a figure 8 motion—four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

And the gleaming copper tub—there's not a single part in it to tear fine blouses or dainty underwear. You can trust anything to it! And when you're through with the washing, there are no parts in the tub to lift out and clean.

But that isn't all—the swinging, reversible wringer which works electrically also, can be swung from washer clear over to the clothes basket without moving or shifting the washer!

In 8 or 10 minutes your whole tubful of clothes is snowy white—and at a cost of less than 2c an hour.

Our Special Trial Offer

You may prove to yourself that the 1900 is the perfect washing machine. There is a 1900 dealer near you who will gladly demonstrate a 1900 Cataract Washer right in your own home. Then if you wish, you may start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. Remember, we also have washing machines operated by hand and water power.

Write us today for the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of "George Brinton's Wife." It's a story you will enjoy. Molly, his pretty little wife, had troubles of her own until she interrupted a bridge party, and then things began to happen.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

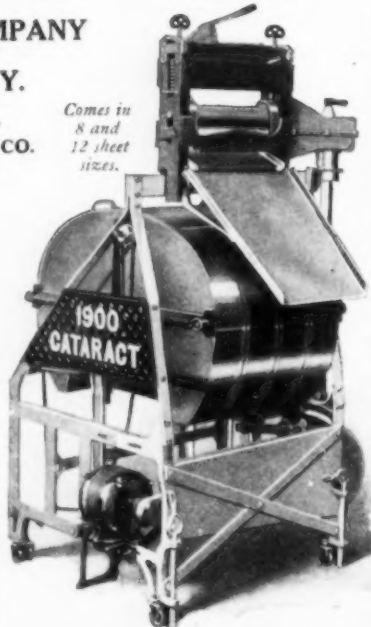
1900 WASHER COMPANY

202 Clinton Street
Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory and Office
CANADIAN 1900 WASHER CO.
357 Yonge St., Toronto



The water swirls through the tub in a figure 8 movement, four times as often as in the ordinary washer.



Just connect it with the electric light and off it starts.

1900 WASHER COMPANY
202 Clinton Street
Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the story "George Brinton's Wife."

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____



The Madness of Henrietta Havisham

[Continued from page 6]

you right away because I hoped that somebody besides Amanda and me loved Rock Top."

Not a soul answered Miss Havisham. "My collection was a labor of love. I didn't dream it would be worth anything. You see I have the first Chinese life of Lincoln, and I have a bundle of tracts against him that my cousin brought from Andersonville. They are very valuable. I have almost everything that can be had. I—"

Amanda Daniel looked down at Miss Havisham.

"Oh, Miss Havisham," said she pityingly, "did you have to sell them all?"

"No," said Miss Havisham slowly. Then she smiled. She could speak to Amanda with perfect openness. No one in Rock Top would accuse her of boasting, since no one would believe what she said. For Mr. Edwards she did not care a snap of her finger.

"I loaned him some of my scrap-books to look over," she explained. "But what I sold him was thirteen of my duplicate tracts."

Books Will Find You Out

[Continued from page 16]

thought that it was a sinful thing. I saved the day by giving her a religious book. The next time I hope she will permit her son to take a book for himself. For over-worked mothers I am prescribing Mrs. Wiggs, Napoleon of the Plush-Rocker, and similar books.

"Every trip confirms my faith in the book-wagon. It preaches no sermons, but its books silently and delightfully influence character, and make people think. Let me drive a book-wagon and I care not who makes the laws of the State. Oh, for millions of dollars to send the traveling-libraries over all the roads of the country!"

One need not be a visionary to foresee the library of the future as the country's most democratic and far-reaching medium for education. Like Mahomet and the mountain, if a man cannot go after a book, the book must come to him. Of course we must continue to maintain our beautiful library buildings with their reading and reference and children's rooms. They are part of the social life of the community and essential to it. But even in the heart of the city we must penetrate with our book-wagons to parts that are as yet untouched by us.

There are the business sections, with thousands of workers, too rushed or tired to think of seeking a library, particularly if they have to travel any distance. The wagon should be on the spot with a fresh assortment of books every day, to meet them as they come and go, furnishing them with the all-important recreational reading, and with business books as well.

Since we are peering ahead, we might also admit the airplane to consideration. The wild and difficult trail will no longer discourage the shipping of books to the mountain hamlet, when we have our Parnassus on wings. But, before we soar, let us meet the obligation and the opportunity to send more books traveling about the land.

It has been said again and again that the average American is good-natured and easy-going. He takes things as they come and does not worry. Some people even accept as a natural corollary, "Everything comes to him who waits." That is the kind of optimism which is destructive to real upbuilding and progress. Never before in the history of our country has there been a more crying need for information, knowledge and tolerance to enable us to comprehend our overwhelming political and economic problems. We need books—books that contain truthful representation of world events, books that help us to understand our neighbors, books that will spur us on to better thinking and living. And these books must circulate throughout the land. The men, women and children in isolated districts must be given their right to these books. Let us cry with the American Library Association: "A book-wagon for every county of every state." The county is the logical unit of distribution. If your state or county law does not provide for real library service, see that it does. For we must develop and extend our free library service, if we are to make our America the country of fulfilled promise.



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TO ECONOMIZE ON SPACE in the clothes-closet, try this very practical suggestion: Take a dozen curtain rings, or more if desired, crocheting with a single stitch around them to make a nice finish. With two safety-pins fasten each dress or blouse (by the waistband) to two of the rings. The rings may be slipped over a clothes-hanger, and in this manner many dresses or blouses can be hung on one hanger.—Mrs. A. T. W., Maple Creek, Saskatchewan.

AN ATTRACTIVE LUNCHEON SET may be made with very little expense in the following manner: Select two large flour sacks, hemstitch the four sides of each sack and fagot two of the sides together, or if you wish the cloth larger, more sacks can be added in the same way. A stenciled border of bluebirds, or any other design harmonizing with your dining-room, will give an attractive finish. The napkins should also be made from the flour sacks and hemstitched to match the cloth.—Mrs. J. B., Antigo, Wisconsin.

KNITTED SILK PORTIERES are not uncommon, but few, perhaps, appreciate their delightful use as foot coverings for beds. For the guest-room, a handsome one may be made in either Roman stripes or a solid color to match the furnishings. To make these quilts, use long wooden needles, and cut the silk on the bias in narrow half-inch strips. This will give the shaggy effect and will avoid too much raveling. Knit in strips and sew together, or, if preferred, in one wide piece any length desired.—Mrs. A. B., Worcester, Massachusetts.

SAVE ALL UNCOOKED MUTTON SCRAPS and put them in a cup in the warming oven. After washing dishes, dip the finger-tips, while still damp, in the warm fat, rubbing it well into the hands. This is splendid for keeping the hands soft, and a sure preventative against hang-nails.—E. F., Los Gatos, California.

WHEN PRESSING A GARMENT on which there is a row of buttons, fold a Turkish towel and lay the article on it with the buttons downward; iron on the wrong side. The buttons will sink into the towel and the garment can be ironed without a wrinkle.—Mrs. M. M. B., St. Brides, Virginia.

COLLARS AND CUFFS, VEILS AND JABOTS may be kept without wrinkling if placed between the leaves of a large magazine. "Index" your articles by letting an end or corner of each protrude beyond the leaves between which they are placed. This is also an excellent labor and time saver for the small sister who wears hair ribbons and Buster Brown ties.—F. O., New York City, New York.

THE DIFFICULTY IN TYING A PACKAGE may be eliminated by wrapping the string twice around the bundle; instead of making the ordinary tie, insert the ends of the string beneath both windings. By doing this, the cord can be drawn as tight as desired without slipping.—F. J. S., Washington, D. C.

IN THE WINTER MONTHS, a clothes-line stretched across your back porch will be found most convenient and practical. Fasten iron harness rings to the porch posts

with heavy staples such as are used in building wire fences. Attach corresponding rings to the sides of the house, run a soft cotton clothes-line through the rings, fastening both ends securely. This will be found most useful when the snow is on the ground.—Mrs. C. E. J., Newaygo, Michigan.

APPLES MAY BE TASTEFULLY PREPARED in this new and novel way: Core six apples and stuff with a mixture of dried bread crumbs, brown sugar, cinnamon and flecks of butter. Place in a shallow dish, and pour over them the following sauce which has been brought to the boiling point: One and one-half cups of water, one cup of dark brown sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Bake in the oven, slowly, until the apples are thoroughly cooked.—M. D., Brooklyn, New York.

DO NOT DISCARD A VEIL in which there is a hole or two. It may be mended in the following way: Thread a needle with two strands of hair the color as near the shade of the veil as possible. Draw the strands through the mesh and pull the veil together. Tie the hair securely and clip the ends. If carefully done the mend will be scarcely noticeable.—Mrs. A. M., Reidsville, North Carolina.

IN USING A JAR OF FRUIT for salads or dessert, there is always a half a pint or more of the fruit-juice left for which there is, often, no immediate use. If heated and bottled, this juice will

keep indefinitely, and can be used in making cool drinks and gelatines. When I open a jar of peaches or pears, I put a sprig of either fresh or dried mint into a half-pint Mason jar, heat the liquid to the boiling point, pour it over the mint and seal. This makes a delicious base for many cool summer-time drinks as it can be combined with ginger ale, apple-juice or charged water with good effect.—Mrs. J. C. L., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

TO RELEASE A CORRODED FAUCET of other brass apparatus, thoroughly soak the stiff joint with strong ammonia and leave it on for a while, renewing it from time to time. Ammonia has the property of dissolving copper salts, and in a short time the verdigris will be softened and the joint released.—S. J. H., New York City.

FUDGE WILL BE FIFTY PER CENT BETTER if the chocolate is added after the mixture of sugar and milk has been sufficiently cooked and half cooled. Be sure to have the chocolate finely shaved; it will melt easily when beaten into the warm mixture.

3 cupfuls light brown sugar
1/2 teaspoonful vanilla
1 cupful finely-shaved bitter chocolate

Add the vanilla after the chocolate.—F. M. O., Louisville, Kentucky.

Another cup please!



—and another cup at night time doesn't hurt, if it's

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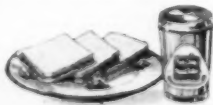
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The Fairy-Story Lady

(Continued from page 11)

little wretch invented—but that was too utterly absurd!

"I beg pardon," Badger said. "I was brought! And the door stuck!"

"It always does," the brown bird said, in a quiet, deep voice—a voice in which to tell stories—and other things! "We're glad you were brought. Will you sit down?"

But what Badger had feared all the way and had only now just forgotten to fear, suddenly overtook him. A shrill and piping voice broke in on the fairy-story lady's invitation.

"It's Prince Kalmus, Miss Faith!" cried the mite, hurling herself into the fairy-story girl's lap. "His father did send him away, and the old witch did change him into a pleasant lad, and he took me to the palace and we had choc'lit cake with goo into it, and a man in funny clo'es behind his chair, and his father's a old pirate, and he's lookin' for the beggar-girl, and I found him in the park, and, oh, Miss Faith—"

"Just a minute, Katie. Don't you remember what I've told you about the little Baby Commas, and the big Father Periods? We're missing all the best parts of your story!"

There was a chorus from the encircling children, breathless after that first hysterical giggle and only now become articulate again.

"Him, Prince Kalmus?" "Is he?" "Aw, he ain't, neither!" "Le's see your velvet pants!" "He ain't got 'em on—he's changed into a peasant, y'u gump!" "D' y'u believe it, Miss Faith?" "Aw, he's jest a-kiddin'!"

"Chil-dren!" Miss Faith did not raise her voice, she did not speak sharply, but above the babel she was heard. There was instant silence.

"I want an apology," she said, facing them without a smile.

They squirmed in their places, looking all ways, but she waited. Then in a hesitant chorus, they chimed:

"We're sorry, Miss Faith!"

"Forgiven!" she said. "Now, Katie has brought us a guest. She says he is Prince Kalmus. Her guest hasn't had a chance to speak for himself, because of all the confusion. It isn't so dreadfully quiet, even now."

It had not been, but suddenly it was.

"There. Thank you! Katie, sit down by Margaret and Tony. I want to speak to our guest a minute, and then we can start the story properly."

The little forest of children was suddenly topped with waving branches of arms.

"Well, Alfredo—what is it?"

"Pleasee, Mees, you as-sk heem iss he preence firs' theeng?"

The waving branches were stilled; it was not hard to guess that Alfredo had voiced the question of all.

The fairy-story lady turned to Badger. "You'd better be the prince," she warned, in a low tone, "or there may be a riot!"

He nodded, smiling back at her smile. "Certainly. Anything you like. Only—"

"What?"

He laughed awkwardly. "If they should want to go, in a body, to the palace—I—I couldn't. Katie ate, so—and I've only between thirty and forty cents left in the world."

"Oh," she said, with a quick note of pity in her voice, "oh, they shan't do that!" and turned to the waiting children.

"Our guest is one of the princes," she said, laughing out at them. "But you must remember that he hasn't found the beggar-maid yet, so he hasn't the old witch for his slave. And we must ask no favors. Now, will you be good for a few minutes, and excuse us from the room?"

"Yes, Miss Faith."

Hurriedly the midget's piping voice hurried at them: "Don't let my prince ditch out, neither!"

The prince and the lady fled, holding their laughter in until they had reached sanctuary—a trifle of a study at one end of the corridor.

"Now," the fairy-story girl demanded, facing him abruptly, "did you really spend—much, on Katie?"

"Not much," he lied, magnificently.

"I'm glad. We can't reach the problem of all the Kates that way, I'm convinced. At least you were unbelievably kind to her—and because she is one of my folks, I'm thanking you."

"It did me good, I think. And I certainly needed doing good!"

"Troubles?" The question seemed so natural, for her. Badger imagined that she heard a good many of them. He held himself in.

(Continued on page 36)

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Close the Ring

By Mother, Child, and School Joining Hands

By Henrietta Miles Wallach

ARE you a 7/12 mother? The 7/12 mother concerns herself with only seven of her child's waking hours.

At nine in the morning, or thereabouts, she speeds off her young offspring with the reflection: "I've washed him, I've combed him, I've found his lost reader, I've done my duty. Now let the teacher do hers!"

To such a mother the schoolhouse is a relief station where she may deposit her son for five (oh, so short!) hours, in order that she may be free to follow out, undisturbed, her household program. Indeed, some of these mothers are piqued because the "relief stations" are not kept open on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays!

"Just think," said one of these mothers, "the long summer vacation is coming. What shall I do with him?"

"I know what I'll do," she added as the rescuing thought penetrated her frightened consciousness. "I'll send him to camp."

Now this mother might have been acclaimed as a model as far as her boy's physical welfare was concerned. She kept him in well-starched blouses, clean "knickerbockers" and had fed him to a goodly size, and yet she ran away from that which concerned her boy most deeply—his education. This was something to be handed over to institutions, paid or otherwise.

The State took over the education of the child only when it found that the mother was performing her function so poorly that the life of the State was threatened. Then the State stepped in, huddled a number of children and a few supervisors together, threw a shed over them all and called the result a school. Neither the mother nor the State has ever recovered from this original makeshift.

What is the school of today? An indictment against the mother that she has failed in the performance of her highest duty—that of educating her own child.

To most mothers, schools are moated fortresses. Very few mothers ever cross the moat. One that did, exclaimed, "I had no idea that Frank's teacher was such a young, pleasant person. Do you know I pictured her like Miss Smith—Miss Smith with the knob on her head—the teacher of the graduating class!"

Fifteen years have passed since that mother had revised her stock example of a school-teacher—Miss Smith of the graduating class!

ANOTHER mother who had crossed the drawbridge, remarked:

"I really don't know much about the candidates for governor. I never met either of the gentlemen, and I don't care whether or not I do. But I would like to meet the chairman of our local school board. I would like to ask him why my child is compelled to play in a basement that contains such filthy lavatories."

Recently an excited mother rushed into the office of the Principal of a large city school. Her son had failed to appear for his noon-day meal.

"Has Fred Koch been detained?" she asked, much perturbed.

"I'll find out for you in a moment," answered the Principal as he made his way toward the bulky school directory. Soon he was fumbling among the K's.

"And which Fred Koch is your boy? We have five of them in our school. What is the name of your Fred's teacher?"



"Now that you ask me I really never remember having heard Fred say," answered the anxious mother.

"The class?" questioned the Principal beginning to lose hope.

"Well, let me see—he was in 3A—or was it 3B?—before he was promoted," came the illuminating response.

At last the Principal was forced to resort to the Solomon-like procedure of summing up the five Freddy Kochs from their five respective classrooms and noting which one would fling himself repentantly into the arms of the worried Mrs. Koch.

How many mothers would find themselves in the same predicament?

Do you know the name of your child's teacher? Have you ever met her personally?

Do you know the name of the Principal of the school? Have you ever met him personally?

Do you know your child's grade in present-day terms? Some mothers are still wrestling with fourth primary and seventh grammar instead of using the more modern designations—3A and 5B.

In case of emergency, do you know the telephone number of the school? Which exit does your child use? Some schools have as many as ten exits. Do you know which one your child uses in case you wish to meet him promptly at dismissal time? Do you know the exact location of his room without having to be conducted thither by a troop of amateur guides?

These are only a few of the questions that the mother may ask herself in order to ascertain whether her interest in her child is 7/12 or the full 12/12.

THUS far, the father has been passed over. And for this reason: those that were acting as mothers to their children usually attacked the educational side of their functions in a most direct and businesslike way.

"I am a divorced man," a father explained to one of our teachers. "I have been awarded the custody of my boy. I am trying my utmost to make up for the loss of a mother. Will you help me?"

Needless to say this father kept himself constantly informed of his child's progress. Needless to say that that teacher injected into her relations with his child just as much motherly love as she could summon.

Strange as it may seem, the school and the home are linked more closely in the poorer quarters. The schoolhouse with its waving American flag is a port of information for the foreigner, the place to which he brings his troubles, the place where he expects to have them straightened out.

These foreigners have unbounded confidence in the extent of the teacher's influence.

"Please," begged one mother, "you will tell my Abie he shouldn't hit me."

As long as there are 7/12 mothers there will be 5/12 teachers—teachers whose interest in your child extends only through the five hours during which he is in school. The result is that the child of today leads

two distinct lives—a school-life and a home-life. The mother pulls the child one way, the teacher the other. Since he is not a conscious factor, the child cannot help the situation by his own endeavor. Only when the mother and the school join hands and close the ring, will the child lead the one true life—child-life.

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Today every woman wishes to keep her youth. In years gone by, it did not mean so much. But now the key-note of society seems to be youth, especially in appearance.

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cause they did not want to use crude, greasy hair dyes. Dainty women almost shuddered at the thought.

Science has long sought a way for ending gray hairs other than the use of old-time dyes. And that way has been found. It is given to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer.

Now women find no more excuse for gray hair than they do for shiny complexions. Good taste sanctions the use of this scientific hair color restorer. Dainty and fastidious women use it with the same freedom they do powder.

Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer

Make This Test

Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer is a pure, colorless liquid. It is pleasant to apply and as simple as combing the hair.

Remember, Mary T. Goldman's is a scientific hair color restorer. Its action is gradual. Perfect results can hardly, if ever, be achieved in less than from 4 to 8 days of constant treatment.

Besides restoring your hair to its natural color, Mary T. Goldman's makes your hair soft and fluffy. You can curl it or dress it as usual. It will not fade or wash off.

We want you to try this scientific hair color restorer first. Cut out the coupon. Mail it to us and we will send you a free trial bottle and our special comb.

Try it on a single lock of your hair. Note how dainty it is to use. How with each combing the gray hairs become darker and the natural color is restored. Then you will know why women no longer hesitate.

Cut out the coupon now.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1522 Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minn.

Accept No Imitations
For Sale By Druggists Everywhere

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1522 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is black... jet black... dark brown... medium brown... light brown...

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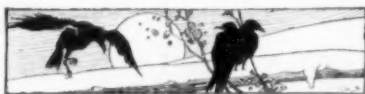
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250 W. 37th St. New York City



The Fairy-Story Lady

[Continued from page 35]

"Well, yes—something like them, at any rate. But they don't matter."

"Not if you don't think so!" she said, positively. "Will you come back and hear the children's story now?"

"Could I come—I mean, would you mind my coming—some other time—or—"

Badger was very young, very despondent, very lonesome, and a little frightened at life. The bitterness of his sudden disappointment in himself and his divine fire had quite taken the tuck out of him.

To such a sensitive and hurt and music-mad youth, three thousand miles from home, and millions of miles, as it seemed to him, from even the most lowly sort of a chance, a calm, strong, friendly girl had given a smiling and almost unvoiced sympathy. Her appreciative and expressive "Oh!" had meant to him things quite out of all proportion—beyond all bounds set for it by dictionary builders. He simply "caved in."

"Fairy-story lady!" he cried, "I'm broke, and discouraged, and I haven't a friend nearer than Denver. I'm so homesick that I guess I'm silly! You have so much to give; will you give me an hour—somewhere—when you're through with the children?"

She put a hand on his—as though he might have been one of the bigger boys in the room beyond.

"Any hour you like," she said, half smiling and half in tears. "Of course I will. Tell me something about it."

"The children are waiting."

"They will wait. Wouldn't you—with a live prince on the premises?"

He made a wry face. "Such a prince!" he cried.

"You don't understand children, I'm afraid," she said instantly. "They see through people. If you hadn't been something princely to Katie she would never have spoken to you! If she hadn't discovered—well, that is what you may take away with you to think over. Meantime—are you going to tell me about the troubles?"

"I thought I had a gift—and I find it was only a dream."

"Are you an artist?"

"I supposed—up to the last day or so—that I was a violinist."

"Probably you are—if you think so hard enough, and don't give up thinking it! You came here to make a career for yourself?"

"That was part of the dream."

"How long ago?"

"Three months."

She laughed, and in spite of himself he laughed a little, too.

"Don't you really see how short three months can be?" she demanded. "If I remember, it was Kreisler who—"

"But he was a genius!"

"Suppose he was. He had to keep the fire burning—burning! Listen: I will give you an hour, or more, if I can help. But you must do something for me."

"Anything!" Then, coloring, he added: "If there is anything!"

"You're not believing hard that you are the prince!" she chided. "I'm afraid the fairies can't do much if you won't do that little."

"I forgot. Forgive me!"

"What I want you to do is to play for me this afternoon, while I tell a story. I've a perfectly wonderful story, that you've brought into my head. And I want you to play while I tell it. Don't you see what a justification that will be for Katie—and what a help to me?"

His eyes softened. "I want to," he said. "I never felt so much like playing. But I've no violin."

"One of the girls in the grades here has an orchestra. There'll be a violin somewhere—perhaps not a fine one, but—Wait here a minute!"

It was not a very fine one. But with those amazed and transported children before him, Badger played such music as he had never called from his instrument before. She had told him that any simple little melodies would do. And, accompanying that deep, resonant, singing voice of hers, he began a soft, weird Russian melody.

Once upon a time, in a black, black forest of the Pyrenees, lived and reigned a cruel, wicked king, who declared that there should be in his kingdom nothing beautiful, nothing gentle, nothing lovely—because he hated beauty and gentleness and feared them. And, as fate would have it, there was born to him a princeling, who was so lovely, so gentle, and so good that he was hated and hated by his gloomy father.

The cadence of the story rose and fell—the youth caught it up into a melody of his

[Continued on page 42]



Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

Start to-night—after two or three applications you will see results.

After years of research specialists have created this delightful, harmless cream which leaves the skin without a blemish. If your druggist hasn't it, write us direct. See per jar.

Stillman's Face Powder - 50c
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At Drug Stores everywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet—"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" for helpful beauty hints.

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Face Powder—

—wonderful because it blends so naturally with the skin and is so delightfully fragrant with

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15 Packets to Test 10c, Worth 75c
Aurora, striped; Apple Blossom, delicate; Cecina, pure coral; Dora Breadmore, primrose; Earliest of All, pink and white; King Edward, bright scarlet; Lavender Gem, lavender; Lovely, exquisite; Janet Scott, rich pink; Miss Wilmoth, orange pink; Rhania, ivory white; White Wonder, double white; Scarlet Gem, scarlet; Eckford's Hybrid, mixed; California Giant, large mixed. Catalogue and rebate check free. One packet each of above 15 Sweet Peas for 10c.

DEPOSIT SEED CO., DEPOSIT, N. Y.
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Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Readings, Drills, Pageants, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 36, Chicago

PLAYS
Vaudeville Acts, How to Stage a Play, Make-up Goods, Entertainments



Teeth are Ruined By a Film—Millions of Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

These are facts which every woman, for her sake and the family's sake, should know. They may save troubles which are life-long in effect.

The teeth's great enemy is a slimy film. It is ever-present, ever-forming. You can feel it with your tongue.

It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary brushing methods leave much of it intact. Thus millions find that daily brushing fails, to save the teeth. In fact, statistics show that tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Most tooth troubles, and many others, are thus traced to the film.

The Great Dental Problem

How to end that film has been for years a major dental problem. It was evident that clean teeth were impossible without that. The result of this research is today an efficient film combatant.

The method has been tested for five years. Able authorities have proved it by clinical and laboratory tests. Thousands of dentists have proved it. Now leading dentists everywhere advise its daily use.

For home use, the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to demonstrate its action, a 10-Day Tube is being offered to everyone who asks. This is to urge you to get it.

Based on Active Pepsin

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual method is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. What dental science has discovered is a harmless activating method, so that active pepsin may be regularly applied.

Combined with pepsin are other qualities which authorities now advise. So Pepsodent, in every way, is the ideal modern dentifrice.

Judge by Its Results

Let the product itself convince you. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Compare this method with your present methods. Decide what is best for you and yours by the evident results. Learn what clean teeth mean. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Night and Day

Month after month, that film is causing tartar, fixing stains, breeding germs. It is leading to unsightly teeth, decay and pyorrhea.

It lodges between the teeth, at the necks of the teeth and elsewhere. Wherever it lodges there may be ceaseless attack. In modern dentistry, most tooth troubles are traced to that ruinous film.



Look in Ten Days

Make the ten-day test of Pepsodent. The trial tube is free. The clear results will tell you what is best.



Dentists Call It "Bacterial Plaque"

And your dentist will tell you that this film causes most of the tooth damage. He will urge you to combat it every day.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, based on activated pepsin, and now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists everywhere are supplied with large tubes.

TEN-DAY TUBE FREE

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Dept. 966, 1104 S. Wabash Av., Chicago, Ill.
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and keep yourself and family away from the movies, church, theatre or concert. Brown's Bronchial Troches are always round and brown—not candy but a remarkably effective medicinal tablet—quickly bringing relief in bronchial irritations or asthmatic conditions—soothing and healing the throat and air passages.

Especially fine for children—no opiates or harmful ingredients. Eases sensitive throats quickly. In convenient packets that fit the vest pocket, purse or vanity case—will not soil gloves or hands. It will pay you to keep them handy.

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At all druggists



WHEN you brave the rigor of windy, wintry weather safeguard your tender skin against the frosty blasts by dusting on fragrantly scented, clinging, comforting

Freeman's FACE POWDER

Protective, soothing and entirely harmless. In favor for 40 years.

All tins at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.,
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Winter isn't over yet!

Guard your complexion against the snowy winds of February with Crème de Meridor.

Rub a little into your skin before you go out and after you come in. Cleans, protects and beautifies. 25c and 50c jars at all toilet goods counters.



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Write for free sample or send 40c for a complete Lazell Beauty Box, containing tooth paste, toilet water, talcum powder, face powder and a miniature jar of Crème de Meridor.

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DID YOU KNOW—

that Lablache is frequently imitated?—Why?—It is not the strong perfume that benefits the skin. Never accept a new one when you can get Lablache—Stuck to Lablache and Lablache will stick to you.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream 60c a box of drugists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c for a sample box.



BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumery, Dept. 11
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Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh— Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tender skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. At drug and department stores.



Kremola
Makes the
Skin Beautiful

"KREMOLA" is a medicated snow white cream that does wonders for a bad complexion. Removes Tan, Moth-atches, Pimples, Eruptions, etc. The Auto Woman's Protection. ELEGANT for men after shaving. MAIL \$1.50. Free Booklet.
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Made The Sleeveless Gown Possible—

X-Bazin Famous French Depilatory Powder

FOR REMOVING HAIR

Successful for over 80 years. Removes hair the dainty way—quick and certain. Leaves skin white and smooth. For armpits, face, limbs and arms—does not coarsen later growth. A liberal quantity of the powder and complete outfit including handy mixing cup and neat horn spatula. 50c at all dealers or mailed direct. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price out of U. S. 75c.

Special booklet and generous sample sent for 3c.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., 376 Washington St., New York

Cuticura Stops Itching and Saves the Hair

All druggists. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That I make myself deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

Medicated Ear Drum
Pat. Nov. 3, 1908
GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
13 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.



Where Do You Belong?

[Continued from page 15]

ternity if he had his education to do over again, to the pitiful letter from a girl who feels that her whole education was spoiled because she did not "make a sorority."

As one sifts the testimony of those who belonged and those who did not belong to fraternities (sororities are included in this term), it seems indisputable that underneath their mystery of ritual—which is, of course, very young—and their cruelty of snobbishness—which is, of course, very old and very human—the fraternities have a contribution to make to student life. The national fraternity with its unifying purposes, and its insistence that its members maintain a respectable scholastic standard, is unquestionably an advance over the unregulated and equally snobbish cliques. Instead of destroying fraternities for their bad qualities, why can't we use their good qualities? Why not democratize fraternities—have enough to go round, so that every boy and girl could belong to some organized and congenial group? Some workable system of student grouping would more effectually solve the problem of the timid and the overstudious than the most well-meant efforts on the part of the faculty. Only the exceptionally sympathetic and sensitive older person can bridge the gulf between the generations and, at present, our underpaid, overworked faculties are not crowded with just that type of individual.

Ninety-six per cent. of the aspirants for a New Deal are now accounted for. The remaining four per cent. comprise those that feel they had too specialized a training. This is a rare regret in the age of specialization. The debate as to just where a general education should end and the specialized education should begin is perennial. That "pernicious platitude," *Everyone ought to know something about everything and everything about something*, is responsible for a large proportion of our educational errors. It would be impossible for anyone to read the millionth part of the really good books that have been printed, much less "mark, learn and inwardly digest" them; and books are only a fractional part of knowledge. How, then, can anyone know something about everything or everything about anything?

Isn't it wiser to face the limitations of human endeavor and have the courage to make a choice amidst the "chaos of curricula," try to concentrate and really get results along some one line? In the end, a specialized education is a broad education, for intensive work along any one line means not only deep but broad study. It is even possible that this group which feels that it has specialized too much has not specialized quite enough!

The preceding classification of educational misdeeds is merely the recognition of the different branches growing from one main trunk, namely, "machine-made education." We have stressed quantity at the expense of quality and have measured the success of our schools as we measure the success of our factories by the number of finished products they turn out, regardless of the wearing qualities of the finish.

It is painfully evident from the statistics of the late conscription that we have even failed to secure quantity; our percentage of actual illiteracy is still distressing. But in that education which is over and above the knowledge of how to read and write, we have even more signally failed. And what shall it profit a nation to be careful of its compulsory education laws and careless of the education it compels? That is forcible feeding of the worst kind.

In our present educational system—or better, in our present educational experimentation—we seize upon all the available youthful material and, regardless of its texture, send it through the same mill. To every warped and twisted product, we point with satisfaction—"Here is another graduate!" If only, instead of thousands of blotting-paper minds that have absorbed a given number of facts which they retain in a distorted form, our schools could make to the nation a yearly contribution of minds that have learned *how to think!*

But this they will scarcely do until we learn to play our educational symphony in a slower tempo. Less crowded school-rooms, less hurry and bustle, a chance for the student to learn that there is a life beyond the diploma and that he does not have to swallow all the facts in all the books nor take an active part in every school activity. He must be taught to conserve his strength and direct his energies. Then, at last, he will have time to get some of the finer, subtler values of an education.

All the reforms that we might make in

[Continued on page 40]



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Woman's
Depilatory



Remove Hair the Common-sense Way

IF merely removing hair from the surface of the skin were all that were required of a depilatory, a razor would solve the superfluous hair problem. DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, does more than remove surface hair. It devitalizes it, which is the only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs. DeMiracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Simply wet the hair and it is gone. Only genuine DeMiracle has a money back guarantee in each package. FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals, explains how DeMiracle devitalizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

Three Sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00.
At all Toilet Counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, \$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes War Tax.

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Graf's HYGLO Manicure Preparations

A perfect manicure, lasting and waterproof, requires only a few minutes.

COMPLETE HYGLO OUTFIT at \$1.50 (pictured below) includes Hyglo Cuticle Remover and nail bleach, Hyglo Nail Polish in cake form, Hyglo Nail Polish Paste (pink), Hyglo Nail White, also flexible nail file, emery board, orange stick and cotton. Hyglo manicure preparations can be bought separately at 35c. and 65c. each, at leading drug and department stores.

HYGLO Mascarine for stiffening eyelashes and darkening eyebrows, can be readily washed off with water, including brush and mirror, 50c; black, brown, blonde.

To enable you to try HYGLO Nail Polish (Powder) and HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, we will mail you small samples including emery board, orange stick and cotton upon receipt of 10 cents in coin.

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Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
Selling Agents
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Tetlow's Pussywillow Face Powder

"Sifted Through Silk"

Your druggist can tell you that a face powder which continues to sell in ever-increasing quantity must be a quality product first of all.

The House of Henry Tetlow offers Pussywillow on a basis of satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Pussywillow must suit you in odor, softness, purity and ability to stay on, or your money will be returned on request.

Under these conditions you should try Pussywillow and prove to yourself that it is an exceptionally fine face powder.

Free Sample On Request
or miniature box for a dime. White, Flesh, Pink, Cream, and Brunette.
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Makers of Pussywillow
Talc de Luxe
295 Henry Tetlow Bldg.
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Maybell Laboratories, Chicago.
"I take great pleasure in recommending 'Lash-Brow-Ine' as a most beneficial preparation for stimulating the growth and adding to the beauty of the Eyelashes and Eyebrows."
—VIOLETA DANA,
Star in Metro Pictures.

"Windows of the Soul"

EYES—the most noticeable feature of the face—to possess charm, beauty and expression, must be framed with long, luxuriant Eyelashes and well formed Eyebrows.

Lash-Brow-Ine

applied nightly will aid Nature in a marvelous manner in nourishing and promoting the growth of the Eyelashes and Eyebrows. Stars of stage and screen, society beauties, and hundreds of thousands of women everywhere, use and recommend this greatest of all beauty aids, why not you? Price 50c, at your dealer's or direct, in plain cover, prepaid. Refuse substitutes.

Identify the genuine by the picture of the "LASH-BROW-INE GIRL"—same as below, which is on every box.

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The Lash-Brow-Ine Girl



YOU CAN establish a good business of your own by taking the agency for our line of House Dresses and Piece Goods. Easily sold. Good profits. Experience unnecessary. Samples free. Exclusive territory. Write now.
DELMAR CO., 1478 Williamsbridge Road, New York



Skin Deep Yet Deeper

BEAUTY," said the sage, "is only skin deep." By Suzanne Sheldon

"But most of us," replied the cynic, "are very poor diggers."

These statements were far truer a while ago than they are today.

Each year it is being proved, and more and more convincingly, that a face which contains nothing more than well-formed features is not the one to hold our attention for more than a short time. Every woman, if she is honest with herself, will admit that she longs to be beautiful. But if she is sensible, she will realize that many of the bad points over which she is worrying, may be helped by exercises, diet and a cosmetic or two. If, besides being sensible, this woman is clever, she will know that the imperfections which cannot be eliminated by some exterior device or cannot be helped by some internal treatment, may be completely ignored as if they never existed.

Few of us realize that our skins and complexions, although softened and improved by lotions and cold-creams, can never be really good unless the digestive organs are in perfect working condition. The first essential for a clear, beautiful skin is to improve the general health. This may be accomplished by nourishing food, plenty of sleep, fresh air and water. A celebrated beauty specialist was once asked what treatment was the quickest and best to gain a good complexion. His answer was this:—"Plenty of water, internally and externally." Aside from the nicety of cleanliness, water is one of the greatest aids to health. A clean skin is always a beautiful skin. To acquire this, means constant attention; a thorough scrubbing every night with moderately hot water and good soap is an absolute necessity. Next in importance is regular exercise and from six to eight glasses of water a day. This treatment will transform the most unattractively "blotchy" skin into a smooth and lovely one. The transformation does not come in a day—but it can be accomplished.

Hair in itself is never ugly. Some hair is more beautiful in color than others, but there is none which, to the woman who understands and studies it, cannot be made lovely. Hair, as skin, is the thermometer that indicates the rise and fall of our vitality and physical fitness. If the organs of the body are all working in perfect unison, it will follow that the hair will become glossy and beautiful in texture. The most unattractive hair has latent possibilities, which the clever woman will develop.

I once knew a girl who would have been very good-looking had it not been for her hair. In her own words, it was the bane of her existence. Its color was dull brown, it was lifeless and oily—the kind of hair that clings to the head regardless of the amount which one has. This girl, from ignorance and neglect, had assuredly mislaid her crown of glory. I did not see her for some time. One day, many months later, I met her at a friend's. What a change! The dull brown hair was positively radiant. In it were glints of red and gold—it was soft and shiny. I exclaimed how well she looked, and how lovely her hair was. She laughingly replied: "It isn't dye nor bleach. It's good health. I found out a while ago that I was badly 'run-down,' and in desperation went to a doctor. He gave me very little medicine, a tonic or two, but oh! the exercises I have taken, the funny coarse foods I have eaten, the water I have drunk and the hours I have slept; and from it all has come a made-over body. And," she added, "hair which is almost made-over, too." Surely this girl had been recompensed, for the long mislaid crown had been found.

There is no feature of the face which should have such care as the eyes; on our treatment of them depend their comfort and usefulness. The clear eye, offering to the glance the bluest blue, the softest gray, or the most velvety brown, attracts us at once. It suggests health. What then

should we do if we would have eyes clear, bright and sparkling?

The first thing is to avoid eye-strain. The optic nerve is one of the most sensitive in the body. Eyes are very often the cause of headaches and the little pucker that comes in the forehead just above the bridge of the nose.

Again we go back to the digestive organs and emphasize the fact that an eye which is long to perform the duties required of it, must have a healthy body in which to make its abode; for it, as the hair and skin, is an indicator of the general health. Sparkling eyes, lit up with animation (and one cannot be animated if below par physically), are good to look at, even if their color is nondescript. In the morning the eyes should be bathed with warm water, then with an eyewash. The formula for this wash is very simple: To a cupful of hot water add a half teaspoonful of powdered boracic acid, and two or three drops of camphor. The easiest way to use this is with an eye-cup, which may be obtained at any druggist's.

THE eyebrows and lashes, which are accessories, but most important ones, to face and eyes, may with careful training be made luxurious and beautiful. A bit of vaseline, rubbed along the edge of the lids and on the brows will be found to be most beneficial. Trimming the lashes every six months will promote their growth, and overgrown and bushy eyebrows may be shaped with a small pair of tweezers. This should not be overdone, however, as the prevailing fad of Chinese shaped brows is neither becoming nor in good taste.

And now we come to the feature which seems, of all others, to cause most dissatisfaction to its owner—the nose.

If we could remember that a large nose is a sign of intelligence, and the pug is referred to by the French as *retroussé*, and considered a great mark of beauty, we might feel a little more kindly toward that particular variety with which nature has endowed us. It is the skin which covers the nose that counts—its texture and cleanliness, the size of the pores and its color. The most beautifully shaped nose in the world may become the most disfiguring of features if it is "blotchy," red or blue in color. The digestive organs are responsible for the first two, the latter is the outcome of poor circulation.

Had we time to speak of what the mouth and chin denote as to character we would perhaps forget what is the so-called beautiful mouth, although the requirements of the chin are more or less the same. Thick lips are never attractive, but many of us are spoiling what would otherwise be a pretty mouth and making the lips heavier than they would naturally be, by biting and chewing them. In the winter, lips are apt to chap and crack—this can be obviated by using a cold-cream before retiring. The mouth that is slightly raised at the corners is always far more attractive than the one that turns down. The best formula which I can suggest for accomplishing this is six grains of good disposition, four ounces of humor, dissolved in a quart of laughter; to be used every hour of the day.

We can do little to improve the shape of the chin, but we can keep from adding to it. When the first signs of a double chin appear, massage and a rubber bandage will help. A compress of hot water followed by one of cold, will draw the relaxed muscles of a sagging chin back into their proper place. There are also exercises which have proved most beneficial for reducing a double chin.

I repeat that every woman longs to be beautiful, and beauty must be deeper than just the skin. To be thoroughly well-groomed, one must be mentally groomed as well as physically. The well-balanced, perfectly poised mentality will bring with it beauty. If you will cultivate poise, charm of manner, and last, but best of all, a sense of humor, you will find that the shape of the face and the features will be a secondary consideration.



TINT GRAY HAIR YOURSELF AT HOME

AT forty or fifty a woman may still not feel more than twenty-five years old. But no matter how well preserved her skin may be, how clear the sparkle of her eyes or how painstaking she may be in other details of her toilette—in the end she will be judged by the appearance of her hair.

For there is no longer any excuse for permitting the hair to remain gray, faded and streaked. In one's own home, with no other help than a bottle of BROWNATONE, all its original color and beauty can be instantly restored—any shade from light to medium brown, dark brown or black—making it even more glorious and attractive than it was in youth.

Hundreds of thousands of women use and all leading druggists recommend this safe and harmless hair tinting preparation.

BROWNATONE

Send 11 cents for Trial Bottle and valuable booklet on the care of the hair.

Two colors: "Light to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black." Two sizes: 35 cents and \$1.15. In Canada, 50 cents and \$1.50.



The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
WINDSOR 476 COPPIN BLDG
ONTARIO COVIN, TENN. U.S.A.



"Nine in Ten Are Underfed"

Late statistics show that average food cost, since 1914, has risen 85 per cent.

A Chicago Board of Health authority is quoted as stating that, on this account, nine folks in ten are being underfed.


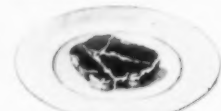
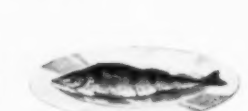






That is Unnecessary

Study the facts below. Foods are commonly measured by energy units, by calories. A man must have 3,000 calories daily, else he is underfed.

In meat, eggs, fish, etc., those 3,000 calories cost about \$1.50. Most folks can't afford that. In Quaker Oats 3,000 calories cost 16½ cents.

Note these facts about some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing:

Compare These Costs

		
Quaker Oats costs 1 cent per big dish, or 5½ cents per 1000 calories.	Meats 1 cent per bite, or 45 cents per 1000 calories.	Fish 1 cent per bite, or 50 cents per 1000 calories.
		
Eggs 70c per 1000 calories	Bacon 1 cent per slice	Muffins 1 cent each
		
Potatoes 1 cent each	Custard 4 cents per serving	Peas 54c per 1000 calories

Note that meats, eggs, fish, etc., average nine times Quaker Oats cost for the same calory value.

Yet the oat is the supreme food. It is almost a complete food. It costs but one cent for a big dish. And folks who eat it are not underfed.

We don't urge living on Quaker Oats alone, but make it your basic breakfast.

Quaker Oats

World-Famous for Its Flavor

Quaker Oats has won a world-wide fame through its exquisite flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet it costs no extra price.

15c and 35c per package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3264



Where Do You Belong?

[Continued from page 38]

our educational system rest finally on one fundamental change. It is for the public—for you and for me—to learn a new definition of education. What is it we wish to do for the next generation when we educate it? The Victorian age furnished its minds as it furnished its parlors, filled them with bric-a-brac, useless accomplishments brought out only for "company." This age has furnished its minds as though they were attics—stored them with a confused jumble of facts. There is a dangerous tendency to treat the minds of the coming generation as workshops—to put nothing in them that has not a purely utilitarian value. Isn't a better ideal the modern living-room, where usefulness, comfort and beauty are all harmonized and the windows are open to the sunshine of tolerance and truth?

SPACE does not permit our printing the prize-winning letters in full, nor any part of the ones meriting honorable mention. The prize-winners have requested that we give their initials only.

Here is a paragraph from the experience of a graduate of Mount Holyoke, to whom we awarded the first prize.

"I was too eager to live life to the utmost; too afraid to lose one single drop of the overflowing cup of opportunity; too intent upon 'doing it now,' as though all pleasures, all opportunity, all life itself, were suddenly to end when I changed the tassel on my cap from the left to the right side. But it doesn't end. You live another four years and yet another; and if you have used your time and strength moderately and wisely, each year will be just as full of privileges and calls to high service as any of these college four. Oh, do not come to these after-years as I have come—weak, useless, forever tired, with the vitality that should have lasted a lifetime burned up in one reckless flame—splendid, perhaps, but so futile!"

M. H., Peoria, Illinois.

The winner of the second prize is a graduate of the North Texas State Normal College, of the Art School of the Texas Christian University, and of the Army Ordnance School of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. She says:

"My college training was too general, or, rather, too scattered. I hold diplomas from three schools, all of them based on rather unusual lines. There are no less than six different things that I can do to earn a livelihood; there is not one in which I am expert. I cannot earn what is today called a good salary, without further experience and training. A number of my acquaintances, who spent less time in school than I did, now receive more than twice my salary. And it isn't the money alone. They are specialists in their respective lines; they have something really worth while to offer a world in need of just such special service. They are able to make themselves felt, while I am still engaged in work that almost any beginner could do."

W. W., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

A graduate of one of our foremost schools of technology, who won gold medals and keys, was given the third prize. He wrote:

"If I had a second chance there are three things which I would learn—to think clearly, to act promptly, to have the courage of my convictions. The first of these is the most important. To my mind, one of the greatest defects of our present system of college training is that it stuffs a willing student with information, but fails to compel him to think. And thinking is the only way to convert mere information into knowledge. When I went to college I studied hard, but I didn't learn to think honestly for myself. I took in much, but digested little; I absorbed ideas of others like a sponge, but I formulated no ideas of my own."

J. H. R., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

AMONG the booklets prepared by the McCall Service Department are two on beauty. Combined, they give everything the well-groomed woman can want to know about the care of her skin, hair, teeth, eyes and figure.

The price of each booklet is ten cents. Send your order for one or both to the Beauty Department, McCall's Magazine.



THERE'S one way and only one, for you to know that Armand Complexion Powder is as wonderful as we claim—and that is to try it.

Go to any of the better shops and buy a box of Armand. Armand Bouquet is a fairly dense powder, and Armand Cold Cream Powder is very dense and different from any other face powder made. The Bouquet comes in a square box at 50c and the Cold Cream Powder in a miniature hat box at \$1. If you prefer, send 15c and your dealer's name for three samples. Address

ARMAND, Des Moines
In Canada—Armand, St. Thomas, Ont.



Are your Kitchen Chairs Spotless?

KITCHEN Chairs as well as other Kitchen things are likely to become greasy. So a gentle grease-dissolvent is needed. A housewife tells us that for this special purpose, she uses a tablespoonful of Gold Dust to half a pail of warm water. She applies this soapy Gold Dust water with a soft brush. She rinses the chairs with clear warm water, then cold to harden the surface. Turns them upside down in the air to dry. Probably it will occur to you that you can really cleanse and freshen your market and clothes baskets by the same simple treatment.

Cultivate Your Beauty

Have a youthful appearance, clear complexion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows and lashes, graceful neck and chin, luxuriant hair, attractive hands, comfortable feet. Remove wrinkles, lines, pimples, blackheads, strengthen sagging facial muscles—all through following our simple directions. Thousands have done so. No drugs, no big expense and quick results. Send for latest catalogue and many Beauty Hints—all free.

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Maximum washing action because of scientific design and swing of the tub, originated in the Apex eleven years ago.

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All metal—lasting—sanitary—safe.

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Does most of an average family's ironing. Takes less than an hour.

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Starts with foot pedal, leaving the hands free to guide clothes.

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WM. H. LUDEN
In Reading, Pa.
Since 1881

LUDEN'S
Menthol Cough Drops
Give Quick Relief



The Fairy-Story Lady

[Continued from page 36]

own, using an old theme that he had often tried to get into cold score but that had always evaded him. It ran into the story, blended with it.

But the prince would not give up singing for the wood birds and for the deer that came down to his spring to drink and hear him.

And his ugly father was very angry, and took himself off to the Wizard of Black Magic again, and there they laid their evil plan.

Badger knew that people were coming into the room—knew it without realizing that he did so. There were other teachers; then two Italians, boldly, from the street; soft-eyed women, with staring babies under their arms; a blue-uniformed man who took off his helmet as he stood, somewhat abashed, in the doorway—and, finally, two well-dressed men.

The last great moment came. Prince Lorno, still disguised as a shepherd-boy, took up his violin, and while the great throng in the court-room fell silent, he began to play a strange, sweet melody. As he played, the tall flower in the golden chalice before him turned slowly, slowly into a woman. Then Prince Lorno, throwing off his disguise at last, laid down his violin and took her in his arms—for it was the Princess Una, freed from her long bondage, because the wicked, ugly old king was dead.

And all the people cried and laughed for joy, and the prince and princess were married and lived happily—so happily—ever after.

WHEN the others had gone—even to the littlest child—the fairy-story lady turned to Badger:

"I don't think you need your hour, now," she said, haltingly. Her eyes were misty.

"Why?" he asked. He seemed to come back slowly from somewhere.

"Because—oh, because I don't think you doubt, now."

"I don't!" he cried. "I—I can play! I thought so before—now I know. And you did it—somehow—"

"You believed," she said.

"Was it that?" He stopped, frowning.

"Perhaps. But not until you made me, little brown bird."

"Why do you call me that?"

"It would be impudent in me to tell you now. Some day, perhaps."

"I don't think you could be impudent. But it can wait." She looked at him smilingly—understandingly. "You have a gift," she said, slowly. "And gifts like yours are rare and beautiful things—fragile, too. They won't stand such rough handling as you have been giving yours. Go and think of that—and come back, some day, and tell me what has happened to you—what good thing!"

"And I suppose I must keep on believing. Is that it?"

She flashed out at him then. "Is that hard?" she demanded. "Is that hard, after today? Go away, man—I'm trying not to tell you how much your playing touched me! Come some other day!"

"May I?"

"Yes . . . when you have some good news you may come again and tell me about it."

"Oh, I'll come soon, then!" he cried.

"Perhaps tomorrow—or the day after. I can do it now." He put out a hand, impulsively. "Oh, you're wonderful!" he exclaimed—and bolted into the cold, sparkling afternoon air, that made a man feel he could take circumstances between his hands and bend them—bend them to his own desires—and beliefs.

The fairy-story lady had a good little cry after he was gone. But it was not the sort of cry that seemed to mean sorrow, somehow. And as she was about to go, gathering up her hat and her scarf, two men came in.

They were her school commissioners—the men who had made her story-telling possible. Sometimes she almost loved those two school commissioners—they believed so! Especially now! For they were asking about the violinist. If she knew his address, and whether he might consider playing, as he had today, for the school-children whose lives are starved for beauty and music and joy.

She told them she did—and thanked them heartily for asking.

But it was not until later, when she was swinging homeward, that she stopped abruptly—almost upsetting a very orderly old gentleman who was pacing behind her—to ask herself, with flaming cheeks:

"Now, why on earth, please tell me, should I have thanked them?"



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Lengthening the Purse-Strings

THE MORE-MONEY CLUB is celebrating its first birthday. We are having a party—and such a party!

Never was there one where the invitations were sent so far and wide; and never was there one which needed such an enormous birthday cake. The cake has but one candle this year, but think what goodies are hidden beneath the icing! I mixed it myself, so I know. May I tell you how I made it and of its ingredients? First, I took a bowl known as *understanding*, and into it put *good cheer*, mixed with *kindliness* and flavored with *ambition*. Next, I added the *desire to help*, stirred it together with the *spoon of happiness*, and baked it in an oven which is warm enough to brown, but never to burn, the *Oven of Friendship*. This cake is so large that each of you may have a slice. All you need do is put out your hand to receive it.

Is there something you desire which is just beyond the limit of your purse-strings? Here is a girl who thought so—but read and see what she says:

"Dear Miss Brewster:

There may be girls who do not mind being shabby, you're always reading about this kind in stories, but I'm not one of them. I have always wanted clothes, not just warm ones, such as mother thinks are appropriate, but pretty ones like some of the other girls have.

I was discontented and unhappy when school opened this fall, so much so that I wasn't doing good work. Then one rainy Saturday in September while reading McCall's, I happened to see the words: "I'm the happiest girl in the world," and in a moment was reading about the More-Money Club. When I had finished, I felt that I, too, could make money, and buy some of the things that I had so long wanted. Miss Brewster, your club has made me very, very happy. Who wouldn't be with the cutest new hat, two new dresses, and a new coat? They are the envy of every girl in my class.

But wait until I tell you the best of all. When mid-year came, I passed all of my subjects with such high marks that my teacher couldn't understand the improvement. She wouldn't have known what I meant had I told her that my new clothes had anything to do with it, but they had, and I knew it."

Truly, this is a nice letter, and there are others; letters from all ages of girls and women. Here is one from a girl who is about to be married.

"Did you ever want anything so badly you felt you just must have it, and yet knew at the same time that you couldn't? Well, that was my case exactly.

Paul has a birthday this month (Paul, I might explain is my fiancé), and naturally, I want to give him something nice. We are to be married in April and with all the expenses of my trousseau and the coming wedding, I simply couldn't ask father for any more money. I thought and thought and was still thinking, when a friend of mine came to see me. We were talking of what everyone talks about these days—high prices. Then she told me how she had made some money. It was through you and the More-Money Club.

Truly that was a lucky day for me, for in less than two months I have made twenty-five dollars. Paul doesn't know it, but he is going to get the nicest birthday present ever. Thank you many, many times."

Girls, we want you to join our club. There is no necessity for wanting things and not having them. Let us make this birthday a real celebration. And when next year, we have two candles in our cake, I want to know that the membership has also doubled. Write to me—tell me why you need money. The same chance holds good for each and every one. I am anxious to help you get the thing which you most desire, whether it be clothes, birthday gifts, or any of the many luxuries or necessities of every-day life.

A postal or note will receive a speedy reply.

Janet Brewster

More-Money Club,
McCall's Magazine,
236 West 37th Street,
New York



White as the fleecy crest of clouds by moonlight. Pure as the distant air they drift in. Feathery fine in texture. That is Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt. Always flows freely. Imparts a rare delicacy to all food flavors. Sanitary package; easily opened cap. Ask for

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Interesting booklet, "One Hundred and One Uses for Salt," on request
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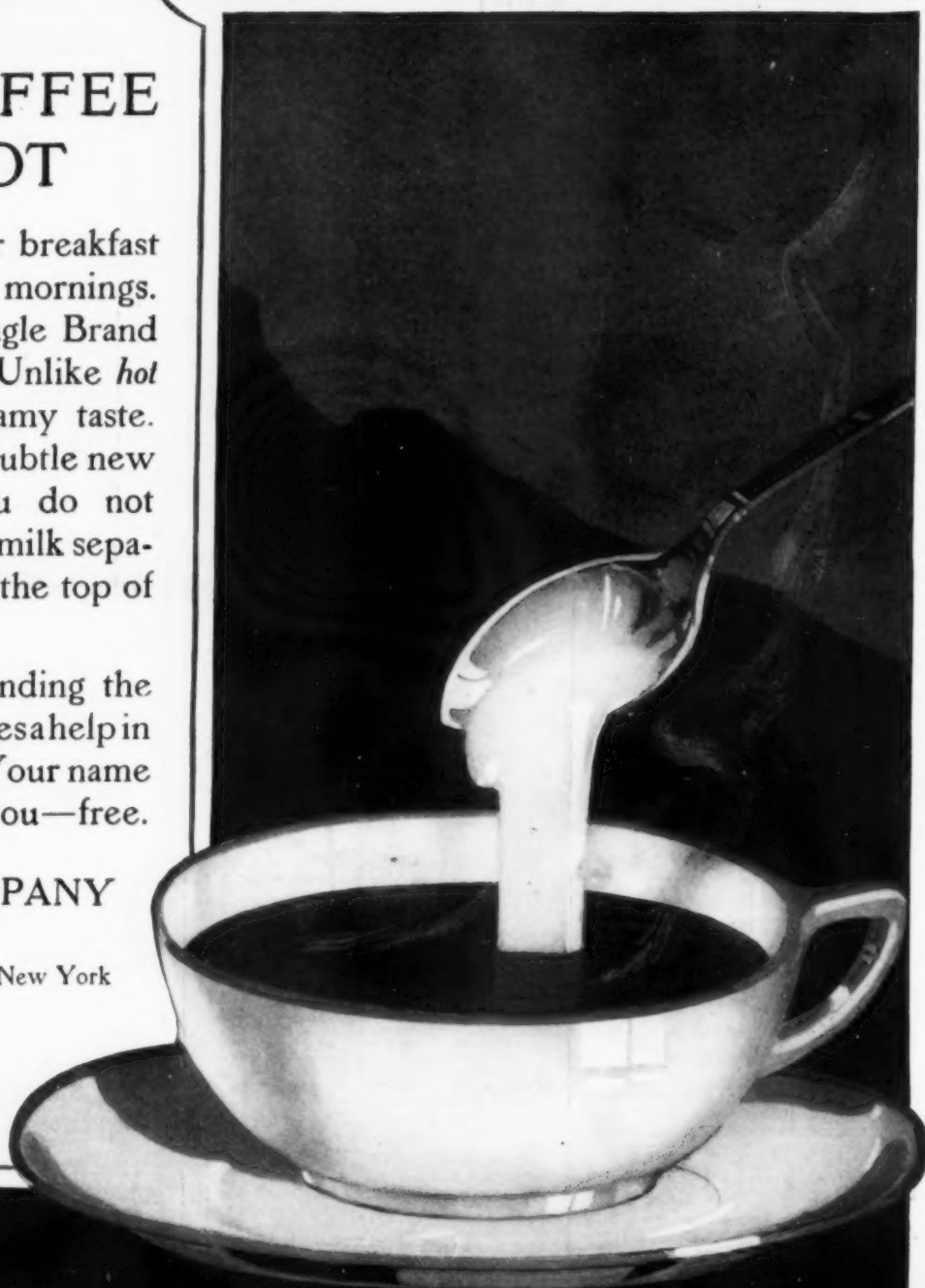
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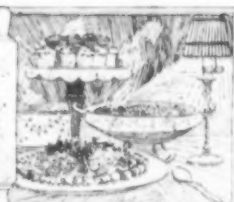
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THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT



Eight Dishes from the Bread-Box

THE bread-box need not be a disconcerting problem. It may become a veritable treasure-house.

Protestations against the high cost of living come from all sides, yet prices are still soaring. When the housekeeper looks for the best way to economize, she, naturally, considers the food problem first. In her contemplation of the necessity for saving, she thinks of her bread-box—the bread-box that has the alarming stale-bread habit, for no matter how careful the housewife is to use all of the old loaf before beginning the new, stale bread is certain to accumulate in a family of two or three persons. Even the smallest loaf that can be purchased will become stale before it can be entirely used by a small family.

This question of what to do with leftover bread, however, is banished by the following suggestions. In fact, these dishes are not successfully concocted with fresh bread.

BUTTER CRUMBS

Melt one-fourth cupful of fat in a saucepan and stir in one cupful crumbs. More fat may be used. Do not use crumbs for scalloping without buttering. Butter crumbs, seasoned and moistened, are used for stuffing peppers, tomatoes, fish, poultry or anything needing a bread filling.

BREAD-CRUMB MOLASSES PIE

1 cupful bread-crumbs Juice and rind of 1 lemon
mixed with 1/2 cupful molasses
2 tablespoonfuls sugar 1 1/2 cups molasses

Cook for about twenty minutes on the stove, beforehand. Then make it into a tart or pie.

CROUTONS

Cut stale bread into one-third-inch slices. Cut slices into one-third-inch cubes. Put in pan and bake until delicately browned, or fry quickly in deep fat. Crumbs remaining from croutons should be dried, but not browned, in the oven. When crisp, roll and sift. Use the fine ones for croquettes; the coarser for stuffing or escalloped dishes. Keep in a dry place.

ESCALLOPED FISH OR MEAT

Equal measures of cooked minced meat, bread-crumbs and sauce, or, for one measure of meat half as much sauce and one-fourth as much buttered crumbs. (Boiled rice or macaroni may be used instead of crumbs.) Remove all uneatable portions from meat, and mince or chop. Put in layers in a buttered dish, leaving crumbs for the last. Bake until heated through and brown on top.

FISH OR MEAT LOAF

1 cupful fish or meat 1 tablespoonful lemon juice
1/2 to 1 cupful crumbs 1/2 cupful parsley
1/2 cupful milk 1/2 cupful salt
1 or 2 eggs Pepper

Mince fish or meat, removing uneatable portions. Mix all ingredients. Pack in buttered molds. Steam or bake in a pan of water. Turn out and serve with sauce or peas.

BREAD-CRUMB GRIDDLE CAKES

1 1/2 cupfuls stale bread-crumbs 1/2 cupful flour
1 1/2 cupfuls milk 1/2 cupful salt
1 tablespoonful fat 4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
2 eggs well beaten

Soak the crumbs in the milk, add eggs; and last, the flour sifted with the baking-powder and salt.

CARAMEL PUDDING

4 cupfuls milk, scalded 1/2 cupful sugar
2 cupfuls stale crumbs 1/2 cupful water
1/4 cupful sugar 1/4 cupful water
1 teaspoonful vanilla 2 eggs
1/2 teaspoonful salt

Scald the milk. Add the caramel, crumbs, and soak thirty minutes. Add the other ingredients and turn into a well-greased baking-dish. Bake one hour in moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.

BREAD FINGERS

Cut stale bread in pieces 3 inches long and 1/3 inch wide; brown in the oven. These are a delicious accompaniment for any soup.

Making Entertaining Easy

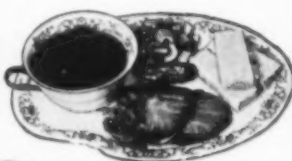
By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates



All on one plate—and as simple as it is delicious



SIMPLIFICATION

is the order of the day. Even our entertaining is becoming easier and less elaborate. We are giving intelligent thought to it and a personal touch—that little touch which is the most essential element of true hospitality.

The domestic problems which we women are facing these days call forth all our ingenuity; we are learning how to entertain our friends. The refreshment part of the entertaining may be made most attractive, yet it need cause but little trouble for the housekeeper.

Perhaps no one thing has done so much to accomplish this as the form of serving most of the refreshments on one plate. Very pretty dishes may be purchased for this purpose, or one can use the ordinary luncheon or dinner plate, choosing the size according to the amount one desires to serve. For the buffet luncheon, Sunday night supper, and the evening entertainment, this form is especially appropriate. It has many good points: serving may be done more rapidly, hot things can be served hotter and cold dishes colder than in the usual way, and last, but by no means least, there are many less dishes to wash when the guests have gone.

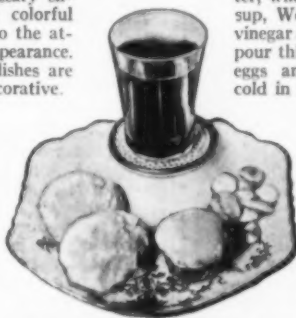
For a large supper at a church, club or other informal gathering, paper plates covered by dainty doilies are sensible and cut the work just in half. Little ramekins may be had in which to serve hot edibles; the use of paper cups for the beverages is wise.

In planning for this style of entertaining, have the food as nearly as possible either all hot or all cold. This simplifies the serving tremendously. Cream and sugar for the coffee or other beverages may be passed or put on any convenient stand in the room. Place the napkins with the necessary silver on the plate. A colorful relish will add much to the attractiveness of its appearance. Olives, pickles and radishes are always delightfully decorative.

FRENCH BISCUIT

2 cupfuls flour
1/2 teaspoonful salt
3/4 cupful fat
Yolk 1 egg well beaten
4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
1/2 cupful raisins seeded and cut in
1/2 cupful milk (more or less)

Sift dry ingredients, cut in fat, add raisins, then the egg yolk and enough milk to make a dough which can be handled. Roll out, using little pressure; cut into biscuits with a cutter. Bake in a moderately hot oven until a golden brown.



No upsetting cup to ruin the party frock—everything snug on one plate

Broiled Lamb Chops
Creamed Potatoes
Peas
Hot French Biscuits
Coffee
Scalloped Salmon
Lima Beans
Toasted Cucumber Sandwiches
Coffee

Creamed Oysters
Tea
Cold Tongue or Ham
French Fried Potatoes
Baked Stuffed Peppers
Celery or Potato Salad
Sandwiches
Cocoa with Whipped Cream

TOASTED CUCUMBER SANDWICH

Cut bread 1/3 inch thick; remove crusts. Cut into strips about an inch wide. Toast. Turn the bread often to prevent the pieces curling; have ready thinly sliced cucumbers cut in halves. Spread toast with mayonnaise, lay the cucumbers on one piece and slightly salt them; put the slices together. Lettuce or other salad plant may be used.

CELERY AND CHEESE SALAD

1 cream cheese 1 bunch celery
5 tablespoonfuls oil 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls vinegar
Salt, pepper, paprika
A few grains of cayenne

Make a French dressing of the oil, vinegar and seasonings. Cut the celery in 1/8-inch slices and marinate with the dressing. (There should be 3 cupfuls celery.) Mash cheese and season well.

Make this mixture into tiny balls the size of the head of an ordinary hatpin; roll them in paprika. Let the celery marinate an hour; before serving, drain, mix with little balls and serve.

COUNTRY CREAMED POTATOES

Cut boiled potatoes into 1/2-inch cubes; put in pan. For every cupful potatoes pour on 1/3 cupful cream. Season with salt and white pepper; cook very slowly until the cream is absorbed in the potatoes. Just before serving, sprinkle with finely minced parsley.

LETTUCE COCKTAIL

1 head lettuce 4 hard-cooked eggs
4 tablespoonfuls tomato catsup 4 tablespoonfuls vinegar
2 tablespoonfuls butter 3 tablespoonfuls sugar
2 tablespoonfuls Worcestershire sauce 4 small onions
Salt to taste

Cut the lettuce fine with scissors; shred eggs and onions. Melt the butter, when cool add tomato catsup, Worcestershire sauce, sugar, vinegar and salt. At serving time, pour this sauce over the lettuce, eggs and onions. Serve very cold in cocktail glasses.

BAKED PEARS

Cream together 1/4 cupful butter, 1/2 cupful brown sugar, add 4 tablespoonfuls minced citron-peel and 1 teaspoonful lemon juice. Pare ripe sweet pears; cut in halves and remove core. Dip each in the sugar mixture and then in bread-crumbs that have been browned in hot butter or olive oil. Bake for 20 minutes in hot oven. This dish gives variety, as well as deliciousness, to the luncheon plate.

Nutritive Bananas Made Delicious

BANANAS, despite their delicacy of flavor, have fallen into disrepute. Perhaps it is because they may be so easily procured and so simply prepared. This is unfair, for, properly concocted, they are as delicious as they are nutritious and economical.

When buying bananas, do not select those which are too green. A safe guide is to look at the end opposite the stem and see that the green has entirely disappeared. If it has, the fruit is ready to be eaten raw. There is no objection to the banana the skin of which has begun to turn black. All fruit is sweetest when at its ripe state. When cooked, however, green bananas may be eaten with as perfect safety as ripe ones.

In preparing the fruit, always remove the strings, and fry over a hot fire. Remember to grease the pan thoroughly, otherwise the sugar in the bananas will cause them to stick to the pan. Bananas should be salted before baking. A few drops of lemon juice sprinkled on the raw fruit when it is to be used in salads, will prevent its turning.

BANANAS WITH BACON

3 underripe bananas 1/3 pound bacon cut very thin

Grease a baking-dish. Peel and scrape the fruit. Cut in two pieces lengthwise; put in dish. Lay the bacon over the top. Bake until the bananas are soft. Serve from the dish in which they are baked.

ESCALLOPED BANANAS

2 cupfuls soft bread-crumbs 3 tablespoonfuls fat (melted)
1/3 cupful sugar 1/4 teaspoonful cinnamon
Juice of 1 lemon 1/4 cupful hot water
3 bananas

Stir the crumbs into the fat and sprinkle the bottom of a well-greased baking-dish. Put in a layer of bananas sliced thin and sprinkle on some of the sugar which has been mixed with the spice. Add a layer of crumbs; proceed in this manner until the dish is filled, letting the last layer be crumbs. Mix the lemon juice and water and pour over the bananas. Bake in covered dish thirty minutes; then remove the cover and brown the crumbs. Serve with hard sauce.

BAKED BANANA CUSTARD

1 1/2 cupfuls milk 1/2 teaspoonful salt
1/2 cupful sugar 1/2 teaspoonful lemon juice
2 eggs 1 banana

Peel, scrape and press the fruit, mixed with lemon juice, through a sieve. Scald the milk, pour it over the slightly beaten eggs and the sugar. Add the salt and stir in the fruit. Bake in custard cups set in hot water. Chill, turn out, and serve with a currant jelly sauce.

BANANA CROQUETTES

Peel and lightly scrape the fruit; dip in beaten egg to which four tablespoonfuls of milk have been added. Drain and roll in sifted crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Serve hot with meat, or if desired, make a lemon sauce and serve as a dessert.

BANANA SAUCE

White of 1 egg 2 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar
1/4 teaspoonful vanilla 1 banana

Peel and scrape the banana; cut very fine or press through a sieve. Beat the egg stiff; add the sugar, then beat in the banana and add the flavoring.

BAKED BANANAS

Tear down one section of the banana skin, then carefully loosen the pulp from the rest of the skin and take out the fruit, scrape and return to its original position, setting the strip of skin back in place to keep the fruit from discoloring. Set the bananas side by side on an agate plate, and bake until the skins are brown and the bananas soft. Turn from the skins upon individual dishes. Sprinkle with sugar and serve.

FRIED BANANAS

Remove the skin and scrape the bananas; cut each banana in halves crosswise; then lengthwise to make 4 pieces. Roll the bananas in flour or cornmeal. Fry in butter or lard.

FOR EVENING PARTY

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Some Beverage
Cake
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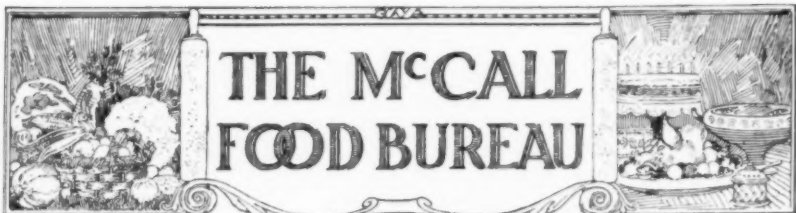
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A Ham In the Pantry Is A Treasure In the House

By Christine Emery

TO the average housekeeper and homemaker, the woman who is striving to furnish satisfying meals at a low cost, baked ham savors strongly of luxury and waste, when to the initiated, it is as a shining light in the matter of economy, deliciousness and ease of preparation.

When purchasing a ham, it is best to select a short, compact one having a small shank that weighs from twelve to sixteen pounds—one that is "heavy for its size" as the experienced buyer will tell you. See to it that a liberal layer of clear, white fat encases the lean meat. This fat will "baste" the meat and bring out the full, fine flavor as nothing else can. It will render out in the cooking and should yield a pound or two of pure white lard. Make sure that the ham has a thin, pliable, unwrinkled skin, with small bones, for this is an infallible guarantee that the animal from which it was cut was young, well-fed, and made a rapid, healthy growth.

However well-flavored the ham, it is within the province of the cook to make or mar the result. Hams have literally been cooked to pieces by the "jumping boil" and "hard bake" process. They should simmer, rather than boil, and steam, rather than bake. This is done without excessive heat.

Preparatory to cooking, the ham should be thoroughly scrubbed with a stiff brush in a weak solution of cold bicarbonate of soda or borax water, then scrubbed again with clear, cold water.

When baking a ham in an electric oven, allow the indicator to register five hundred degrees, then place the ham in the roaster and pour in about a pint of boiling water. Add the outside stalks of a bunch of celery, bay-leaf and a sliced carrot. Cover closely and place in the oven.

Turn the current on "low" and allow it to remain so for half an hour, then turn it off completely. Allowing twenty-five minutes to the pound, the ham should be done by the time the indicator reaches zero. If the ham is to be served at once, remove it from the oven, turn the current on "full" and allow the oven to

The meat should be used to the very shank. Small pieces thus obtained can be made into delicious potted ham. Press through the food-chopper, season with paprika and allspice and add enough clarified butter to make it into a spreadable paste. Press into small jars and cover with melted butter or paraffin and store away in a cool, dry place.

When a small amount of "meat flavor" must go a long way, toasted ham sandwiches come to the rescue in a novel and most hospitable fashion. Spread chopped ham or potted ham over slices of buttered bread, press the slices together and toast to a crisp golden brown.

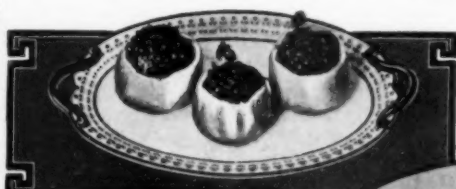
Should there be a deficit in the salad line with only a few lettuce leaves available, toast the bread, then spread the slices with butter and meat and slip a lettuce leaf with a spreading of boiled salad dressing between the slices. Serve with foamy hot cocoa, coffee, or an ice-cold drink, according to the season, and experience the joy of an ideal picnic lunch.

For canapes, allow 2 tablespoonfuls cream, a dash of cayenne and 2 tablespoonfuls grated cheese to 1 cupful of chopped ham. Mix to a smooth paste and spread over hot rounds of toasted or sautéed bread. Cover with a sprinkling of grated cheese and brown lightly in a hot oven. Garnish each canape with a tiny pickled beet or stuffed olive.

The ham balls are made by blending white sauce and chopped ham together by the usual croquette recipe, forming the mixture into tiny balls and frying quickly in deep fat. Serve in nests of fluffy mashed potatoes.

FOR the soufflé, allow 2 cupfuls white sauce and 2 eggs to each 2 cupfuls ham. Blend the meat, white sauce and egg-yolks together, seasoning well with paprika. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into a hot, well-oiled baking-dish and bake until firm. Serve with tomato sauce to which chopped parsley and pimiento have been added.

The escalloped ham is made by adding chopped or diced ham to a thin white sauce well-seasoned with paprika. Pour the mixture into scallop shells or small baking-dishes, cover with



Turnip cups are delicious when filled with well-seasoned ham



Ham balls tempt from nests of fluffy mashed potatoes

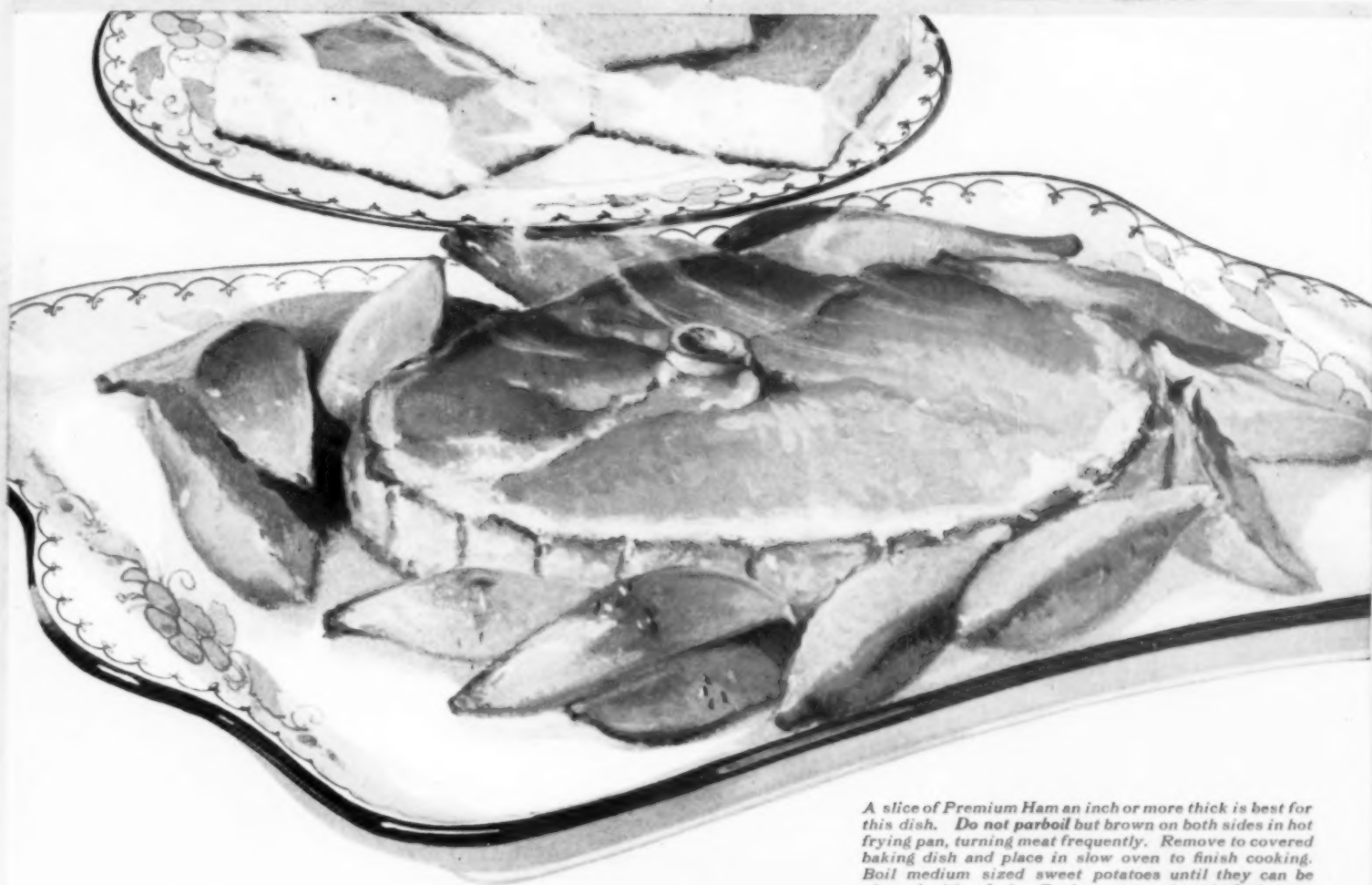
re-heat. Meanwhile, remove the skin from the ham, cover it with dried bread-crumbs and dredge it with two tablespoonfuls sifted brown sugar. Decorate with whole cloves. Put required number of pared potatoes, either sweet or white, around the ham. Turn them about in the drippings, cover the roaster and set the pan in the oven, which should register about four hundred and fifty degrees. Turn the current on "low" and continue in this way until the potatoes are done, then remove cover from roaster, turn the top current on "medium" and allow the ham to brown. Watch it carefully. Remove the ham to serving-platter and return potatoes to oven under a "full" upper current so they may complete the browning process while the ham is being prepared for the table. Wrap the shank with frills of white tissue-paper and serve on a bed of cress, young nasturtium leaves or long strands of finely shredded cabbage; decorate with tiny red peppers, beets or radishes.

Throughout the winter, whenever possible, use a fresh ham in preference to one that has been cured. Its deliciousness is unforgettable and quite worthy of the greatest holiday upon the calendar. With the fresh ham, be sure to serve a tart, chilled, apple sauce.

buttered crumbs and bake until brown. Serve with a garnish of parsley, or if you prefer, cover with a sprinkling of finely chopped chives.

Ham patties utilize chopped ham and stale bread-crumbs most desirably, and are acceptable for luncheon or a hearty breakfast. To one pint of ham, add two parts of stale bread or bread and cracker-crumbs. Moisten thoroughly with milk and pour into individual baking-dishes that have been well-oiled and thoroughly heated. Break one egg carefully over each patty; dust with cracker or bread-crumbs and bake until they are a light golden brown.

Even a small quantity of the chopped meat may be blended into a dressing with bread-crumbs and seasonings, moistened with egg, milk or meat stock and used as filling for stuffed eggplant, large cucumbers, or the winter vegetables such as boiled onions and turnips, or, the meat may be mixed with hot, baked potatoes scooped from the shells, seasoned with paprika, moistened with hot milk and beaten light, then returned to the shells and browned quickly in a hot oven.



A slice of Premium Ham an inch or more thick is best for this dish. Do not parboil but brown on both sides in hot frying pan, turning meat frequently. Remove to covered baking dish and place in slow oven to finish cooking. Boil medium sized sweet potatoes until they can be pierced with a fork. Peel, quarter and put in frying pan with ham drippings. Sprinkle generously with brown sugar and a little nutmeg. Cook slowly, turning frequently with pancake turner—to avoid breaking potatoes—until they are well browned. Remove meat to hot platter, and serve surrounded with the sweet potatoes

Fried ham and sweet potatoes The popular Southern dish

The old South, the land of hospitality and good cooks, has many claims to fame, but none better than that delectable combination, "ham an' sweet taters."

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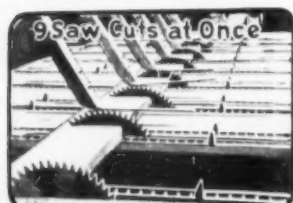
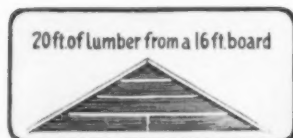
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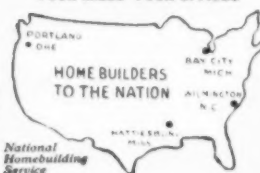
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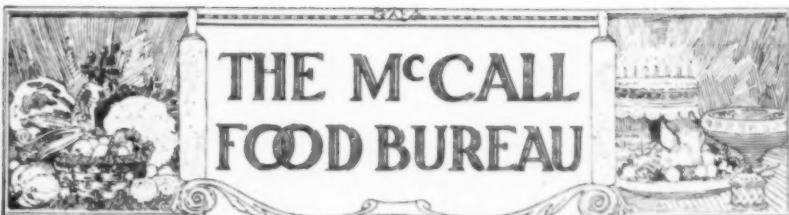
Ryzon Cheese Drop Biscuit

1 level cupful (1/2 pound) flour
1/2 teaspoonful salt
3 level teaspoonfuls Ryzon
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8 level tablespoonfuls (3/4 cup) grated cheese
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Mix like drop baking powder biscuit. Bake twelve minutes in hot oven. Sufficient for twelve biscuits.

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GENERAL CHEMICAL CO.
FOOD DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK



In the Fruit-Stalls

By Florence M. La Ganke

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

ARE those good baking apples? Has the clerk ever baked? Has he ever made pies? Why should he know more about your job than you do, yourself? I have an idea that more exact knowledge on the housewives' part will make for more honesty on the grocer's side. He won't have to assure her that he has greenings, when, just by looking at the apples, she knows they are anything but greenings. "I want greenings. Those apples over there are greenings, aren't they?" says the housewife. Isn't it human nature to give an affirmative answer?

Can you tell the difference between a Northern Spy and a Ben Davis apple? Taking buying as a business, you will agree that it is a good idea to get pointers from buyers in other fields. A purchasing agent keeps close at hand the catalogs of the firms from which he buys. Have you written to the various seedsmen for their catalogs? They contain illustrations, a wealth of information, and very often tabular reports of varieties and seasons for different fruits and vegetables.

Armed with the knowledge of the varieties of fruit, next comes the choosing of them. How do you know when fruits are good? A uniform color, a firm unbroken skin, and a medium size are three fairly reliable tests.

Citrus fruits—oranges, lemons and grapefruit—should be good if they meet the first standard. If the fruit is partially green, it means that it is even less naturally ripe than we have a right to expect of those fruits in the Eastern markets. A test that seems almost an Irish bull is expressed thus: the fruit should be heavy for its size. How does one know, pray tell, whether a grapefruit is heavy for its size or not? Easily enough, indeed, if one lifts three or four in succession and then chooses the heaviest. If you want to have your fruiterer look at you with admiration, just ask for "A dozen oranges, the 12's." Most housewives do not know that all citrus fruits are packed, a certain number of a given size to a case. For instance, boxes of oranges are packed to hold 96 or 126 or 150. That variation in size has a great deal to do with variation in price. If you want a sweet orange with a thin skin, choose a Florida; it usually has seeds, so that for salad purposes the firmer, less juicy and seedless California navel is preferable. Do you know the blood orange, the kumquat, and the tangerine? The latter is often called the kid-glove orange because the skin peels off as easily as a glove from the hand.

CHOOSE peaches, plums, nectarines and plumcots with unbroken skin, and no bruises. The peaches are of two kinds—freestone and clingstone. For eating purposes, never choose a clingstone. It is difficult to manage and peach stains are very difficult to remove. Peaches are graded as to size by letter. They are known as A, AA, AAA; of these, the A is the smallest.

Pears are being sold more and more generally. The one best known, of course, is the Bartlett. The Seckel pear is that small, reddish-brown pear used for pickling purposes. It is a sweet, delicious one for eating when thoroughly ripe.

Blackberries should not be red. A red blackberry is either underripe or has stood so long that it is beginning to spoil. Dewberries and thimbleberries are names for different varieties in various sections of the country, but they all belong to the blackberry family. There are three varieties of raspberries—red, black, and white or yellow. Of them all, the red has the most pronounced flavor. It is a very soft berry, and deteriorates

rapidly. Always spread the berries out on a platter or a large plate. Do not overbuy. That is a safe rule to follow with all berries. Also, pick over the berries and take out any soft, or moldy ones. One moldy berry gathers many like unto it. This is as equally true of other fruits.

Bananas are an interesting fruit. They come to us green and slowly change from green to yellow, then to lightly speckled brown, and last of all, to dark brown. Just as interesting a change is going on inside the skin. The fruit that was mainly starch and water changes to sugar and water. A banana eaten when slightly green on the outside and hard and slimy on the inside is not fit to eat. It should be sweet, almost buttery, in texture; when it is like that inside, it is lightly speckled brown on the outside. A

clear yellow-skinned banana is not best for immediate consumption. One that has been cut from the bunch, so that the flesh of the banana is exposed at the cut end, will spoil much more quickly than if the skin were unbroken.

Cherries and currants should have the stems on. Both should have a dry skin, showing that there is little broken or bruised fruit in the box. Gooseberries should be fairly large and slightly pink. A test for a ripe pineapple is made by pulling out one of the spines at the top of the fruit. If it comes out easily, the fruit is ripe. Look for decayed spots in the pine; they are almost invisible, but may be detected by the softened spot.

THERE are some fruits which, even though selected by the usual tests, are of uncertain quality. Melons come in this class.

Fruiterers will pick out a good melon by thumping it, or by lifting it, and to make more sure, a huckster might even, in the days before the war, plug a melon before selling it. Now, it is well that you, yourself, know the indications. Cantaloups should be springy at the ends, and without bruises. If you are not familiar with the honeydew and the casaba melon, I suggest that you hunt for them in the market.

Let us, just for experiment's sake, make a little test of your knowledge of several fruits. Suppose that you were confronted suddenly with the following names: Maiden Blush, Elberta, Cuthbert and Catawba. Could you identify them and tell whether they were fish or fruit? That seems a ridiculous question, but the unfamiliarity with these very ones is quite appalling. "But," you say, "in our part of the country we do not have Catawba grapes. Why should I bother to know the name?" Why not be cosmopolitan in food? We claim that the war broke up that feeling of insularity, that feeling that whatever was different was wrong. Why not carry that changed attitude over into foods? There is so much romance, so much of the picturesque in many of the names we use. For example, isn't Maiden Blush just the right name for those rosy-cheeked apples?

To sum up, then: Buy fruits in season; choose them for color, weight, size and shape. Do not overbuy those fruits that have poor keeping qualities. Learn the unit by which they are sold, and see that you get full weight or measure. More and more we are using the weight as a unit, rather than the box or measure. It is the only fair way, for a quart box of berries, well-filled when leaving the truck farm, may settle considerably in transit, and it is not fair to ask the fruiterer to fill it up. The quart is already in the box. Lastly, be alert. Try new fruits at least once; be a food cosmopolitan.

IS an orange just an orange to you, or do you know that there is one kind accepted for the sake of prettiness and another for deliciousness of flavor?

This is only one of the distinctions Miss La Ganke makes between skillful and unskillful fruit-buying. There is art in judging the choicest in the stalls.

Make a study of marketing; a thorough knowledge means money and time saved. Miss La Ganke's talks will help you to that end.

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Devoted to
Home Betterment

FROM time to time I shall use this corner to talk to the thoughtful, progressive readers of McCall's.

If you are interested in new ideas for serving more attractive and more economical salads and desserts, you are invited to write me for suggestions. Naturally, we will talk about the wonders of Knox Sparkling Gelatine, its endless uses and economy, many of which, perhaps, you do not know.

For instance: By combining a can of salmon with a cupful of rice and a tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine—it has been my experience that the salmon will make twice as many servings as when served alone. Try this delicious Salmon and Rice Loaf. You will be delighted not only with its appetizing appearance but with its economical features as well.



SALMON RICE LOAF

1 tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cupful of cold water
1 teaspoonful of salt
1/2 teaspoonful of pepper
1 can of salmon
1 cupful of cooked rice
1/2 cupful of milk
1 tablespoonful of melted butter

Soften the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve by adding the hot milk. Add the seasonings, salmon, rice and butter. Pour into a wet mold and let stand until set. This may be served cold on lettuce as a salad or with a hot tomato sauce in place of meat at dinner.

Note—Any other fish or meat may be used in place of salmon.

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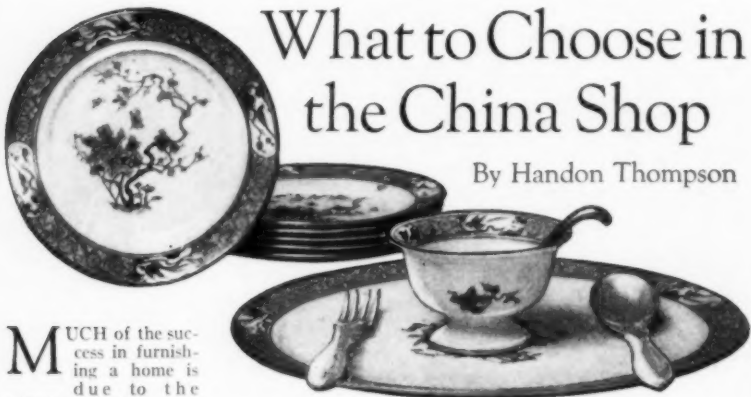
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What to Choose in the China Shop

By Handon Thompson



MUCH of the success in furnishing a home is due to the selection of its minor accessories. The color scheme of floor and wall spaces may be ever so perfect, and the furniture and hangings in good taste, but if one's sensibilities are jarred by the lesser things of utility, or are shocked by the introduction of some incongruous pieces that are out of keeping, the general harmony of the house is marred.

Choosing china for the table is in itself a detail, but it claims the same nice attention and care as does the selection of a rug or each piece of furniture. We use, see, and handle our china three times a day, so we should try to find that which, besides being pleasant to look upon, fits its environment. By this I mean, that simple, unostentatious china belongs in simple rooms. It may be ever so lovely in shape and color, and it may have been designed by the hand of a master, but it should not obtrude itself upon us in an aggressive way. Heavy, embossed gold bandings with rich monograms or handsome coats-of-arms belong to large, formal rooms, and are out of place in unpretentious homes.

Fortunately, the craze for hand-painted china, depicting realistic flowers and deeply shaded foliage, has passed away with many other senseless fashions. We have come to realize that a decoration must be flat and be at one with the shape it embellishes. Simplicity, appropriateness of design and graceful shapes are our ideals of beauty. The more urgent our appeals for really beautiful things, the less difficult will they be to obtain, for the shops must follow the demands.

During the war, when importations were rather difficult to procure, the potteries of America came into their own, and the old-time prejudice against domestic production was finally dispelled. The finest American-made china is the "Lenox ware," which is equal in texture, wearing capacity and decoration to any made in either England or France. Its price about equals the ware of the same quality brought into this country.

Quite inexpensive and attractive are many examples of Japanese porcelains, which, by their quaint designs, make a certain appeal. The decorations of the very cheap grades are thinly painted on the

is used, but it is quite permissible to employ different service plates, unusual coffee-cups or salad and ice-cream plates of dissimilar ware. If we allow ourselves too great liberty in the way of odds and ends, we are apt to encourage a cluttered look to the table which is very undesirable.

Although we do not mean to decry modern designs, some of which are very delightful, we are more often instinctively attracted toward the lovely reproductions of old patterns which have been revived with great success. English pottery is splendidly durable, and the factories that have produced such beautiful wares as Wedgwood, Spode, Royal Worcester, Staffordshire and Chelsea are still bringing out many of their old patterns that have stood the test of time. The quaint, bright tones found in the old-fashioned garlands and in birds and butterflies somewhat conventionalized in form, add a glint of color to the sobriety of pure white cloths, or to the neutral tints of polished wooden tables clothed with doilies.

JOYOUS tones of color, provided they are not blatant, or reproduced to create an effect, are delightful, but there is an equal charm to be found in the daintier, more fragile French designs.

At present, there is a reversion to the primitive peasant pottery, the shapes and designs of which are a true expression of the art of a people. It is too crude for a formal dinner, but for breakfast and luncheon it is very effective, particularly when used with coarse linen doilies or runners that have the tones of the pottery repeated in a bit of drawn-work or embroidery.

If we are seeking china that is unusual, and has an individuality of its own as well as a beautiful quality, we must not forget the Copenhagen ware. Painted under the glaze and then fired at a high temperature, its decorations are very distinctive. Hot-water jugs, individual plates, tea and breakfast sets and many delightful receptacles for holding flowers and fruit can be procured.

While it is not always possible to buy the beautiful things we crave, if our desire for them is great enough we will prefer having a few really good things to a larger

Soft-toned Sedji, Canton or gold-banded china are charming incidental pieces for any table



surface, and the over-glaze is apt to chip easily and wear off. The well-known standard patterns are delightful and can be employed either for daily use or formal occasions.

Almost everyone is familiar with the Sedji ware. It is of one tone—a cool, refreshing green—whose glaze of satin-like texture took the potters of many generations to perfect. Other solid colors—yellow, old-rose, old-blue and mauve can also be found in Oriental pottery. Far cheaper than the one-toned productions of English ware, this pottery is particularly appropriate for a country house or for the informal afternoon tea.

HOWE, in blue and white, is an "open" pattern that is simple and dignified in shape. Canton china, in the familiar "willow" pattern, is so well-known it does not need detailed description.

Although it is a practical idea when buying sets of china to get an "open" pattern that can be renewed again and again, we are held by no fast rules. There are too many delightful things to be had nowadays for us to bind ourselves by a fixed convention. A table, set for a formal dinner, looks best when a uniform service

quantity that is inferior. Why not buy one or two pieces at a time?

Start an open set of good English porcelain, purchase a dozen plates, and then gradually, year by year, add the most necessary articles. When we have attained a whole set, the difficulties in obtaining it will give an added joy to its possession.

And now a word as to the practical usefulness of china. The most beautiful shapes are those that best fulfil the purposes for which they are designed. A tea- or coffee-pot that pours easily, that has a firm, comfortable handle, and is made wide enough at the mouth so it can be easily cleaned, will of necessity be a beautiful pot. What decoration there is should be pleasing in color and design.

More and more are we attempting to combine practical usefulness with simplicity and beauty even in the humblest things of utility. When we have accomplished this, art in its broadest sense will take on a new meaning.

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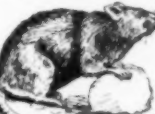
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Housekeeping with a Medieval Mind

(Continued from page 10)

that it is becoming as intolerable to us for others as it would be for ourselves. We demand for ourselves the right to make all sorts of acquaintances, good, bad and indifferent; to sharpen our wits and enrich our lives by our failures in friendship as well as by our successes. We demand the right to be foolish in our pastimes, if we are born to folly, and to learn wisdom thereby. That we are reaching the place, a good many of us, where it is unendurable to us that others should be less free, indicates that the time is rapidly coming when it will be fashionable for women to open their own doors to their friends after eight o'clock in the evening, and when it will be quite *comme il faut* to answer the telephone themselves—unless they can afford the three-shift system of service.

The Federal Employment Bureau, working through a committee on household labor and in conjunction with committees from a group of women's organizations, has evolved a set of rules governing the houseworker's relation to her job which makes it the sort of job an independent, intelligent girl may enter without abridging any of her independence. In the first place the name *servant* is to go; domestic laborers are to be *household assistants*.

"Piffle!" cries Araminta magnificently. "What does it matter what one is called?" But it does matter no end when one happens to be called by a title deemed derogatory to pride and self-respect.

The household assistants are to have the right to their own first names. They are to be not *Norah* and *Maggie* and *Helma* from the first moment of their arrival, but *Miss O'Connor*, *Miss Smith* and *Miss Svenson*. They are to be *Mrs. Perkins* and *Mrs. Black* instead of the *Perkins* and *Black* which some imitators of the less admirable of British customs have attempted to introduce into this country. Their working day will be eight hours, exclusive of their lunch or dinner hour, and they will be paid over-time for extra hours' work. They will work six days a week, and they will receive a minimum wage of twelve dollars. This sum may sound high. But when one considers that neither lodging nor board for her household staff will any longer devolve upon the employer, any more than lodging and board for his clerks devolve upon her husband in his office, the minimum wage will be seen as a distinct saving of money for the employer.

Besides, suppose that a minimum wage of twelve dollars a week were high? If it is merely a decent living wage, permitting the person who earns it to live with a certain degree of human freedom, must not those who aspire to keep household help learn to pay it? It is, of course, conceivable that there are households in which servants have been employed at a lower rate. But the answer would seem to be that such households cannot honestly afford the amount of domestic help they have managed to maintain. There are many luxuries not to be afforded by persons of moderate means. The fact that some housewives would not feel themselves justified in paying an eight-hour-a-day household assistant at this rate means, not that the assistant should work for less, but that the housekeeper must admit her inability to afford the service. There are so many things that so many people cannot afford—big cars, chauffeurs, ladies' maids, private secretaries. But no one ever hears the argument advanced that chauffeurs and ladies' maids, big cars and private secretaries should put their prices down.

For even the family which faces the unpleasant fact that it cannot afford household assistants working on the new basis—though it cannot be too much emphasized that the increase in expense is rather in the seeming than in the fact, and that the saving in food and rent for house space is almost invariably more than a balance for the increase in cash expenditure—for even such a family there is a perfectly simple way of adjustment to the new order. It contemplates part-time service as well as full-time. And, hand in hand with the new order in household service, comes the development of cooked-food services all over the country. In several of the large cities this has been already established upon a sound commercial basis. Hot dinners are delivered to customers ready to serve—in heat-retaining containers—dinners arranged with a proper regard for dietetics as well as palatability. For the general customer the price of these dinners ranges from about seventy-five cents to a dollar, the latter price being for the slightly more elaborate "company" dinner. And in certain sub-

(Continued on page 67)



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B. H. Greider, Box 7 Rhine, Pa.

Eleanor Finds a Way

By Olive Carter

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GREFFÉ

ELEANOR awoke with a start. Was it a footstep she had heard? She sat up, listening intently. Then, slipping out of bed, she crossed the dark room and looked at the little clock on her dresser. It was midnight. Wide awake now, she laughed nervously.

"How ridiculous! Nineteen years old and frightened by a—"

But just then she heard the floor creak under a muffled tread. She listened—there it was again—and again! Was there really a burglar in the house?

She stole to the door of her room, opened it noiselessly and peered out into the dark hall. There was a thin streak of light beneath the closed door of the room her parents occupied. Maybe her father was ill! She recalled in the brief moment she stood there that the lines in his face had seemed to be growing deeper from day to day, that for months he had seemed to be getting all the while a little more stooped and tired-looking!

With a new fear clutching at her heart, Eleanor tiptoed down the hall and was about to tap on the door when she heard her father's voice: "I know it's going to be a terrible disappointment to her, but we can't send her away to school. I don't even know how I'm going to buy her the clothes she needs right now!"

"It's no use—my salary hasn't increased with the cost of living! Two years ago it was ample. But now it won't provide us with a comfortable living and—I'm discouraged, mother!"

His voice trembled, then almost broke. Eleanor stood transfixed—she seemed unable to move or think! Then she heard her mother speaking.

"I had no idea things were as bad as that! I'm so sorry! If only I could help you!"

"Oh! you can, you do, dear—all the while!" her father replied hoarsely. "It's no fault of ours! We've never lived extravagantly, but these last two years have been terrible! Everything has doubled and tripled in price—and I've had only one small increase in salary. That's what's the matter. Forgive me for worrying you—but the premium on my insurance is due, the top drawer of my desk is full of bills and our bank balance tonight is just \$13.07! Whatever happens, though, don't tell Eleanor—or let her guess!"

AT the words a great feeling of love and pity swept over Eleanor. Her first impulse was to rush in and try to comfort them both. But they thought her asleep and knowing that she had overheard would only disturb them the more! So with tear-filled eyes she tiptoed back to her own room. Turning on the light, she dropped into the little chair before her dressing table and studied herself in the mirror.

"I will help them," she whispered. "There must be some way I can at least be self-supporting. I'm old enough to go to work now—and I will! But what can I do?"

For a long, long time, she sat there thinking and planning. Then she picked up the magazine she had been reading that evening. She paused at a story, wondering if she could write fiction. Or could she make some money taking magazine subscriptions? Eagerness and perplexity strove for mastery as she studied page after page. Finally, she seemed to get an inspiration, for she closed the magazine and as she sat, chin resting on her palm, a glad expression came into her eyes. A few minutes later she was fast asleep with the trace of a smile still on her lips.

As soon as breakfast was over and her father had gone to the office next morning, Eleanor confided her plan to her mother, and it was agreed that it should be kept a secret. They talked it over for a good while, and somehow there was a much more cheerful atmosphere in the household from that morning on. Eleanor had never seemed so happy and her mother shared her gladness. Even Mr. Morton noticed the change and caught the spirit of his wife and daughter. Eleanor thought she could see her father brighten up as soon as he came home from the office.

One night, though, Eleanor almost betrayed her secret. It was her nineteenth birthday, and after dinner, her father

had pressed into her hand a crisp \$50 bill and told her it was her birthday gift from him and her mother. He said they had wanted to get her a really nice party dress but thought she would enjoy selecting it herself.

As he fondly drew her into his arms and told her how proud of her he was and how he wanted her to have everything possible to make her happy, Eleanor thought she could detect the same despairing break in his voice that had pierced her heart that dark night in the hall.

Her eyes filled with tears, as she burst out: "Oh! No! Father! Don't give me all this money! I don't need it." She was going to say "as much as you do!" Then she remembered that her father didn't know she had heard his words that night. So she took the money and almost smothered him with kisses.

For two or three months, things went on as usual in the Morton home. Eleanor, however, did not select the birthday dress—and it bothered her father a little. Nearly every evening he asked her when she was going to get it. But Eleanor put him off—she had not been able to find just what she wanted, she said, and she was not going to get it till she found just the right one.

THEN, finally, one March evening the whole secret came out in a wonderful way. At last Eleanor had the long-expected dress. She had telephoned her father at the office that she was going to wear it to a party that afternoon and would surprise him in it when he came home that night.

Really more interested than he would have admitted, Mr. Morton managed to get away from his desk a little earlier than usual and reached home before Eleanor had returned from the party.

As father and mother sat talking together in the living-room, they heard the outside door open and some one called—

"It's not fair to look yet! I want to go up and take off my coat before I'm ready for you to see!"

They heard her humming a little song as she tripped lightly up the stairs and in just a moment she came down again—and what an Eleanor stood before them!

The walk in the wind had coaxed the pink of rosebuds to her cheeks, her eyes were sparkling with sheer happiness and, like a rare jewel in a perfect setting, all her natural attractiveness was brought out and emphasized by the dainty, stylish, little frock she wore. She was a vision of loveliness, fairly radiating the charm and beauty of young womanhood.

For several moments no one spoke. Then, turning around, Eleanor asked:

"Well, don't you like it, father?"

"It's perfect, dear!" and both pride and wonder shone in his face. "It's the most beautiful dress you've ever had—and well worth waiting for! But where did you buy such a wonderful dress as that for \$50?"

"That's the real surprise! I didn't buy it at all—I made every stitch of it myself, didn't I, mother? And here's another part of the surprise!" Eleanor exclaimed, and taking his hand in both of hers she placed in it a crisp \$50 bill like he had given her on her birthday.

"But—I don't understand!" Mr. Morton began. "I didn't know that either you or mother could sew at all—let alone make a dress like that!"

"We never could—until a few weeks ago," Eleanor laughed. "Do you want me to tell you how it happened?"

"Yes, Eleanor, I was never more curious in my life!"

"**W**ELL, father," Eleanor began, as she seated herself on his knee, "a few months ago, it came to me suddenly that with the cost of everything so terribly high, I ought to help you and mother in some other way than just assisting with the house work. I thought I had been a burden to you long enough. But at first, I didn't know of any way to do it.

"Then one night the solution of my problem came to me in the form of a magazine article. It told the story of an institute of domestic arts and sciences that had developed a wonderful method by which any woman anywhere could learn right at home to make becoming clothes for herself or others.

"I saw right away that if I could



For a long, long time, she sat there, thinking and planning.

learn to make stylish and becoming clothes for mother and myself it would mean the truest kind of economy. So I wrote at once and asked the Woman's Institute to tell me all about the plan.

"As you know, neither mother nor I could sew at all. And at first it seemed hardly possible that I could really learn by mail. But I had nothing to lose and mother agreed with me that it was surely worth finding out about anyway.

"Well, the information I received was a revelation to me. The Institute provided just the opportunity I needed, so I joined and took up dressmaking. I could scarcely wait for my first lesson. But when it came, my last doubt disappeared. I realized that any woman or girl could learn dressmaking by this wonderful new plan! The language is so simple a child could understand it, and the pictures are simply marvelous.

"The best part of all is that right away you begin making actual garments. Why, from the third lesson I made a beautiful waist. I'll show it to you in a few minutes. Mother has shared the secret from the start. She became so interested in my course that she has learned to do many things and has helped me. I have lots of pretty clothes to show you—they're in my closet upstairs, where I hid all my lessons and my work.

"Why, father, it's been such fun to make them. The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two each day. And any woman who is at all interested in clothes couldn't help learning rapidly. The textbooks foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take as personal an interest as if they were right beside you.

"Besides learning how to make every kind of garment at a saving of half or more, I also learned the all-important thing in making clothes—the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to really develop style and how to add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.

"Of course, as a member I had an opportunity to learn a great deal about the Institute and its work. Father, it's perfectly wonderful what this great school is doing for women and girls all over the world! You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient. This has made it possible for women in all circumstances to take the Institute's courses.

"And now, father—and this is really the biggest and best part of my surprise—the Institute has taught me the way to help that I had wanted so much to find. I know you are wondering how I could have this wonderful dress and so

many other clothes and give you back the \$50 beside.

"**W**ELL, my first plan was simply to surprise you by making instead of buying my dress and then show you that by spending that money for materials only I had been able to get the dress and ever so many other things, too. Three weeks ago this dress was done and I was going to put it on and tell you the secret that night, but in the afternoon some of the girls came in and I couldn't resist showing it to them. They were simply wild about it and when I told them I had made it myself, they begged me to make some dresses for them.

"The idea fairly took my breath away. I'd never dreamed of sewing for others, but then the big thought came that I could not only save on mother's clothes and mine, but I could make some money, too. So I agreed to do three dresses for the girls and this \$50 is what I earned by making them. I finished the last one yesterday.

"And today when the other girls at the party learned what I'd been doing, it seemed they all wanted me to make something for them. I'll have more than I can do for weeks to come! I've got it all planned to turn that sunny side room into a little shop—and, father dear, isn't it wonderful how it's all come out?"

"Wonderful!" and he held her close—maybe so she couldn't see what glistened in his eyes—"why, it's a modern miracle—and you've made me the proudest and happiest father in the world!"

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Fashions for February

Fashion Delights in Creating
For the Days Which Come
Between Winter and Spring

IT is the joy of Paris to add to the simplest creations details that completely change the appearance of the frocks. Sometimes these features are naive, sometimes bizarre, but always interesting. For between seasons when one is not settled regarding the new Spring wardrobe one likes to recreate one's Winter wardrobe with just such little touches. Paris, which is the mecca of inspiration for the unusual, sends over a few suggestions that we find delightful.

We have seen many types of girdles, but never has the startling girdle of fur appeared before. This novel thing is made of skunk, and has two saucy ears at the sides which stand outright in defiance of the most drastic criticism. Then there is the separate collar of fur or feathers. It conceals entirely the mouth and chin of the wearer and leaves the eyes alone to express the emotions. This dainty thing is tied at the back with velvet ribbons, the ends of which extend to the waistline. If the clever home-dressmaker makes her a simple one-piece frock and adds a touch like this she will be assured of a smart and successful frock.



Dress 9328
For 34-40 bust



Dress 9320
For 34-48 bust
Embroidery Design No. 1011

Dress 9327
For 34-48 bust



Dress 9298
For 34-48 bust

No. 9328, LADIES' DRESS; with yoke and two-piece tunic; two-piece skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch plaid material for the dress, and 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. An uneven tunic is featured which is low at one side and high at the other, giving a diagonal line across the front and back.

No. 9298, LADIES' DRESS; four-piece skirt with side panniers. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The basque front, which is slightly draped at the sides, has a belt attached to it which crosses the back in girdle effect.

No. 9327, LADIES' DRESS; with vest; three-piece tunic; underskirt having two-piece upper and lower sections. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch figured and 2 yards of 36-inch plain. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The overdress is in low-waist effect. The material combination in this design is exceptionally attractive.

No. 9320, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 42-inch material for the dress, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for the collar. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The side panels are elaborately embroidered with the very newest border design. A darning-stitch is used which makes it very easy for anyone to work, Design No. 1011.



9328 9320 9327 9298

These Are the Favored Designs in Fashion's New Collection

No. 9249, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 27½ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. The upper section is attractively embroidered around the waist. Design No. 956; and a smart little collar finishes the neck. Design No. 1012.

No. 8906, LADIES' DRESS; side-front closing; body and sleeves in one; straight lower edge. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material for the front, back and belt, and 2½ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.



Dress 9249
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Designs
No. 1012, and No. 956

Dress 8906
For 34-48 bust

Dress 9085
For 34-50 bust



Blouse 9318
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9323
For 34-34 waist



Dress 9300
For 34-48 bust

Embroidery Design No. 911



No. 9085, LADIES' DRESS; one-piece skirt; back and sides attached to two-piece yoke. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material, and ½ yard of 18-inch contrasting for the vest. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

Dress 8859
For 34-46 bust

Embroidery Designs No. 1021, and No. 1003



Dress 9055
For 34-48 bust
Embroidery Design No. 1000

Dress 9269
For 34-48 bust

No. 9269, LADIES' RED-INGOTE DRESS; three-piece tunic. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material, and ½ yard of 18-inch contrasting for the vest. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. A narrow belt crosses the vest at the waistline and holds the redingote in place.

No. 9055, LADIES' DRESS; with vest; front panel and tunic in one; two-piece foundation lengthened by one-piece straight section. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch figured material and ¾ yard of 36-inch plain. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. The vest is embroidered, Design No. 1000.

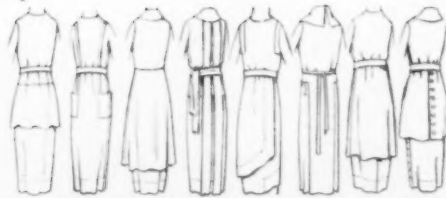
COSTUME NOS. 9318-9323.—36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch plain and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 9318, LADIES' SLIP-OVER BLOUSE; closing on shoulder and at left side-front. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 1 yard of 36-inch material for the front and back, and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting for the sides and sleeves.

No. 9323, LADIES' SKIRT; with simulated spiral tunic. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 9308, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3¼ yards of 44-inch material, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Attractive motifs trim the skirt, embroidered with darning-stitch, Design No. 944.

No. 8859, LADIES' DRESS; underskirt with back foundation. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for vest and belt. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. The vest and lower edge of tunic are embroidered in a contrasting color. Design No. 1011; Design No. 1003 is used for the bag.



9249 8906 9269 9085 9318 9308 8859 9055 9323

"Between Sea- son" Frocks Are Exceedingly Chic

No. 9279, LADIES' DRESS: dropped shoulder. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 18-inch for vest. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The tuck in the skirt gives the effect of a tunic. A little chemisette of contrasting material is used.

No. 9314, LADIES' DRESS: kimono sleeves with underarm section. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for the collar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 18-inch for vest. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The skirt and sleeves are embroidered. Design No. 883.



Dress 9316
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 983



Dress 9304
For 34-50 bust



Dress 9279 Dress 9314
For 34-46 bust For 34-44 bust
Embroidery Design No. 883



Dress 9359
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9294
For 34-42 bust



Waist 9255
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9259
For 24-38 waist



Dress 9067
For 34-46 bust

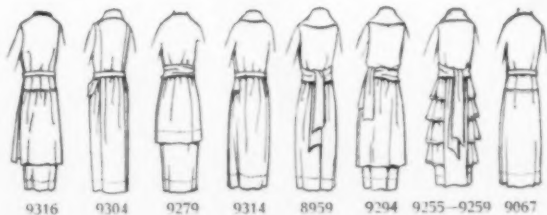
No. 9316, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 42-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The tunic and waist are artistically trimmed with sou-tache. Design No. 983.

No. 9304, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 42-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 18-inch contrasting for collar. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 8959, LADIES' TIE-ON DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for collar and sleeve extension, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 18-inch for vest. The width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 9255-9259.—36 requires 6 yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch for collar. No. 9255, LADIES' TIE-ON WAIST. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting. No. 9259, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. 26 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 9067, LADIES' DRESS: two-piece skirt attached at low waistline. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material for the dress, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting for the collar and vest. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



No. 9294, LADIES' TUNIC DRESS: two-piece tunic; three-piece underskirt lengthened by straight section. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch figured material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for collar. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

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No. 9311, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 42-inch material for the dress, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar. The width around the lower edge is 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



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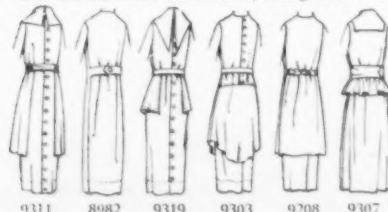
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Dress 9208
For 16-20 years

No. 9208, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; to be slipped on over the head; two-piece skirt attached at low waistline. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 18-inch for vest. Width, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9303, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece tunic attached to waist at lowered waistline. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18-inch contrasting for vest. Width, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The neck and tunic are trimmed with braid, Design No. 863.



No. 9319, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 yards of 42-inch material for the dress, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9307, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18-inch material for the collar. Width, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Frocks for Misses are Spelled in Terms of Grace and Charm



Dress 8882
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 927



Dress 9270
For 16-20 years

No. 8882, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch for the collar and underbody. Width, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Pretty embroidery is used at the front of the underbody, Design No. 927.



Dress 9296
For 16-20 years

No. 9270, MISSES' DRESS; with chemisette; three-piece skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18-inch for the chemisette. Width around edge, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 9296, MISSES' DRESS; two-piece straight skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch georgette, and $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch taffeta for the bands. The width is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.



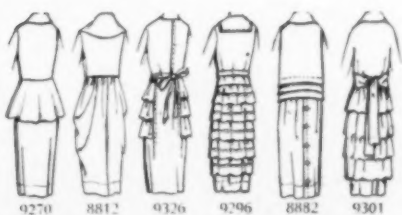
Dress 9301
For 16-20 years



Dress 8812
For 16-20 years

No. 8812, MISSES' DRESS; one-piece skirt attached to body lining. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for the frock, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 45-inch material for the collar. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9301, MISSES' DRESS; body and sleeve in one. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for the dress; $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for the collar and vest, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch for puff sleeves. Width, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.



Dress 9326
For 16-20 years



No. 225—Nainsook Combination—
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Paris Sanctions These Designs for the Young Girl



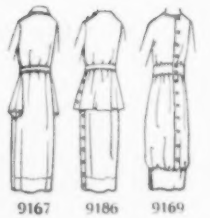
Dress 9167
For 16-20 years



Dress 9169
For 14-20 years
Embroidery Design
No. 888



Dress 9186
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design
No. 1011



Dress 8828
For 16-20 years



Dress 9064
For 16-20 years



Dress 9161
For 16-20 years

No. 9064, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 8828, MISSES' BOX-COAT DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 9167, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 18-inch contrasting.

No. 9161, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 9186, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. A simple darning-stitch is used for the embroidery, Design No. 1011.

No. 9169, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch. An attractive trimming of soutache braid is used, Design No. 888.

Blouses With a Touch of Handwork, Worn With Unusual Skirts, Make Chic Costumes



Waist 9302
For 34-48 bust

Blouse 9300
For 34-44 bust

Waist 9297
For 34-48 bust

Blouse 9310
For 34-44 bust

Blouse 9086
For 34-48 bust
Embroidery
Design No. 969

No. 9300, LADIES' BLOUSE. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch figured material, and 1 yard of 36-inch plain for trimming-bands.

No. 9297, LADIES' WAIST WITH CHEMISETTE. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch material, and 3/8 yard of 18-inch for chemise.

No. 9310, LADIES' BLOUSE. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch figured and 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 9302, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material, and 7/8 yard of 6-inch for girdle.

No. 9086, LADIES' RUSSIAN BLOUSE. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Attractively embroidered with beads, Design No. 969.



Suit Coat 9225
For 34-46 bust

Skirt 9285
For 24-36 waist



Skirt 9322
For 24-36 waist

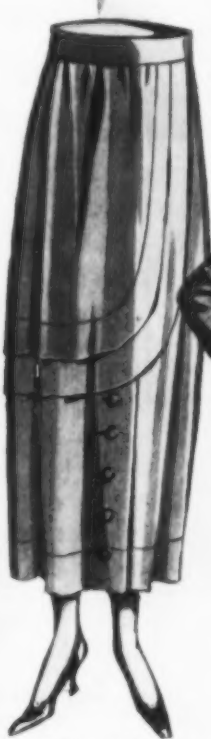
No. 9322, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. 26 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

No. 9321, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. 26 requires 2 3/8 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 7/8 yards.



Skirt 9321
For 24-36 waist

Skirt 9306
For 24-36 waist



Skirt 9312
For 24-32 waist

No. 9312, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. 26 requires 2 yards of 48-inch material. Width, 1 5/8 yards.

No. 9306, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. 26 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 5/8 yards.



Coat 9193
For 34-52 bust

Skirt 9281
For 24-36 waist

COSTUME NOS. 9225-9285. — 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.
No. 9225, LADIES' SUIT COAT. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2 3/8 yards of 54-inch material.
No. 9285, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. 26 requires 2 3/8 yards of 50-inch material. Width, 2 yards.



9281 9321 9285 9306 9322 9312 9086 9193 9225 9300 9297 9302 9310

COSTUME NOS. 9193-9281. — 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.
No. 9193, LADIES' COAT. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. 36 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material.
No. 9281, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. 26 requires 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

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THE Hygeia has no angles, no bends to collect food particles. As easy to clean as a tumbler. On such absolute cleanliness in feeding baby's health, even life, depends.

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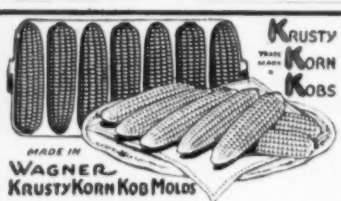
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is one big cause of 257,000 baby deaths a year. It cannot be cleaned perfectly, because of the narrow neck. Left unclean just once it poisons the nursing baby.



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Tooth Brush

Ask your druggist for "the brush in the yellow box"—he knows

Fashion Does Interesting Things with Lingerie

No. 8441, LADIES' UNDERGARMENT; one-piece straight lower section. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires 17 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The band is very daintily embroidered, Design No. 577.



Chemise 7230
For small, medium, large
Embroidery Design No. 1907

Undergarment 8441
For 34-42 bust
Embroidery Design No. 577

Chemise 9290
For small, medium, large

No. 9290, LADIES' ENVELOPE CHEMISE; front shirred. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Developed in batiste and outlined with hem-stitching.

No. 7230, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENVELOPE CHEMISE. Designed for small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Very delicate circular motifs are embroidered at the upper edge, Design No. 1007.

No. 9324, LADIES' AND MISSES' APRON DRESS. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material and 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards.

Apron Dress 9324
For small, medium, large

No. 9284, LADIES' NIGHTGOWN. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/4 yards. An interesting initial is used at the front, Design No. 606.

Nightgown 8531
For small, medium, large

Breakfast Coat 9236
For small, medium, large

No. 8531, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE NIGHTGOWN. Designed for small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. 36 requires 3 3/8 yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/4 yards.

No. 9236, LADIES' AND MISSES' BREAKFAST COAT. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 2 5/8 yards of 40-inch material and 2 1/2 yards of 23-inch flouncing.

The Practical Side of the Children's Wardrobe



No. 8774, CHILD'S SLIP-ON ROMPER. Designed for 6 months to 3 years. 3 years requires 1 yard of 27-inch plain, and 1 1/4 yards of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 8874, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 4 to 12 years. 8 years requires 2 5/8 yards of 36-inch material. The neck and sleeves are prettily embroidered, Design No. 884.

No. 8716, GIRL'S DRESS; overdress closing on shoulder. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 2 yards of 36-inch plaid, 7/8 yard of 40-inch plain, and 1/4 yard of 27-inch for vest.

No. 8498, BOY'S TAPELESS SHIRT BLOUSE; box-pleat closing. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 12 years requires 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch material.

No. 9200, LITTLE BOY'S DOUBLE-BREADED OVERCOAT. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 6 years requires 1 1/8 yards of 54-inch material, and 1 3/8 yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9143, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. Large embroidered motifs on the pockets are the only trimming on this smart frock, Design No. 737.



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Fascinating Things for

Tiny Tots



Nightgown 9203
For 2-14 years

Pajamas 7870
For 2-12 years

No. 7870, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE PAJAMAS. Designed for 2 to 12 years. 4 years requires 2½ yards of 27-inch material.

No. 9203, GIRL'S ONE-PIECE NIGHTGOWN; kimono sleeves. Designed for 2 to 14 years. 4 years requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 9317, CHILD'S ROMPER. Designed for 6 months to 4 years. 4 years requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 9299, GIRL'S PAJAMAS; body and sleeve in one, dropped back. Designed for small, 4 to 6; medium, 8 to 10; large, 12 to 14 years. 4 years requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

Pajamas 9299
For small, medium, large



No. 8680, GIRL'S SET OF UNDERWEAR. Designed for 2 to 12 years. 4 years requires, petticoat, 1¾ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 9313, INFANT'S SET; all garments opening on shoulder. The dress requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch; the petticoat, 1¼ yards of 27-inch; the pinning blanket, 1½ yards of 36-inch; embroidered with Design 448. The Gertrude and dress are embroidered, Design No. 646.

Romper 9317
6 months to 4 years

Petticoat 8680
For 2-12 years

Infant's Set 9313
Embroidery Designs Nos. 448 and 646

Children's Modes Have a Smart Style All Their Own

No. 7400, CHILD'S COAT AND CAP. Designed for 6 months to 3 years. 1 year requires 2 3/8 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 9295, GIRL'S COAT; convertible collar. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material, and 1/2 yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 9305, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The side panels are attached at the waistline.

No. 9190, CHILD'S DRESS. Designed for 6 months to 6 years. 6 years requires 1 3/4 yards of 42-inch material.

No. 9325, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 6 years requires 1 7/8 yards of 42-inch material.

Coat and Cap
7400
For
6 months
to 3 years

Coat 9295
For 4-14 years

No. 9309, Boy's SUIT; knickerbocker trousers. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2 yards of 48-inch material.

No. 9315, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. The neck is very attractively trimmed with soutache braid. Design No. 888.

Dress 9305
For 6-14 years

Dress 9190
For
6 months
to 6 years

Suit 9309
For 6-14 years

Dress 9325
For 6-14 years

Dress 9315
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 888



At the first symptoms of sore throat

When you first feel a cold settling in the throat or chest, then is the time to ward off its attack. "Vaseline" Capsicum Petroleum Jelly is better than the old-fashioned mustard plaster for this purpose and won't blister the skin. Rub a little well into the parts affected. It carries in the remedy and relieves congestion.

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Embroidering Your Dainty Attire

By Elisabeth May Blondel



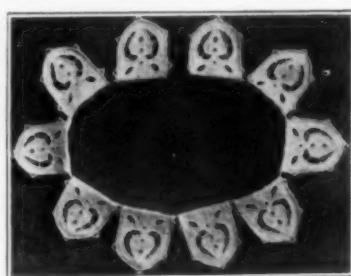
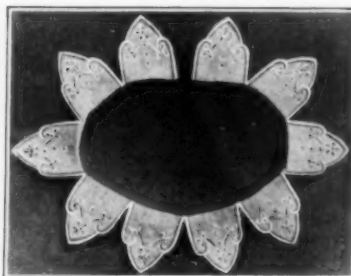
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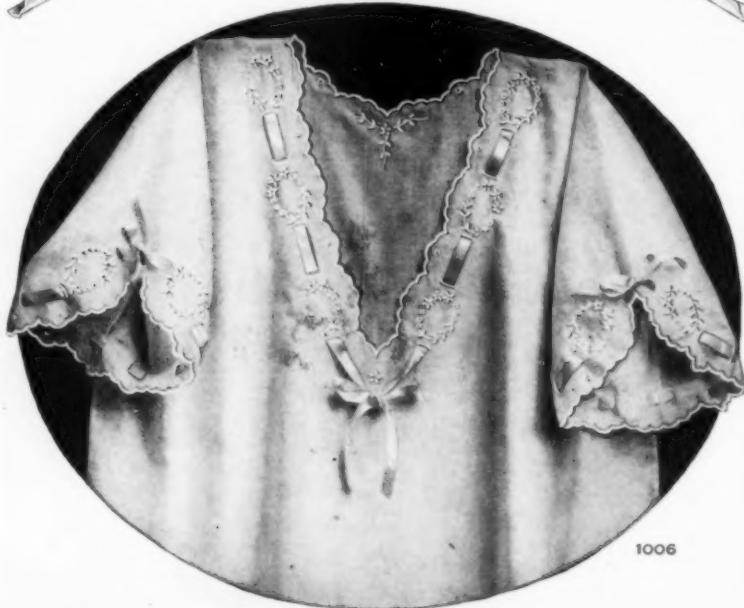
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1006—Embroidery Design for Nightgown. A most delightful daintiness distinguishes this ribbon and wreath design. The embroidery is for satin-, outline-, eyelet- and buttonhole-stitch. The nightgown is McCall Pattern No. 8531. This is cut in 3 sizes, small, medium and large

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Make Money In Your Own Home



Better Than a Hundred Hands



The Auto Knitter

A turn of the handle and from 60 to 200 smooth, even, perfect stitches are knitted. Thousands of such stitches can be made in a few minutes by the operator of average experience. Many of our workers report that, with the Auto Knitter, a completed sock can be made in less than 10 minutes.

When the Auto Knitter goes into action it is just like having many families of skilled knitters working for you; that is why our trademark is "Better than a Hundred Hands." It makes the sock—top—body—heel—and toe—without removal from the machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand and can be used anywhere. It is easily learned. Experience in knitting and familiarity with machines are totally unnecessary. Complete instructions about how to use The Auto Knitter are sent to every worker. The Auto Knitter is to hand knitting what the sewing machine is to hand sewing.

Profit and Pleasure

This is to certify that I have used the Auto Knitter in my home with entire satisfaction, and that the Auto Knitter Company have not said too much in stating that the work wears as well as hand-knitted. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." I have the socks and I know.

I consider the company to be honorable in their business dealings, and, like their machine, is to be relied upon. The Auto Knitter does the finest work of any machine I have seen, and I am perfectly satisfied with it as a means of profit in every way. *Mifflinburg, Pa.*

More Than Two Dozen Pairs a Day

The Auto Knitter has proven very satisfactory. The work done on the machine cannot be surpassed. I consider this machine stands in a class by itself. Absolutely perfect work can be made. The only requirement is to learn the work, and then work. The Auto Knitter is very speedy and any person of good judgment can knit from one to two dozen pairs of socks a day, and if they want to push the work they can turn out more. The treatment by the Auto Knitter Company is the best, and I have found them to be absolutely reliable. *Berlin, N. Y.*

We Supply the Yarn FREE and Pay You For the Socks

The whole world needs socks. In every country, in every city, in every town and in every village—in every corner of the world, in fact—there is an acute shortage of hosiery.

This great demand is your personal opportunity. It is your chance to add substantially to your income. It is the weapon with which you can meet the constantly increasing high cost of living.

You can make this extra money pleasantly and easily in the privacy, freedom and comfort of your own home.

This is an unusual advertisement due to an unusual world-condition. We are a firmly established

American Corporation engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. Our business connections are world-wide. We have been in business many years.

We have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. We believe in the independent employee. We know that the best work is that which is done by well-paid, contented people in happy homes.

These socks can be made by men and women. Knitting experience is unnecessary. The Auto Knitter, a marvelous machine made by us, does the work. Anyone can quickly learn to operate this machine.

Workers Wanted Everywhere

For the reasons stated above—the unprecedented world demand for hosiery—we need more workers—thousands of them. We need you.

We need all the socks you and your family can make on The Auto Knitter. We need this labor badly. We will make a contract to pay you a Fixed Wage, on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk. You can work for us as much as you want, or as little as you want—spare time or full time.

And for every dozen pairs of socks you send us we will pay you a liberal wage.

With every Auto Knitter we send a supply of yarn FREE. We also supply FREE, the yarn needed to replace that which is used in making the socks you send us.

The yarn we supply is the well-known Qu-No Quality Brand, made especially for The Auto Knitter. It is the Softest, the Warmest, the Strongest; Uniformity in quality, weight and shade are always obtainable. We issue a Free Shade Card that contains samples of Qu-No Quality Yarns.

You are of course at liberty to dispose of the output of The Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use The Auto Knitter to make at a remarkably low cost all the hosiery your family needs—wool, and cotton.

But please remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to our Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out Employment Offer of a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone.

Positively Not a "Canvassing Scheme"

The Auto Knitter gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you the chance to devote your entire time to the business, and thus to be independent of bosses, rules, time-clocks, working-hours, etc. Our Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised "canvassing scheme," "agency" or "open a store" proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers.

The Auto Knitter is one of the best investments anyone could make. I can make three pairs of socks in an hour. In one week I made \$35.00 from private trade alone. It is the finest and cleanest work I have ever done, and I would not be without it. *Wheatley, Ont.*

Since purchasing your machine I have made over one thousand three hundred pairs of men's half-socks, and the machine is in perfect running order. My work has all been accepted and promptly paid for,

and I have received the most courteous treatment at all times. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company does not exaggerate and lives up to all of its statements. *Buffalo, N. Y.*

Am sending you today a shipment of half-socks. I wish to compliment you on the Promptness with which you return replacement yarn and check. *Gays, Ill.*

I have shipped to you today 14 dozen (168 pair) of men's socks. *Obelisk, Pa.*

In this same mail I am sending you 74 pair of half-socks. Hope they will reach you all right. Please send replacement yarn, and wages, and I will send another shipment soon. *State College, Pa.*

I have just sent you a lot of half-socks made by my Auto Knitter with yarn supplied by you. I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to tell you how much pleased I am with the machine and what pleasure it gives me to work it. I also wish to thank you for

the courtesy and prompt attention you have always shown me. *Buffalo, N. Y.*

I am sending you another lot of socks today. I am getting along fine with my machine, and thank you for the promptness with which you have accepted and paid for my hosiery. *Limestone, Tenn.*

I have received my replacement yarn and check. I am well pleased with my machine, and your treatment of me. *Maxdale, Tex.*

Write Today for Our Liberal Wage Offer

No matter where you live we want you to know all about The Auto Knitter, and the immensity of our world-wide institution. We want to tell you of the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in our organization, and the future you can make for yourself with The Auto Knitter.

We want you to compare our work, and the money that is in it, with what people are paid for long, hard grinding toil in office, store, mill and factory. We want you to know the substantial amounts that even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Then we want you to read the glowing statements of our perfectly satisfied workers, and learn how, if you desire, you can have your own home factory and sell your output both wholesale and retail.

Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you need not know how to knit. You do not have to even know how to sew. The Auto Knitter does the work.

Action is the word. Write your name and address now, this minute, on the coupon and get this coupon in the mail at once. Enclose 2c postage to cover cost of mailing, etc.

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Every mother knows how important is health to the happiness of her family.

Constipation, sooner than anything else, gives mental depression and ill humor. No one can be truly healthy and happy with a clogged intestinal system. And it is for the mother to keep the family system clean and the family circle harmonious.

Constipation causes much more than bad nature. It opens the way to scores of diseases through poisoning of the system and lowering its resisting powers.

Leading medical authorities agree that pills, salts, castor oil, etc. force and weaken the system. Nujol is entirely different.

Nujol prevents constipation by softening the food waste and encouraging the intestinal muscles to act naturally.

Nujol helps Nature establish easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

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Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it rips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *single cold is a dangerous cold*. Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp." The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

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IMPORTANT—During the 8 weeks for 25c period, another of those wonderful Courtesan Savage Serials, entitled "Morning," will appear exclusively in the Christian Herald in advance of its publication as a \$1.50 book.

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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

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You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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Housekeeping with a Medieval Mind

[Continued from page 51]

urban towns fairly successful experiments in community kitchens and dining-rooms have been made. With such simplification of household processes as these services denote, the average middle-class home could often be very well run with a part-time assistant. Clubs, settlement houses, and all sorts of successful experiments in cooperative living have shown for years that there is nothing intrinsically repugnant to the civilized human being in meeting other civilized human beings with a fair degree of regularity at meal-times!

For an occupation beginning to emerge from the darkness of an undemocratic past, a new race of household assistants is already beginning to be raised up. High schools, settlements, the Y. W. C. A. are all offering courses of training in household assistance—the new profession. The schools and colleges of domestic science will aid the movement by providing not only their present Normal courses for women who wish to go out and teach, but actual working courses for those who wish to go out and practise the domestic arts.

It really begins to look—provided the Aramintas do not too long balk and block the way of progress—as if, even in our day, the trained household assistant may come to be to the harassed housewife, almost broken by long years of struggle to make a medieval tool useful in a modern world, the same beautiful vision of comfort and hope that the first trained nurse, emerging crisply from her hospital, must have seemed to the sick-rooms of the earth.

The Dark Mirror

[Continued from page 14]

SYNOPSIS—Priscilla Maine, a young artist, haunted by strange dreams, asks to be psycho-analyzed by Dr. Philip Fosdick. She tells him that as far back as she can remember, her dreams have always been about a girl named Leonora, who seems to be herself, yet whose surroundings and habits of thought and speech are totally unknown to her. Leonora's associates are a band of East-side gangsters, led by Red Carnehan, who loves her. She is in love with Mario, a mysterious Spaniard. At the gangsters' meeting-place she is accused by Harry the Nut of betraying their pal, Eddie, to the police. Just as she in turn accuses him, Bielinsky bursts in, warning of a frame-up. Red and Leonora climb out on the fire-escape as the door is broken down by a policeman and a plain-clothes man; both are shot by Red. When Priscilla's story ends, Dr. Fosdick shows her the evening paper containing an account of the incident of the shooting but implicating Bielinsky only. Later, seeking a clue to her dream, he disappears. Priscilla returns to her painting, again becomes self-hypnotized and sees Leonora, in hiding, summoned by Charlie the Coke to meet Red. Her rendezvous with Charlie is an opium-joint where she finds him overcome by the drug. With him is Inez, one of the gang, who offers to guide Leonora to Red. To elude a "dick," who is really Philip, she leads her across the roofs of the houses, and leaves her at Mario's apartment, calling it Red's hiding-place. Inez then goes to Red and informs him of Leonora's whereabouts. In the meantime, Mario has persuaded Leonora to go away with him. He leaves her to get a taxi, but she, suddenly aware of danger for him, opens the door to follow and confronts Red. Their encounter ends in a desperate struggle but Mario returns in time to rescue her. Philip telephones Priscilla that he has seen Leonora. Her strange replies cause him to hasten to her house where he awakens her from her trance. She confides in him her jealousy of Leonora.

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All druggists sell the reliable and genuine "California Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna".

Children's Pleasant Laxative

Full directions for children of all ages are plainly printed on label. Mother! You must look for our name,—The California Fig Syrup Company.

High School Course in Two Years

Learn at home, in spare time. Here is complete and simplified high school course that you can finish in two years. Meets all college entrance requirements. Prepared by leading members of the faculties of universities and academies. This is your opportunity. Write for booklet and full particulars. No obligation whatsoever. Write today—50W.
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. H-302 Chicago, U.S.A.

Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

All druggists; Soap 25c, Ointment 25c & 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."



Millions Stop Colds

In this "Old Fashioned" way

IT is easy to stop colds and their sometimes serious consequences if you get them at the start.

Take a hot bath, a hot lemonade, cover up warm in bed and get up with full vigor in the morning.

It's an "old-fashioned" remedy that millions have used for years because in those years they have found no other way that is so effective.

Do it tonight if you feel a cold coming now. Don't wait till you have the cold. If the cold is developed take the lemonade nightly until it is broken.

Many people stop nine colds out of ten by taking hot lemonade at the beginning. Several hundred million lemons were used in this way during the last influenza epidemic.

The results then have made scores of new users of this stand-by remedy. They will make you a user also.

California lemons make the best lemonade. They are practically seedless, tart and heavy with acid juice. Buy them at any first-class store.

Try the "hot lemonade way" tonight.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Section 610, Los Angeles, Cal.



"Yes, sir, the same old reliable Sloan's—the most popular Liniment on the market!"

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

marks the survival of the fittest. For thirty-eight years its sales and its prestige have steadily grown, until today, to speak of any external ache or pain is synonymous with saying "Sloan's Liniment."

It is unequaled in promptly relieving Rheumatic Twinges, Neuralgia, Sciatica

Lumbago, Sore Muscles, Stiff Joints, Neuralgic Headache. Penetrates without rubbing to the afflicted part, quickly promoting a warm tingle of comforting relief. Will not stain the skin, takes little to produce gratifying results.

Keep a bottle handy for emergency.

All druggists, 35c, 70c, \$1.40.

Sloan's The World's **Liniment** **KEEP IT HANDY**



ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

(DERIVATIVE COMPOUND)

That brightness of eye, clearness of skin, sweetness of breath, steadiness of nerve which healthy people radiate is due in large measure to good digestion—in many cases established and maintained by the use of Eno.

A spoonful of Eno in a glass of water makes a tasty, bubbling drink that quickly, pleasantly and surely stimulates digestion and overcomes headaches, nervousness, nausea, biliousness, indigestion and the many ills of constipation.

A bottle of Eno in every home is positive assurance of regular habits. Note the characteristic and attractive package. Be sure your druggist gives you this package. It comes in a large size only at one dollar.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, London, S. E., England

Agents for the Continent of America:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York, U. S. A., Toronto, Canada

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250 West 37th Street, New York City

FEB.

I accept your generous offer and enclose \$.....
Please send me the following magazines for one year:

Name
Local
Address
City and
State



When Grandpa was a little boy, and Grandmama was little, too,
He sent a Valentine to her—just like this one I'm sending you.

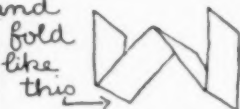
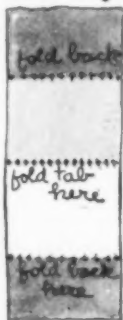


Paste F, G, and H on white paper before you put the valentine together

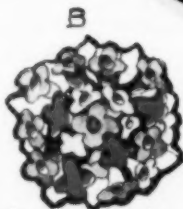
From

BARBARA HALE

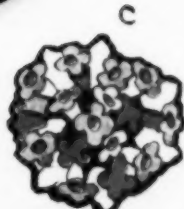
Cut eleven tabs of white paper like this—



Paste one end of a folded tab on back of doves, A



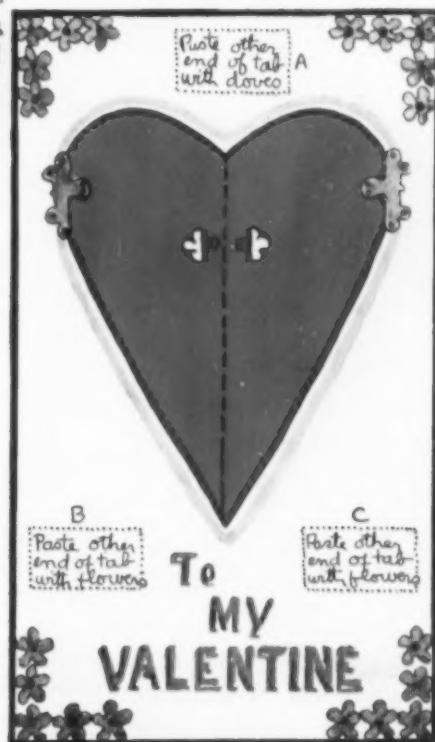
Paste one end of a folded tab on back of flowers, B.



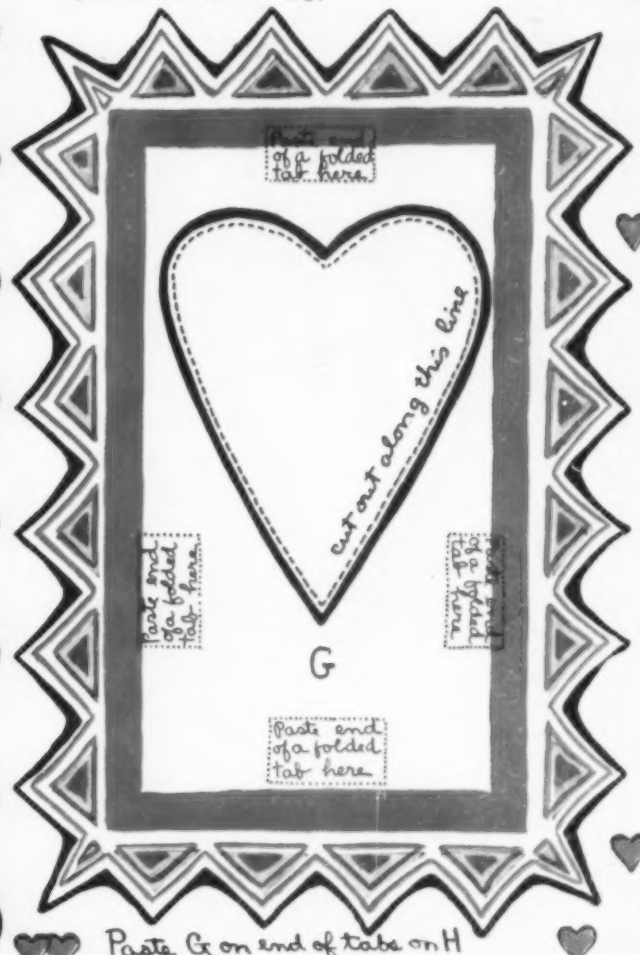
Paste one end of a folded tab on back of flowers, C.



Slip end D. of tab through slot D. in heart and slip end E. of tab through slot E. in heart.



Paste F on end of tabs on G—
and be sure to have hearts just over each other.



Paste G on end of tabs on H



On McCall Street's Kitchen Shelf

In a million five hundred thousand American homes McCall's Magazine is read each month.

Put these homes all on one street—a house every 25 feet—and this street would reach from Boston to San Diego.

The housewives who read McCall's in these 1,500,000 homes are the kind of housewives who keep their homes spick and span.

On their kitchen shelves, and in their kitchen cupboards, are the varied articles required for washing, scouring, sweeping, renovating, polishing and "touching up."

To take care of its cleaning and renovating needs, McCall Street pays out \$650,000 every month for soaps and washing powders; \$125,000 for ammonia and cleansing fluids; \$275,000 for brushes, mops brooms, and pails; \$250,000 for carpet sweepers; \$200,000 for vacuum cleaners; \$175,000 for washing machines; \$125,000 for oils, polishes, and floor wax; \$200,000 for varnish, shellac, and ready-mixed paint.

A grand total of \$2,000,000 a month, or \$24,000,000 a year, which the women of McCall Street expend

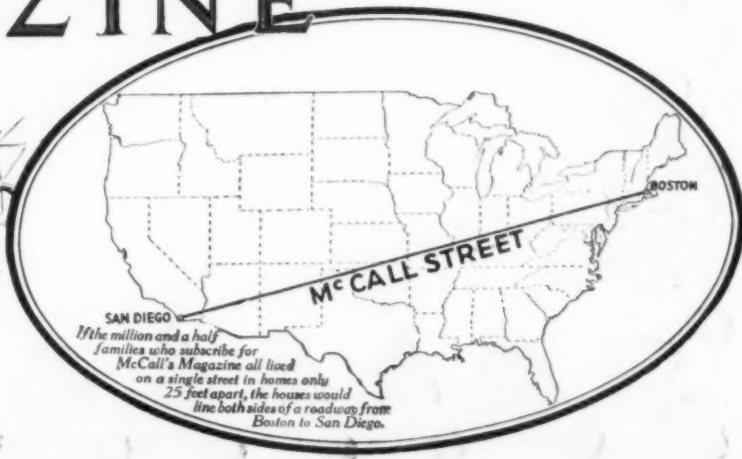
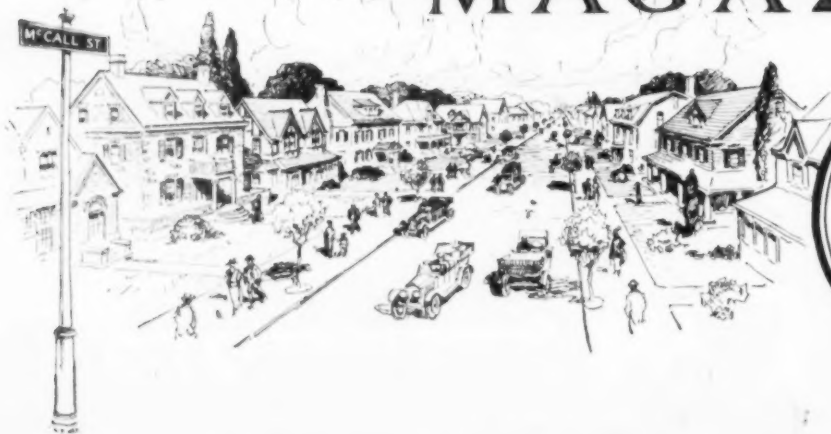
just for the things they need to keep their homes clean, bright, and well-ordered.

McCall Street's housewives look to the household departments of McCall's, edited by authorities on home management, for trustworthy advice as to how they may save time and conserve energy in all their household duties.

And they naturally turn to McCall's advertising pages for trustworthy information as to what are the newest, most reliable, most economical goods to be had for their use.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 236-250 WEST 37th STREET, NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO BOSTON ATLANTA TORONTO

McCALL'S MAGAZINE



This is one of a series of advertisements appearing in the newspapers in the very large cities

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen
corns so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

A small bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at drug stores anywhere. The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.



Crawled— Now Walks

Infantile Paralysis caused the deformity. Two years after treatment at the McLain Sanitarium his mother writes:

"When we took our boy to the McLain Sanitarium he had to crawl on his hands and knees after six months treatment (Summer of 1917) he could walk alone. It is now two years since he took the McLain's treatment and he has continued to improve every day since he came home."

Mrs. C. D. Speidel, Hanoverton, Ohio.
For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities. Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book "Deformities and Paralysis"; also "Book of References", free. Write for them.

McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
944 Aubert Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

THE "ANTI-COLIC" BRAND
THREE-HOLE NIPPLE

Has three small feed holes like the mother's breast. Three feed holes give perfect, even flow, and keep baby's mouth pleasantly and properly. Used in maternity hospitals. Cut shows regular size No. (147) Petite size (No. 247) is a trifle smaller. Insist on getting the "ANTI-COLIC" Brand, or for 14c stamps or coin we will send 3 Nipples (either size) prepaid.

DAVOL RUBBER CO. PRICE 7¢
Department M. W. Providence, R. I.

TWO MILLION BABIES USE IT

5 GREAT NOVELTIES
20 cts. The glorious flower recently introduced by us has succeeded everywhere and proved to be the most showy garden annual. Nothing can surpass the mass of bloom which it shows all Summer and Fall.

We now have three new colors—pink, yellow and scarlet, as well as crimson. All these colors mixed. 20 cts. per pkt.

With each order we send 1 trial pkt. each of **Giant Kochia**, most decorative foliage annual.

Salvia Hybrida, white, pink, striped, scarlet, plumed, etc., mixed.

Japan Iris, new hybrids, all colors. Magnificent.

Giant Centaurea, superb for garden or vase.

And our **Big Catalog**, all for 20 cts.

Big Catalog, free. All flower and vegetable seeds, bulbs, plants and new berries. We grow the finest Gladioli, Dahlias, Cannas, Irises, Poinsettias, Perennials, Shrubs, Vines, Ferns, Peas, Asters, Pansies, etc. All special prize strains, and many sterling novelties.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Inc. Floral Park, N.Y.



When the Artist's Fairy-Paint Ran Out

By Hazel Ross

MANY, many years ago, in a far-off country, there was a quaint, beautiful garden. And in this garden there were the loveliest, the very loveliest flowers that ever grew. The honeybees and the butterflies swarmed there to play, and the birds came to sing their happiest songs.

And in this kingdom of flowers there lived a flower Queen, a tall lily, as fair and as lovely as the Dawn and, oh, so kind and tender and loving!

Now the Queen gave to each family a little spot of earth all its very own, so as to keep her kingdom in order. For you see, in those days, so many years ago, the blossoms had no colors. They only knew that the sky seemed different from the grass, and the birds didn't look the same as the butterflies. But the flowers were all just alike in hue, even though some were large and others small. Some were shaped like tiny, fairy bells and others like downy little pillows. Not that it mattered at all to these joyous little people, for year after year the little country lived calmly and grew happily.

All during the Summers, the Sun smiled down on this quaint little garden. Every Winter, the soft Snows warmed and covered it over like a big, fleecy blanket. The Rain came often to keep it fresh and beautiful and help it to grow. So, by and by, the flowers had grown so thick and so fast that the place was becoming all crowded. One day, when the Queen was going through her country, she discovered that all of her families were mixed up! Oh, so dreadfully mixed up!

The rose vines were just trampling all over the timid violets; poppies were growing right up over the forget-me-nots; tulips and marigolds had gone into the goldenrod's grounds and everything was in a dreadful tangle. Try as she might, the Queen couldn't straighten it out. So she called for the Rain to come and make things right and she was sure of his help, for he had never yet failed her. And the Rain, being the Artist, knew exactly what was wrong and just what was needed to put everyone back in his own family grounds.

With a brand-new Rainbow for his palette, and the rays of the Morning Sun for a paint-brush, he came straight down to this overgrown garden and began to work. Because the forget-me-nots were so very far from the Sky, he painted them with Heaven's own blue. The gay, dancing poppies took the color of the flaming Sun at Evening. The roses were shaded to match the flush on a baby's soft cheek, and violets became their own name-color. The Sun lent its gold and orange to daffodils and marigolds and goldenrod; pansies took the varied hues that the butterflies offered, and even the Cloud sent some of its fleecy opal for the lilacs and asters. Then the Rain mixed a bit of the cool yellow of the Moon with some blue of the far-off Sea and made such a beautifully blended color for the leaves and stems and grasses! He put this green in everywhere, for the background and over bushes.

On and on went the Artist, painting and tinting, brightening and deepening, adding a touch here, taking away there—using all of the gifts lavishly and bounteously. So that when he turned to give the Lily a color, too—there was nothing left to give. All the newly decked blossoms rushed up to offer theirs, but the Queen unselfishly refused them all.

"I'd so much rather you were beautiful!" she answered them serenely. "You see, I'm still the tallest, and because I have no color at all, I'll be different and it will be easy for you to find me when you need me!"

But the Rain gave her just a touch of glistening white from the Snow, saying as he did so:

"Lovely Queen, I can't add to your beauty, for you have a heart as pure as gold and that will always shine in your face."

And so he went away and drifted up through the lands of Mist and Clouds and Snow, leaving everyone happy and contented.

This all happened centuries and centuries ago, yet to this day the flowers have never longed to be white again; each one loves its own color best of all.

They work naturally and form no habit



They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

At the 8000
Jexall
Stores only
4 for 10¢
24 for 50¢



Your Hair Needs "Danderine"

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

Rémoh Gems

Look and wear like diamonds. Brilliance guaranteed forever. Stand fire, acid and fire like diamonds. Have no paste, foil or backing. Set only in 14 karat solid gold mountings. About 1-30th the price of diamonds. A marvelous synthetic gem—will cut glass. Guaranteed not an imitation, and to contain no glass. Sent C.O.D. subject to examination. Write today for our illustrated catalog. It's free.

Rémoh Jewelry Co., 822 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE BOOK LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter cost! Includes why and how with an expert in worth a dozen other lessons. In Quins' famous Written Method includes all of the most important modern improvements in teaching music. Deliver right to your home the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced player. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific, yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for free book.

Quins Conservatory, Studio E-2, Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.



Two Sides of Bacon

AFTER reading *Peter and the Stage Door*, we knew you would like to go behind the scenes with us and meet his mother. So we asked Mrs. Bacon to tell us something about herself for you, something that she considered humorously interesting. Said she to us:

"You should not ask the mother of three children to recount for you any 'humorous experiences' in these days of strikes and high prices. Anyone who is paying eighty cents a pound for butter, sixty cents for a child's hair cut, and has just returned from an employment bureau where the waitress requests that her bed be made for her in the morning, is not, I assure you, in a position to look upon life humorously."

Father Time was also in league with the H. C. L. against her. For, all the while her evenings were given over to the troubles of Peter with his family and the girl he did love and the girl he didn't love, her mornings and afternoons were devoted to speechmaking for the recent National Girl Scout Drive. She confesses to being constantly fearful that she would confuse fiction with fact; that she would put into her heroine's mouth "an impassioned appeal to her lover in behalf of the Girl Scout army;" or, while holding forth on the platform of a high-school auditorium or on the steps of the subtreasury, she might "drop into an unguarded love scene between Peter and his chorus-girl fiancée." Though she finished both the story and the drive without such a "humorous experience," we think it would have made good reading. Perhaps she will wish it upon some imaginary heroine and give the result to us for you in another two-part romance.

Translating by Ear

TWO boys were quizzing each other after school-hours about the day's lessons. One asked:

"What does *avoirduois* mean?"

"Well, I couldn't say just what it means in English," replied the other doubtfully, "but in French it means, 'Have some peas.'"



A Tip to the S. P. C. A.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Melvin was city born and bred. A live-stock show had acquainted him with the animals of the farm, but he was quite unacquainted with the mechanical equipment.

One hot summer's day he was taken to the country to visit a farmer-cousin. As they drove toward the house they saw cattle lying in the shade of the barn near a windmill. "Oh, mother," cried Melvin, "isn't Cousin John a nice man to put up an electric fan for his cows?"

Sold!

HE was an ambitious young clerk at the parasol counter of a department store. He had just finished his first correspondence-course lesson in the art of salesmanship, and was eager to try it out. So, when a customer stopped at his counter to rearrange some of her bundles, he grasped one of the parasols, opened it, struck an attitude of deep admiration, and declaimed:

"Kindly examine this parasol, madam. Look at that silk! Is it not lovely? I shall be obliged if you will be so good as to observe, especially, the quality, the finish, the general effect. Just feel its texture, madam, please feel it!"

She did so, with the keenest of interest. Then he asked her triumphantly, "Tell me, honestly, can you detect any fault in it?"

"No," said the woman, smiling. "It has worn well. That is my old one. I just laid it down for a moment."



Passing the Hat

MRS. MACDONALD, a Scotswoman in straitened circumstances, had been promised a gift of a new bonnet by a wealthy summer resident, the next time she motored to the city to shop.

"Would you rather have a silk, a felt or a straw hat?" she asked.

"Well," answered the thrifty Mrs. Macdonald, "I think I'll take a straw one, if you please, ma'am. It'll be a good mouthful, maybe, to the cow when I'm done wi' it!"



Watchful Waiting

IT is instinctive with us to side with the under dog. And we used to feel that one of the species—the waiter—seldom got a square deal, being three-fourths dependent upon the whims and purses of uncertain patrons.

But in these days of large prices and small portions, our hearts have hardened—or broadened—and our sympathies are with the upper dog at times.

They were with him the other night. He was a fussy old gentleman accustomed to the best of food and the best of service. As he received neither, he left no tip when he paid for his dinner. The man who served him, believing that something should come to him who waits, said:

"Excuse me, sir, but the amount put down in the bill does not include the waiter."

"Why on earth should it?" roared the old fellow. "I didn't eat a waiter!"

Another Retreat Necessary

DURING 1917-19 a training camp on the edge of historic Gettysburg recalled to the old-timers the martial days of '63. Elsie Singmaster was equally thrilled though she is, unquestionably, a "young-timer."

One afternoon, finding some boys in khaki standing before a museum, she told them its history: that it was the home of Jenny Wade who was the only civilian of Gettysburg killed during the war; that she had been struck by a sharpshooter's bullet while baking bread for the soldiers.

At the boys' insistence for more, she described the retreat of the Union troops through the town and the rapid pursuit by the Confederates. Her account was so vividly dramatic that the blue eyes of one lad almost popped from his head.

"And you saw it all—didn't you?" he asked excitedly.

The nudging elbows of his comrades told him immediately that he had blundered. For a moment he hesitated, then blinked and gasped out:

"Of course not! Of course you couldn't have seen it. I was thinkin' it must've been the Civil War—and all the time it was the Revolution."

Where Speech Is Golden

A CLUB of amateur singers in a large Western city recently produced a famous opera by Gilbert and Sullivan, which had long lain on the shelf.

In the audience was a taciturn, middle-aged business man. The old songs brought back to him so vividly the days when both he and the opera were young, that he resolved to purchase a copy of the score.

The next forenoon, he said to a music-store clerk, with his usual curtness:

"Copy *Mikado* libretto."

"What'd you say?" asked the dazed young man behind the counter.

"*Mikado* libretto."

The clerk shook his head, then explained apologetically, "Me sorr-ee, but me no speak-ee Italiano."

A Joke on Somebody

THE staff stenographer, young and pretty, asked us for a book to read. We gave her one. She took it home and laid it on the parlor table.

The staff stenographer has a brother who, like Booth



Tarkington's *Billy Baxter*, is beginning to take life (and evidently his sister's morals) seriously. He sought a quiet moment in the kitchen with his mother.

"Say, Ma," said he, "are you keeping track of the kind of stuff Sis is reading? What's this here book about what every girl should know? Is it all right?"

His mother's face reflected a trace of alarm.

"Let's see the book," said she.

Together they went to the parlor. On the table lay, innocently and invitingly, J. M. Barrie's enchanting play, *What Every Woman Knows*.

Breaking Even

WHEN Mrs. Smith's Irish maid-servant climaxed an alarmingly destructive career amongst the china by dropping the Sunday-best meat-platter, Mrs. Smith's patience also smashed to smithereens.

"Bridget," said she, crisply, "this past month you have broken china to the value of fifty dollars—fifteen dollars more than your month's wages. Something *must* be done about it. What do you suggest?"

"Shure, mum, an' I don't know," replied Bridget, "unless ye raises me wages."

A Self-Maid Woman

IF Anne O'Hagan (who wrote *Housekeeping with a Medieval Mind*) could have met Mrs. Smith she would have solved the problem of Bridget and the broken china.

Household mathematics is her specialty. Her latest problem, she tells us, goes something like this:

If a "household assistant" has a "call" to the larger and higher life and no other maid can be found, who does the work?

Answer: the mistress of the house.

And the fact that Miss O'Hagan has had to do her own pickling and preserving, dish-washing and dusting, has affected all you readers of McCall's, for it has meant the postponement of a fascinating two-part romance she is writing for you.

No Fire Alarm

THE principal of a certain grammar-school was instructing his pupils as to their conduct in case of fire. The boys and girls listened most respectfully until he made his



final point, and then giggles and snickers sounded throughout the hall.

He had inadvertently said:

"Remember this above all else: If your clothing catches fire, keep perfectly cool."

Social Tactics

FRANKNESS, we have always felt, is a virtue—when tactfully employed. But we have never gone so far as the lady who attended one of Zona Gale's readings in Chicago. When the afternoon had come to an end she introduced herself with this remark, "Miss Gale, I have heard you read that story before."

"I am sorry," was the reply, "to have made you listen to it twice."

Whereupon, with every wish to put Miss Gale at her ease, came the eager assurance, "Oh, it didn't matter. I'd forgotten it."

Druggists all over the country are displaying this smiling Johnson Baby. Look for it.

A Classic of Babyhood

It is more than a picture—it is a *symbol* of a big idea successfully carried out.

The *idea*: a scientific powder to cool, soothe and keep healthy the skin of Baby.

The *achievement*: Johnson's Toilet and Baby Powder.



Chemically pure, washed and floated talc, combined with antiseptics in proper proportions alone find their way into Johnson's Toilet and Baby Powder. And these ingredients are blended to a scientific perfection that only chemists with great laboratory resources can attain. That is why Johnson's is different from ordinary talcums.

Johnson's TOILET AND BABY POWDER

Since its introduction years ago at the suggestion of a famous skin specialist, Johnson's has made hundreds of thousands of babies smile and chuckle. It contains soothing, antiseptic ingredients approved by physicians and nurses. A dusting of it between Baby's soft folds of flesh prevents chafing and brings luxurious relief to tender, irritated little bodies.

A product of the world's largest makers of surgical dressings, Johnson's is indeed "Best for Baby and Best for You." It represents the high ideals and scientific accuracy of the Johnson & Johnson laboratories.

The same experience and training that have taught your druggist how to serve you best professionally, have also shown him the merit of Johnson & Johnson products. That's why he recommends them. Ask your druggist.

Johnson & Johnson

New Brunswick, New Jersey, U. S. A.



For
Cleaning
Windows
Without Water

In freezing weather use Old Dutch dry and have clear, shining windows. Place a small amount of Old Dutch on a dry cotton cloth; fold so one thickness of cloth covers the powder and rub over the glass

